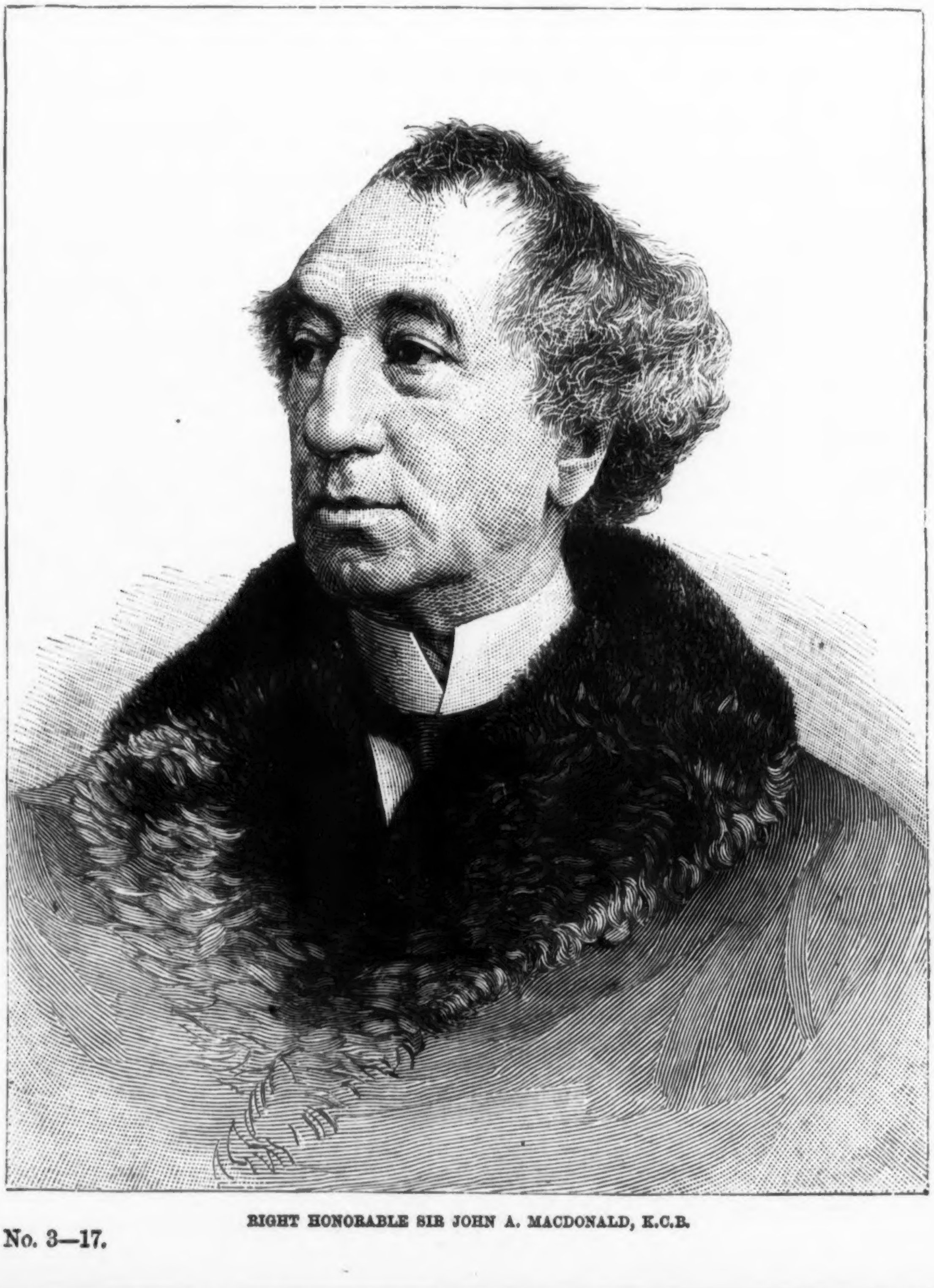
FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XX.—No. 3. SEPTEMBER, 1885. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

CANADA SINCE THE CONFEDERATION OF THE PROVINCES.

By Edmund Collins.

After many bitter years of strife and strain between the French Province on the St. Lawrence and the English Province to the west, it became at last plain to every Canadian statesman that the union of Upper and Lower Canada, effected in 1841, could not much longer be maintained. The year 1866 dawned amidst a wrangle of



RIGHT HONORABLE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, K.C.B.

newspapers, a din of platforms and a political deadlock. Mr. John A. Macdonald was at the head of the English, and Mr. George E. Cartier was champion for the French. But it was not between these two able, resolute and diplomatic men that subsisted the strife. Their hands were but locked in political friendship, for the success of the one was involved with the fortunes of the other. Under the union alluded to an equal division of the political power had been made between Ontario and Quebec, or Upper and Lower Canada, as they were called; but during a space of twenty years the energetic and ambitious English Province had far distanced her more sluggish partner in wealth and numbers. Yet the old division of emolument and power remained, although from every portion of the English Province there came a passionate crying for representation by population. Jealous of its prestige and its powers, its lesser partner resolutely resisted the manifestly just claim, till events came to pass which put an end to the discord, and placed affairs upon a broad and enduring foundation of justice and peace.

About this time New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island began, each, to feel its insignificance and political isolation, and resolved to form themselves into a Maritime Confederacy. Delegates from each Province met at Charlottetown, in the little meadow-island, to discuss a plan of federation; when suddenly there descended upon them a number of representatives from the Province of Canada. In effect these delegates said: "You maritime people have shown us the way out of disputes which have distracted us, and we therefore propose that you extend your scheme of a Maritime Union by joining us in forming one grand Confederation of all the Provinces from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island." The proposal was enthusiastically received, and during the Autumn the delegates assembled in conclave in the City of Quebec, and there drafted a measure which, a few months later, was declared by royal proclamation to be the Constitution of a new English Dominion in North America.

Under the new Constitution no Province had ground to complain of injustice, and the basis of representation was equitably and satisfactorily fixed. Sixty-three representatives were given Quebec, and the proportion that this number bore, from census to census, to the population of that Province, it was provided should regulate for all time the representation of the other Provinces. Our chief difficulties, it will be perceived, had centred about Quebec. After the conquest by Wolfe, the French-Canadians were not treated as a conquered people. They were permitted to retain their own legal code; the French language obtained in schools, in the pulpit, in courts of law, and in the Legislature. Lord Durham, in his celebrated report, recommended that Quebec, as a French Province, should be legislated out of existence. But no statesman cared to undertake such a task; and there now flourishes along the banks of the St. Lawrence a foreign Province, by constitution a part of the Canadian state, but alien in language and in customs. I do not say that the French-Canadians are disloyal to the state, or that they do not glory in our national development; but it is painfully, conspicuously true that their chief aim is to maintain their own customs and privileges as Frenchmen, rather than as the inhabitants of a particular Province. Such a state of affairs is unfortunate, but it is not unreasonable. It is a base people, indeed, that will permit themselves to be absorbed by an alien race, when their own nationality is intrenched in the Constitution.

Our Dominion never can be large enough to absorb this obtrusive and tenacious nationality; and the traveler who, five centuries from now, visits the banks of the St. Lawrence, will find there a curious civilization, presenting phases of a modern life, yet having the semblance of a slow-paced, buried time, and traces of palsied age. To travel at this day from an English district into the French Province, one is conscious of entering a civilization that belongs not to this age or country, but to an era in France which disappeared with the Revolution. There upon the uplands he will find the sun-browned, stout-limbed girl, with the large, dark, lustrous eyes of Normandy, her sickle in her hand, toiling among the sheaves. He will see Jean upon his creaking, slow-wheeled wagon, drawn by oxen, and at nearly every farm-house, with its low, crouching eaves and brown-ochred barn, he will perceive the striding fans of a windmill. In these rural districts, likewise, he will observe that the *curé* of the parish is political as well as spiritual guide, and that the politician of the district cares not for the peasant, but legislates for the priest. He will notice, too, that these people have a language as unique and as distinctively belonging to the past as their civilization. We are in the habit of describing this quaint old dialect as a *patois*; but it is not a *patois*. It is exactly the language that was spoken among the vineyards of Normandy before the sails of Cartier were spread upon the deep. But these features, he would see, are peculiar only to the *habitant*, or peasant French. In the centres of population he will find all the activity, all the intelligence and all the improved expedients of sister English cities. In polite literature he will observe that the French are superior to their English brothers, and in courtesy and personal graces he will find them by no means inferior.

We may pass this national feature, and look upon the newly-created Dominion. The charter was no sooner sealed than a large public spirit took possession of the people. They set before themselves higher aims, and they saw that more momentous achievement was for the winning. They were not content with being bound together by legislative ties, but they must be wedded with links of steel. The Inter-colonial Railway was one of the first projects, and it crept round the seaboard from the ancient City of Halifax to a town fronted by the fortresses of Quebec. At this point it formed connection with a system of roads, whose construction now proceeded by bounds, that brought the East into commercial intercourse with the West. Five years later beheld the scheme of an all-Canadian road touching Atlantic waters upon one side and Pacific waters upon the other.

The gale of enthusiasm which first hailed the project of Union suddenly veered round and blew the opposite way. At the general elections few candidates who had favored Confederation were sent to Parliament. Nova Scotia promptly went into matrimonial bands, and did so in spite of the majority. She soon became content, however, notwithstanding that while I write some of her politicians are once again fomenting an agitation for separation.

Prince Edward Island was a coy little dame to woo; and she kept aloof in the solitude of the Gulf for many a month, angrily resenting proposals from the federal capital. But our statesmen were ardent and irrepressible tempters. They were neither disheartened nor annoyed by refusal, and desisted not till the little maiden got over her pout and said "Yes." She has since been very happy in the wedlock.

But no persuasion, no promise, no alluring picture, could induce that other cold virgin out in the Atlantic waters, the Island of Newfoundland, to be a member of the household. Through that colony, as through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, several alarmist politicians went abroad declaring that, in joining the Union, she would be simply selling herself to Canada; that, under the laws of the Dominion, every tree cut in the forests, whether to burn or to build, every fish taken from the sea and the rivers, every ton of minerals obtained from the earth, the grasses and the grains that grew, and the herds and cattle in the fields, would each and all be grievously taxed. "The gun that you have upon your rack to kill wild mait for your family, will have to put its hand in its pocket once a year, maybe twice a year," said one patriot, "to maintain the big min in Ottaway." Another local statesman said, "Remimber poor Ireland, how she was sould!"

The upshot of all this teaching was very pronounced. The Confederate politicians were not alone denied enthusiasm, but it was with a serious risk that they exposed themselves in the streets. The leading statesman on the island, the Honorable (now Sir) Ambrose Shea, who was the foremost advocate of Union at this time, paid a visit to his constituency, the ancient capital of the island, approaching the place in his own steamer. As he neared the shore, he perceived throngs of excited persons about the wharves and along the beach. He could not persuade himself that all these had come out in such strength, and in this rather odd fashion, to offer him welcome. A little nearer approach put his speculation at peace. Through his glass he perceived here upon the beach-stones a fire and a murky column of rolling smoke, and there a barrel of pitch, from which some had been extracted; while several of the most active electors, he observed, were provided with sacks of feathers. Property of this nature collected upon a windy beach by the edge of the sea, and a distinguished visitor nearing the land, are not considered indications of welcome on the island, and Mr. Shea reversed the engines and backed off.

His constituents evinced much dissatisfaction that he did not come on shore, and they sounded strains of melancholy insult at him, as he retreated, through those large conchs upon which the little fishing-punts and dories are called by the cook in the schooner during foggy weather. Some varied the music, and blew at the honorable gentleman through cows' horns. Several of the electors were provided with pitchforks, and one gentleman had a duck-gun which he now and again tapped with his hand on the breech, saying at each performance, "Dere's sivin bullets in her for de shkeemer." I may add that a patriotic literature, chiefly poetic in form, was developed during this election-time. One stanza I shall reproduce because it was the chief one of the period, and I myself heard it declaimed from twenty hustings:

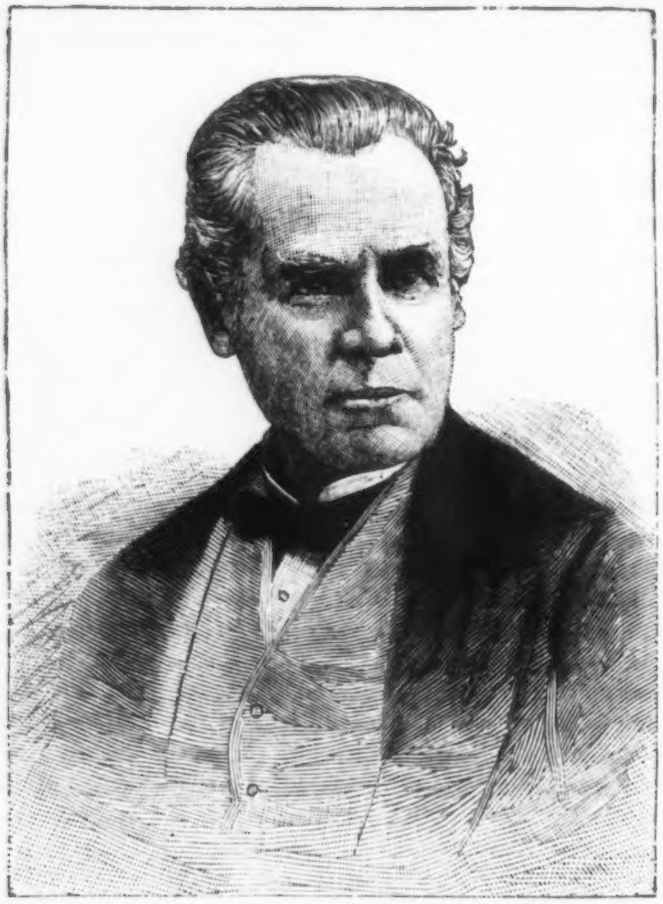
"Remimber the day
Whin Carter and Shea
Crossed over the say
'To barther away
The rights of Tirra Nova.'

Newfoundland did not enter the Union. Since the date of her refusal, the fathers of Confederation have wooed and wooed her in vain, and she still proudly and exultingly maintains her maidenhood. But for all her glorying, she somewhat reminds me of the gair-fowl on the Allalonestone in Kingsley's "Water Babies."

The seven Provinces, I may say, now forming the Confederation did not enter together, but were each admitted when willing to join. Every Province in British North America, except the colony just described, has cast in its fortunes with the general family. In wedding British Columbia we had to wrestle with Geography, for the Rocky Mountains towered between her pasture-lands and our prairies. But in spite of the tremendous barrier, she turned an interested ear when we solemnly promised that if she joined us we would build a road from her doors at the sea, over the mountains and across the plains, to the railways of Eastern Canada. "If you agree," she said, "to construct the road within ten years, I shall join you." The compact was sealed, and we received the Pacific bride. But we had signed the deed without measuring the stupendous task. Our engineers went out, and returned shaking their heads. Faith in our possibility, even in half a century, to perform the undertaking, was much shaken, and the new-made member of the Union began to cry out that she had been deceived. Then her politicians banded together and demanded a fulfillment of the pledge, or permission to retire from the Confederacy. To neither of these requests could we assent, but everything within national possibility was done to keep faith. I shall now take a brief glance at our political history since Confederation.

Immediately after the proclamation establishing the Dominion had been published, Lord Monck, the Governor-general, called upon Mr. John A. Macdonald to form an Administration, and in the name of the sovereign conferred upon him the Order of Knighthood. It was hoped that under the new *régime* the old parties, Conservative, Liberal and Clear Grit, which had maintained bitter strife for so many years, would disappear from the scenes. With a view to accomplishing a result so desirable, the Administration was composed of men of all shades of political opinion, a just representation being given in the Council to every race and religious body. But among the reformers of English-speaking Canada, and the *Rouges* or Liberals of the French section, were some ambitious and able men who believed, and not without good reason, that in the new Administration the old Conservative party would follow its own inclinations and somewhat of its traditions. These man had patriotically deserted from obstruction or given aid to the Coalition Government while it was engaged in bringing the Union about; but no sooner had the wheels of the new system begun to revolve than they commenced a vigorous onslaught upon it. As rigidly as in the days of William Lyon Mackenzie was the line between Reformer and Conservative drawn; nor was the political feud which was now engendered less bitter, less ferocious or less implacable than the party hatred which divided the people in the stormiest days of our history. Mr. George Brown, rugged and impetuous of character, uncompromising in principle, and heavy-handed and relentless as an opponent, began a crusade against the new Administration; and he was zealously seconded by *Confrères Rouges* in Quebec. But Sir John came into the world under a luckier star than shone over the cradle of Mr. Brown. He had more tact, more shrewdness, and more patience. All his life long he had studied human nature, especially the weaker side of it. He never held aloof from his followers, but affectionately laid his hand upon the shoulder of one, or cracked a familiar and friendly joke at the expense of another. Nor in this was he acting a part, although such were the means that forwarded his ends. His followers loved and admired him, and his word or his act was unto them always a law. But a storm was gathering under which the neck of Sir John A. Macdonald was to bend.

Pledged once again to carry out its compact with British Columbia, Sir John's Government entered into



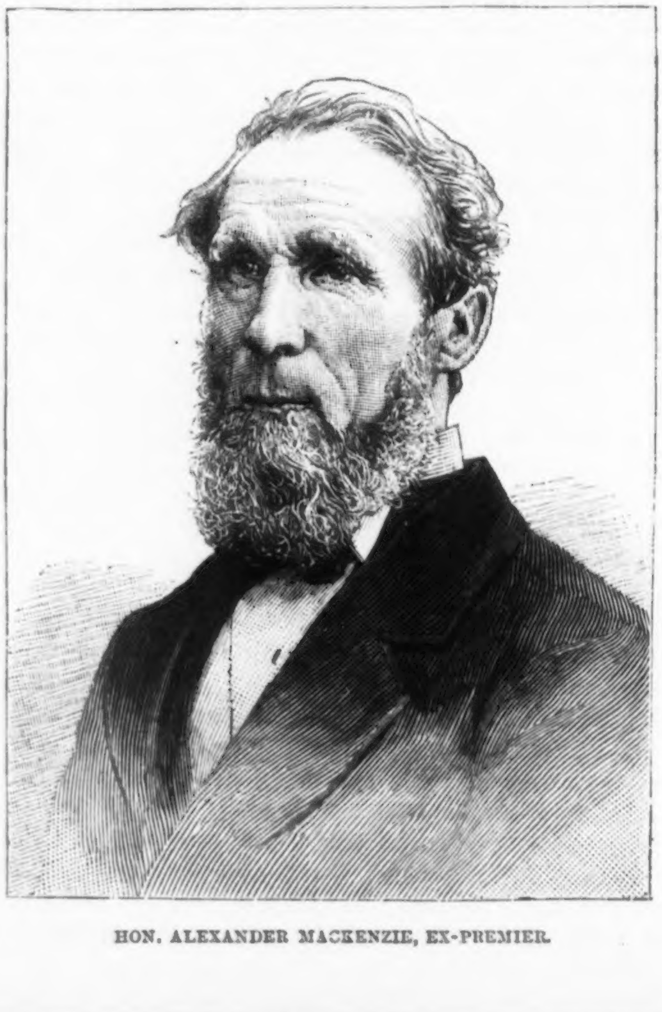
SIR GEORGE CARTIER, LEADER OF THE FRENCH CONSERVATIVES.

agreement with the late Sir Hugh Allan and others to build the railway. The compact was agreed to on the eve of the general elections of 1873. On the appeal to the people Sir John was sent back to office with overwhelming support. But the new Parliament had no sooner met than vague rumors began to fill the air; and it was whispered from one to another that startling revelations were on the eve of being made. So one day, when the House was drowsy, members gossiping with each other at their desks, and pages flitting about the chamber, Mr. Lucius Seth Huntington, a gentleman of high character and prominent standing in Parliament, arose and calmly read a series of resolutions charging the Ministry with having made Sir Hugh Allan President of the Pacific Railway Company, in consideration of enormous sums of money paid by Sir Hugh to members of the Administration and used by them in carrying the Conservative elections. In other words, Government was charged with having corruptly sold the charter to Sir Hugh. The impeachment fell like a thunderbolt upon the House; but the man upon whose shoulders the ignominous charge fell sat at his desk silent and motionless as a stone. Later on he made an elaborate and skillful speech, but the verdict of the House and the country went out against him, and he fell.

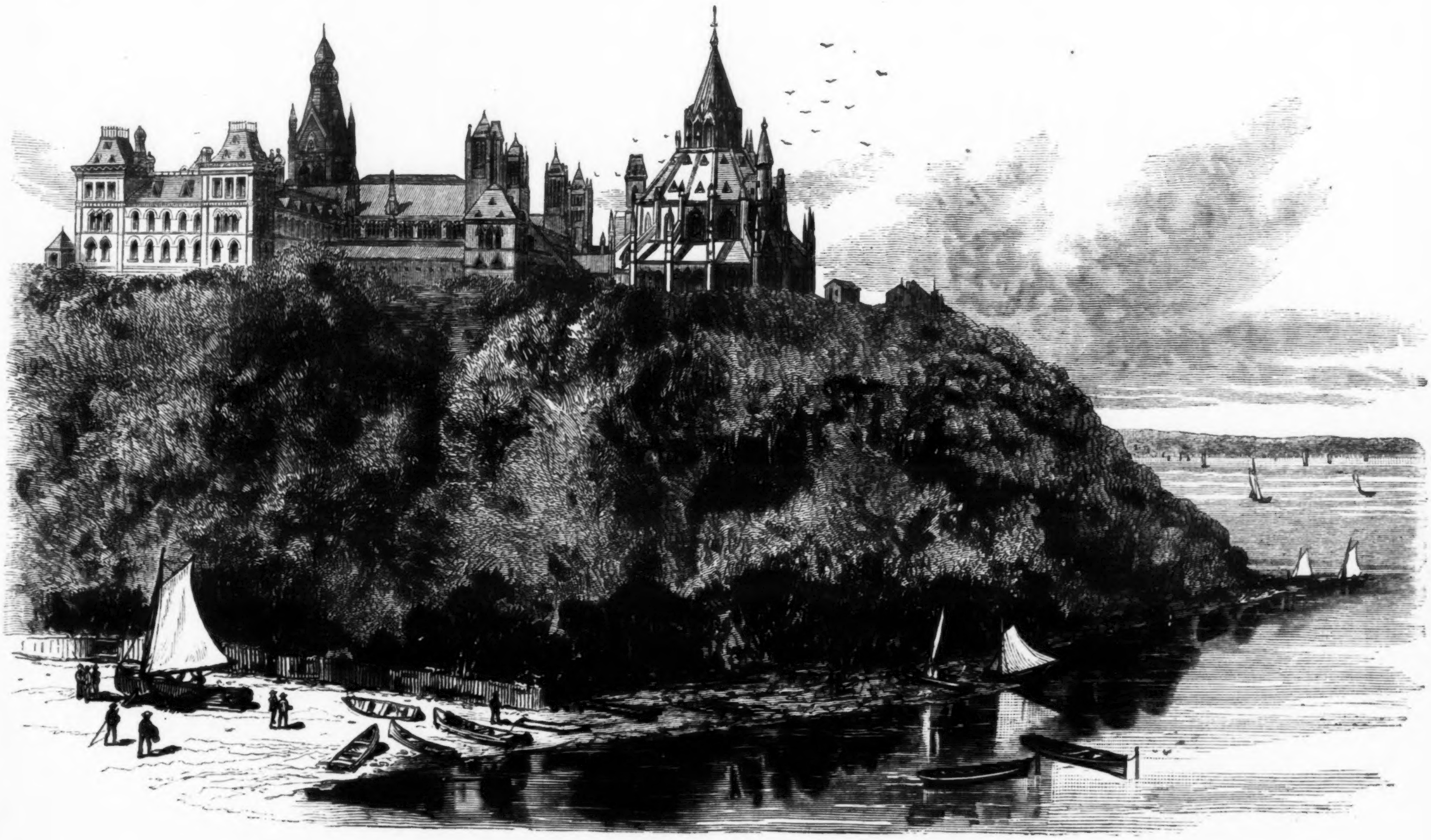
Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, the Liberal leader, was now called upon by Lord Dufferin to form an Administration. The new Premier was supported by a large following of old Liberals, and Conservatives who had crossed the lines when they believed their leader guilty of the odious corruption laid to his charge. It was not long before it was plain, however, that the stars were fighting against Mr. Mackenzie. Bad harvests came, followed by evil times, and although it lay in no man's power to compel the corn to spring or the sun to shine, he was held, by needy men, to no small account for the bitter days that had fallen upon them. The Administration had an able Finance Minister, Mr. (now Sir) Richard J. Cartwright, but he professed himself unable to kindle life in dead industries, or to set the wheels of commerce revolving any faster than the laws of trade willed that they should go. Civil government had to be maintained, but year by year income was less than expenditure, till at last it was whispered that the Finance Minister proposed resorting to direct taxation to meet his annual deficits. Toward the close of the Parliamentary term thousands of workingmen who could obtain no employment, and who had not sufficient means to take them out of the country to seek bread, gathered about the Ministry and besought aid. Sir Richard assured them that his heart bled for their plight, but he informed them that, confronted with the task of removing such sore depression, Government was only as a fly on the wheel.

Now had arrived Sir John A. Macdonald's time, and he was not slow in turning it to account. He called together the suffering workingmen, and assured them that if they would reinstate him in office he would establish a "Broad National Policy," under which home industry would be fostered and native labor utilized. He explained to them that he would effect this by putting a duty which would amount to prohibition upon all imports which could be manufactured in the country. They took him at his word, and in 1878 sent him back to office with overwhelming numbers to support him.

Four years' trial, in a measure, vindicated the predictions of the veteran Conservative, and at the end of that time, appealing to the people to bear witness that his promises had been redeemed, he was re-elected, and again with a handsome following. His opponents affirmed, when heads had been counted, that too many supported him; and said that too large a following is little better than a bare majority, because it is in greater danger of splitting. But Sir John retorted with an anecdote: "No; a political following may be described in the



HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, EX-PREMIER.



OTTAWA, CAPITAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA, FROM THE RIVER.

words of the squaw respecting her whisky: 'A little too much is just enough.'"

The "chieftain" is still strongly intrenched in power, and the only mishap that has fallen to his Administration since his latest triumph is the Northwest rebellion under Louis Riel, which disturbance is at its worst while I write these pages. Sir John is now in his seventieth year, and although his eye is as bright and his faculties are as active as they were ten years ago, the term of administration that remains to him cannot be very long. His chief colleague is Sir Hector L. Langevin, successor to Sir George Cartier, and the representative of the French Conservatives, or the *Maison Bleu* as the *Rouges* will have it. Sir Hector is a courteous gentleman with the address and polish of the old French gentlefolk, of which stock he comes. He is scarcely second to his leader in the capacity to manage followers, to reconcile dissensions and satisfy claimants. He is quick, keen-sighted and effective in a discussion of questions as well as in the administration of his office; and there is no doubt that upon his shoulders will the mantle fall when Sir John disappears. Another silvery-tongued orator of the *Maison Bleu*, and exceedingly brilliant statesman, is M. Chapleau, also a representative of the French Province. These two last-named gentlemen address Parliament in both languages.

Upon the English side of the House Sir John is ably seconded by his Minister of Finance, Sir Leonard Tilley, the gentleman who was the immediate author of the National Policy. He is a statesman whose acts, even according to opponents' testimony, are based upon conviction; and Reformers or Liberals are in the habit of regarding him as a statue reared to Virtue in a Moabitish city.

Nor does the party which sits upon the Opposition benches lack men who might adorn any Parliament. The leader, Mr. Edward Blake, is the most eloquent and able debater in Canada; a gentleman whose every act is dictated by a sense of duty, and who, more than any other public man in this country, has sought to inculcate lessons of moral statesmanship in the administration of state affairs. But he lacks *finesse* and *savoir faire*, as Sir Hector would say, and has but the art of wooing, like Sir John. He has never studied and played upon the fallible side of human nature for the sake of profit, and this is why it comes that only the minority follow him. His chief English supporter is Sir Richard J. Cartwright, who, in the Liberal Administration, was Minister of Finance. His is the tongue which has in turn set the flesh of every Ministerialist quivering, and which every one of them hates and dreads. He is a clear, powerful orator, and when his mood is a bitter or sarcastic one his tongue scourges like a lash of scorpions. With questions of public finance he is thoroughly familiar, and his great and only blunder was stiff-necked adherence to the doctrine of Free Trade when Canada cried out, "Give us Protection."

M. Wilfred Laurier, who may be described as Mr. Blake's lieutenant, is the able, courteous and popular leader of the *Rouges* of Quebec. He has little of the prevalent party bitterness, is a lucid and conscientious speaker—talking before the House sometimes in French, sometimes in English—and possesses a faculty for calm, passionless reasoning.

One more only of the leaders have I time briefly to characterize, and he is the ex-Premier of Canada, the Honorable Alexander Mackenzie. As leader of an Administration and head of a double department imposing corroding and onerous duties, he was clear-headed, painstaking, and, above all, upright. No shadow of evildoing clings about his name. When we come to sum up his faults, we find that he is culpable only in being the chief victim of a party which, from the first day of its power, was foreordained to speedy doom. He had none of Sir John's *bonhomie*, and he could not and would not "stoop to conquer," or to maintain his hold. He had no tact, no suavity, no insight into the art of leading and pleasing followers; but there was about him an atmosphere as chilly as that which breathes at the Pole. Yet he strove honestly to do his duty, and strove so hard, that he hopelessly wrecked his constitution. He is an uncompromising supporter of British connection, but he refused a knighthood offered him by the sovereign. Mr. Blake, his successor, declined a similar distinction.

The House of Commons is elected every four years, unless for some reason Parliament is dissolved within that period. The Senators are appointed by the Administration for life. By a constitutional fiction the Senate possesses neither party virus nor color; and its duty is to restrain hasty legislation and guard the right of the people in every portion of the Dominion.

There is in Canada no lack of legislative machinery. Besides the General Parliament established at Ottawa, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia have Legislatures, some of them having two branches, to which are assigned subjects of local concern, such as municipal police, education, roads, bridges, etc. Militia and defense, quarantine, customs duties, inland revenue, and works of a national character, come within the jurisdiction of the Central Parliament. At the head of each Province is a Lieutenant-governor, who opens and closes the session with the firing of guns and the presentation of arms. There is always at such ceremonies all the pomp that can be summoned; but His Honor's functions are those of a *Roi fainéant*. He reads at the opening and closing, as does his chief, the Governor-general, at headquarters, naught else than the words which his advisers have put into his mouth.

By another constitutional fiction, the Lieutenant-governor is invested with power to dismiss his Ministry for what seems sufficient cause. But it is written nowhere in the Constitution what goes to make up a "sufficient cause," and the Lieutenant-governor must make his way to the best of his ability in the dark. One Lieutenant-governor, since our confederation, M. Luc Letellier de St. Just, made a bold attempt at defining a sufficient cause; then found such cause in his own advisers and dismissed them. This Governor had been in his day a fervid *Rouge*, but his councilors were *Bleus*, and his enemies declared that he brought his preferences to the gubernatorial chair. Whether he did or not, his act in dismissing his advisers was approved by the Chief Government at Ottawa; for his whilom party *confrère*, Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, was then at the head of the Administration. But when another year had passed, Sir John A. Macdonald came to power, with his legion at his back; and he dismissed M. Letellier. This is the manner in which our Canadian parties administer justice.

At regular intervals the cry goes up that we are "too much governed"; and one of our able writers, though our chief pessimist, points out that for somewhat over four millions of people we have one arch-King, seven lesser Kings, six or seven Houses of Lords, and Chief-justices as the stars of heaven in number. The time, probably, is not far away when the maritime Provinces in the West will reduce their little Legislatures to one, and form a federation within the Confederation.

In education we have advanced by strides, and there is scarcely a section of any Province, no matter how far it be from the municipal centres, without its school.

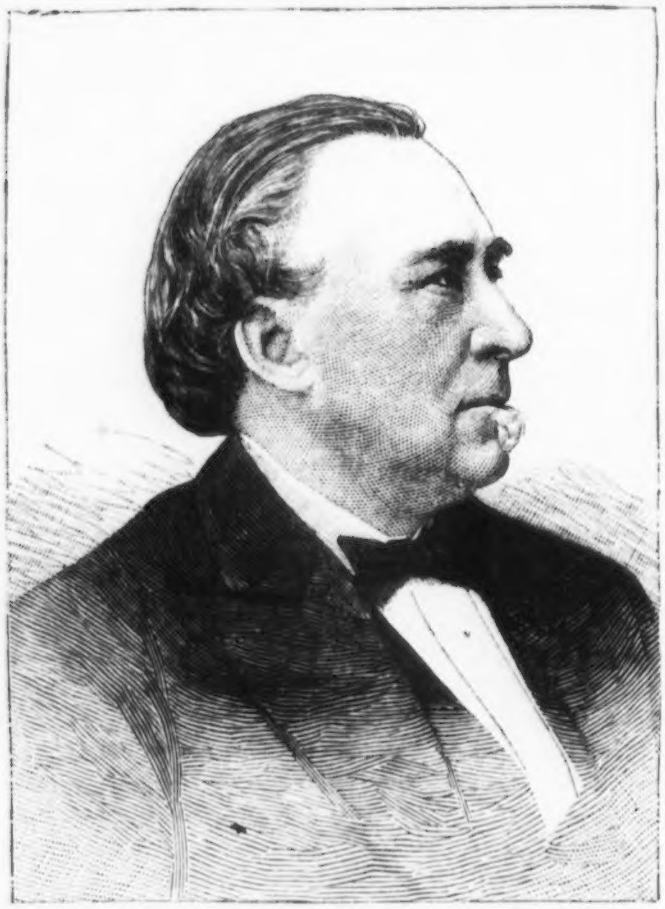
The thinly-peopled sections have well-equipped common schools; every important centre has its grammar school, after which follow the collegiate institute and the university. McGill College, in Montreal, presided over by Dr. Dawson, the world-renowned geologist, and University College, of Toronto, with the eminent scholar, Dr. Wilson, at its head, would be ornaments to any country. There are many lesser universities; and each religious body has one college or more to prepare students for the religious ministry. The Quebec and Acadian-French, wherever congregated, are not behind their neighbors in the possession of higher seats of learning; but amongst the rural French the educational standing is not so high; indeed, the school is some centuries behind that found in a corresponding English district.

The social head of our people is the Governor-general, and since he has become the mere telephone of his advisers, the social leadership alone is he accorded by common consent. Lord Dufferin was the first of our Viceroys that associated himself much with the affections of our people. He, however, had a purpose to serve, and found that the cheapest and easiest way to effect it was by flattering us all; sometimes singly, and frequently in a lump. From one end of Canada to the other he went with his sweet tongue showering his praises upon our heads, till it seemed as if the whole country had become a huge sugar-pot. We rent the air with praises of his name, and with prayers and tears followed the fading form of the ship that bore him away from our shores. When he returned to England observers exclaimed, "What a wonderful man his lordship is! How the Canadians, who are hard enough to get along with, love him!" We went on dreaming of our excellence, as described by his lordship, till we found him lavishing praises no less profuse upon the head of the Hindoo.

Lord Lorne and his wife, the Princess Louise, succeeded the Dufferins. Lord Lorne had no ends to gain by flattery, and he did not flatter, but contented himself by endeavoring to do his duty to the best of his ability. His wife did what she conceived to be *her* duty; selected whom she chose for her friends, and preferred the brawling and the tumult of our salmon-streams in the Summer weather to any attractions which our cities had to offer. In a little we came to recognize in her a sterling, sensible woman, and in his lordship a conscientious, earnest man, who was above deceit or cunning. To their Excellencies Canada is indebted for its creditable Royal Canadian Academy of Art; nor will this institution borrow any ridicule from that other comical monument of his lordship's hands, the Royal Society. Lord Lansdowne, our present Governor-general, succeeded Lord Lorne. He is a plain, frank, sincere gentleman, who is at some pains to acquaint himself with our affairs, and anxious to be of public service in any way that lies in his power.

The chief social event of the year in Canada is the State Ball given by their Excellencies at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, shortly after the opening of Parliament. Eight hundred persons are invited, and a set in which their Excellencies appear opens the ball. The chief outdoor amusement at the capital during the Winter is tobogganing on the slides at Rideau Hall. Pleasing as this sport is to look upon in the daytime, with its throngs of picturesquely clad participants, it is doubly so in the night when there is no moon, and stars shine faintly. The Marchioness issues cards for an "At-home from 9 to 12 P. M.; skating and tobogganing." And at the hour appointed throngs of persons, young and old, begin to gather about the grounds with their toboggans and skates. In a hollow below the Hall, if the night be bitter, as it is pretty sure to be, a huge bonfire is lighted which scatters its heat far around. Here and there a torch stuck in the snow flares and splutters, smitten by a gust of wind, and sets quivering a thousand shadows among the grim pines of the Hall. Along the slides by which the toboggan descends hangs a double row of Chinese lanterns, whose sober, unwavering light is a standing rebuke to the toboggan rushing down the steep with its bright-eyed *Canadienne* and her gallant companion. Viewed from the slide-head, the scene presented by the tobogganers is one of rare picturesqueness and beauty. Each tobogganer of both sexes is attired in a blanket coat of white, trimmed with blue or scarlet; of bottle-green, faced with cardinal or crimson lake; or a blue-black slashed with some denomination of red. About the waist is tied a crimson or magenta sash; all appear in moccasins, and in tuques of colors corresponding with the coat. Gentlemen wear stockings to the knee. The slide-heads are upward of a hundred feet perpendicularly from the ground, and down the icy trough the toboggan is launched with the fleetness of a shot bolt. The rink is covered with skaters, above whom there is a canopy of little colored light-spheres shot from rockets in the hands of the skaters. To vary the sport when the moon is full and the snow deep, we tie our snowshoes upon our feet and go for many a merry and exhilarating tramp over the frosty fields. In Montreal, in midwinter, we construct of symmetrica blocks of green-glistening ice a stately crystal palace, in proportions as fair, as chaste and as cold as if nymphs of the frost had taken their plans and chisels and constructed it for us in the workshops of the North Wind. Upon its top and round about there is the blinding, ghastly light of the keen-fizzing carbons and the "harnessed lightning," while gathered here is a costumed congregation with snowshoes upon their backs.

When the wintry winds have ceased to cry and sting, and the sun overburdens us with ardor for his late neglect, we have delicious retreats by the sea where every day cool breezes blow. Thither go some of our people till stray, cool winds begin to breathe from the north and the leaves in the morning hang wan upon the boughs. Some choose seclusion in the delightful mazes of the Thousand Islands; and as you glide by a little rich-draped island in your noiseless birch, you see a pair of bright eyes under the brim of a wide hat looking at you through the copse. Away, likewise, to the grim, granite islands, fire-riven and smoke-stained, studded with stately trees and strewn with fallen ones, in the cool, pure, clear waters of the Muskoka Lakes, numbers of our people go with their families during the hottest weather. Many purchase islands in these regions, erect cottages upon them, and remain till gamboge and crimson appear on the leaves. Those who desire Nature at her most drear, and the same time at her most tremendous, will take steamer down the St. Lawrence, and when they reach the old post of Tadoussac turn their prow up the chill, gloomy waters of the fathomless Saguenay, that here comes rolling out, melancholy and sullen, through the tremendous jaws of the mountain. Passing the grim, towering walls that rise till they almost seem to lean against each other, many hundreds of feet up, he will come to a region of cup-shaped valleys, green and flowery, and feast his eyes on colonies of Laurentian hills bathed in wholesome winds, for ever cool and for ever green. In the wilderness by the brawling falls and



SIR HECTOR L. LANGEVIN, K.C., M.G., MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

complaining shallows of the Cascapedia, the Restigouche, or the Miramichi, he may pitch his tent and find for his fly in the sleepy pools some of the noblest fish that ever sent ecstasy through an angler's wrist.

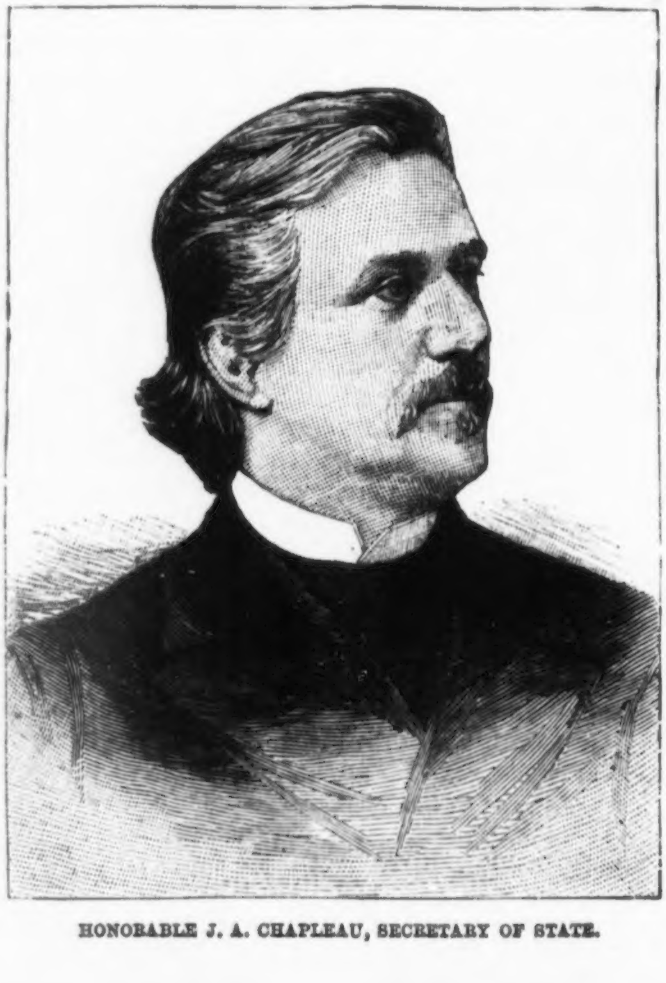
I must not close without taking into brief account our organs of opinion. In a country where people stand so sharply by the party lines, it is only logical that we find the same divisions in the press. Most of our leading newspapers are conducted with vigor and skill; and the general tone of journalism is elevated and moral. But the inevitable condition of party fealty undermines confidence in its political teaching among the unprejudiced. That which our press most lacks is literary taste and sympathy. It presents no competent standard of literary criticism, and has not in its ranks so much as one periodical that may in a full sense be termed "literary" or "cultivated." Mr. Goldwin Smith cast his lot in with us some years ago, but speedily got himself embroiled in a rancorous and pitiable newspaper quarrel. Although we acknowledge the ability of his pen and cherish his domiciliation, he finds no following now among us.

In literature, during these late years, save for what has been achieved by French-Canadian writers, and two or three English-Canadian pens, we have only a blank sheet to exhibit. Not long ago M. Louis Honore Frechette bore home from France the laurel for "Les Fleurs Boreales"; and Mr. Roberts recently appeared with a volume of song, "Orion and other Poems," of which our literature has reason to be proud. In fiction we have only one book that the reviewer can notice, and that is "Le Chien d'Or," by Mr. Kirby.

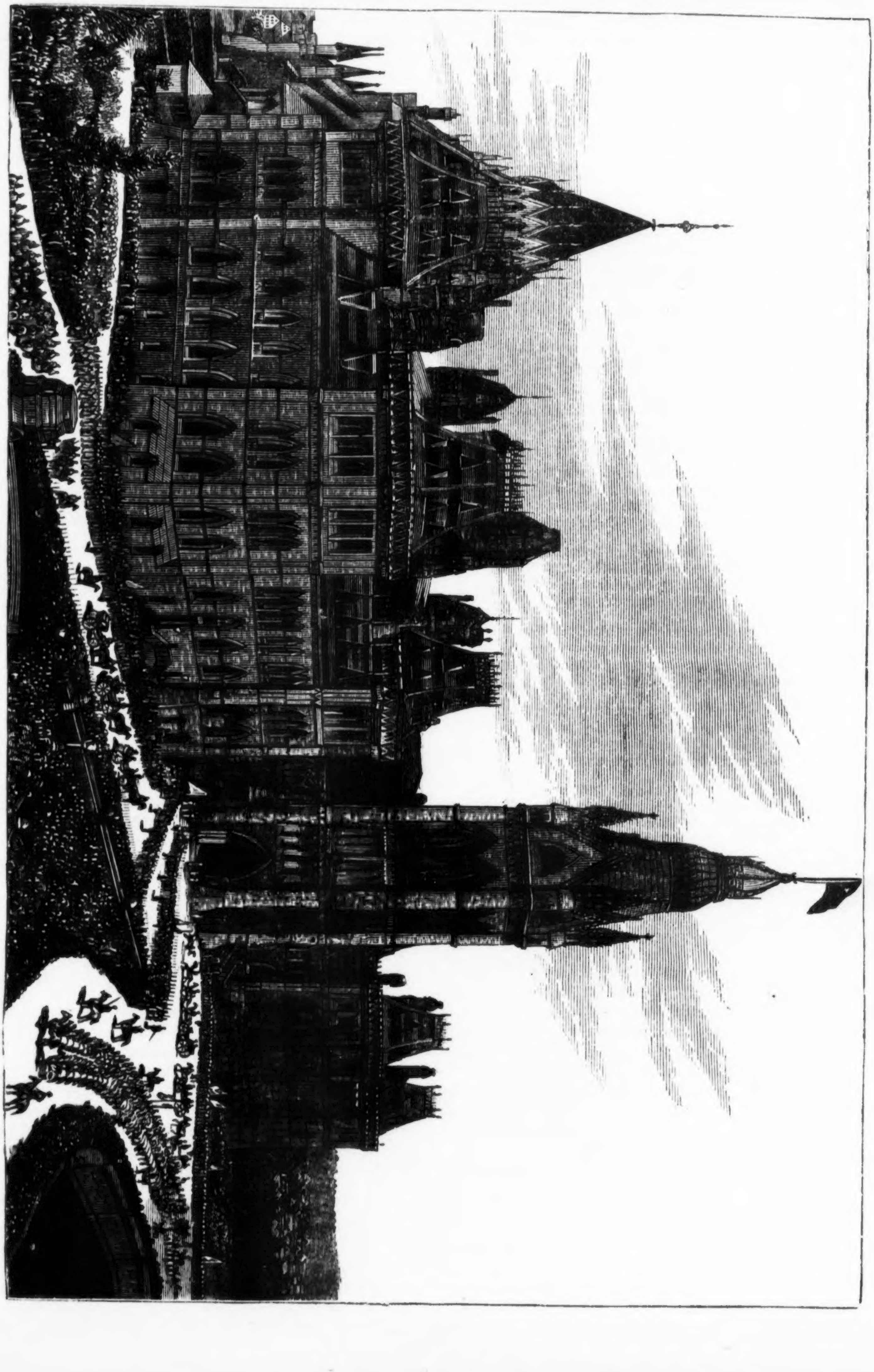
I have said, in effect, that our Union is, with one exception—which, however, does not imperil us—knitted firmly together by ties of patriotism, fraternity and mutual interest; yet we sometimes have a period of unrest, a fit of restless tossing of our arms, and a desire for some sort of political change. The time is not far back when the man who uttered the words, "Canadian Independence," would be branded a traitor; but it is not a year ago since Sir Richard Cartwright, descended of a Tory family, and having N.E. Loyalist blood in his veins, at a public meeting, declared that this topic was a legitimate subject for discussion. And when, amid thunderous applause, he had taken his seat, Mr. Blake arose and affirmed that it was not alone our privilege to discuss it, but that it was our duty to do so.

Very many of the more thoughtful and better educated among our young men yearn for national independence. Some of our people, chiefly the older ones, cry out, "Don't cut the tie; we shall always remain with our mother." And still a third party, but one much smaller than the former, is eager for annexation to the United States. This latter party is found chiefly in our Northwest, where a customs wall debars them from buying and selling where their interest would lead them, and which excludes them from their natural markets. A number of the inhabitants of St. John, New Brunswick, contiguous by their fleets to the markets of some of the New England States, for the same considerations entertain the same desire. From this surrender of sentiment to interest, it will be seen that our loyalty is not as deep-rooted as our mountain pines.

I shall very briefly now sum up a few of our conspicuous gains since entering the Confederation. We have nearly 10,000 miles of railways in operation, and no important section is without an iron road. We have increased our floating tonnage from 160,000 to 600,000; in paid-up bank capital we have increased from $28,000,000 to $109,000,000; and we have in operation 2,384 miles of canals. In 1868-69 our total exports were $57,000,000; in 1872-73 they were nearly $100,000,000. Our debt is heavy, but the annual interest upon it *per capita* is only $1.77. In time of domestic tumult or invasion we shall



HONORABLE J. A. CHAPLEAU, SECRETARY OF STATE.



THE PARLIAMENT HOUSES, OTTAWA.—SEE PAGE 257.

not be found defenseless. We have a force of nearly 60,000 well-disciplined volunteers. In every portion of the country factories engaged in the manufacture of almost everything needed in civilized life are in operation. We possess forests of enormous value, and the worth of our fisheries and minerals is great. We have a total area of 3,470,257 square miles, and in our Northwest territories alone, the testimony of eminently practical scientists reveals, we have grain-land sufficient to maintain over a hundred millions of souls. It is this region, fruitful in soil and temperate in climate, that the Pacific Railway Company is throwing so rapidly open to Europeans. Upon that territory, in the year 1882 alone, there settled from abroad 120,000 persons. Who shall say what measure of greatness and glory Canada may not one day achieve?

CASTLE BELLEISLE.

THE enormous hills run smoothly down
In fold on fold of shaven green,
And in the gap a little town
Sleeps, and a river moves between.

It bubbled from a heathery hill,
And channeled through the gray ribbed sand,
And now slides seaward, strong and still,
Through hazy leagues of level land.

A stone's throw from its fringing sedge
Gray moldering walls to ruin slip,
And from the turret's ragged edge
The brimming ivy seems to drip.

Where once the guardian pool was deep
The moorhen flaps among the reeds
And broad-backed waterlilies sleep,
Anchored amid the shifting weeds.

There, where the green turf laps the walls,
Slow oxen graze, shrill children play,
And when the kindly Summer falls
Swart sun-browned rustics toss the hay.

A farmstead steams where hung the door,
Whence smiling gallants paced the hall—
Where roysterers drank, and soldiers swore,
The curly cottage-children call.

Here, where the old priest, day by day,
Saw sunrise gild his blazoned panes,
Between tall stacks of scented hay,
A grumbling cider-press complains.

Look o'er the ill-swung gate, and see
The black swine rout the streaming soil,
And piled or strewn neglectfully
The sordid furniture of toil.

The king that smiled so royally
Around him, and the sad, sweet queen
With restless children round her knee,
Are all as they had never been.

Dark in their oozy bed to-night
They slumber: all about their bones
The ivy casts his fingers white,
Whose fibres know the place of stones.

Think of the aching hearts, the sighs,
This old house heard, which stands so still,
And all the million memories
That haunt the hollows of the hill.

Think of the eyes that must have stared
From those blank windows, on the same
Gray misty flats through which we fared,
We twain, and doubted of their name.

O'er grassy mound and marble rim,
Where one dead friend's poor vesture lies,
The easy tears unwitting brim
Decorous lashes, down-dropt eyes.

Or one dear brother whom we miss—
We mount with reverent step above:
"This was his room," we say, "and this
The picture that he used to love."

In these walls, too, young hope was high,
And love was glorious then as now;
Shall we behold and pass them by,
Nor write one sorrow on our brow?

Shall we not spare one tear to-day,
And pray one prayer in order due?
"Here is a human heart," we'll say,
"That beats as yours, and thinks of you."

THE LIGHT ON THE SEINE.

CHAPTER I.

THE harsh cry of a water-fowl comes from the tall reeds that try to mirror themselves in the river. The reeds cannot fully see themselves, for this bank of the Seine is marshy, and narrow lines of reclaimed grass alternate with equally narrow lines of water, cold and gray on this gloomy evening.

Just before the river bends into a dark corner a tongue of land projects out of the marsh; at its furthest end is a small white lighthouse-tower, and where it joins the marsh stands a tiny red-brick cottage.

Once more the cry of the marsh-fowl rings out and seems to fit with the weird pallor of the scene, with the leaden-colored sky, and with the pale-yellow line over the gray hills that show beyond the wooded curve of the river; fits, too, with the silent desolation of the white tower and the red cottage. The high road, twelve feet or so above the marsh, is still empty, and it is too dark to see the red and golden pumpkins in the field behind the hedge on the further side. But for that cry just now, life seems to have gone from the lonely place. It is not really so.

A woman lies on a bed in one of the two rooms of the cottage; but though she has an attractive face, it is worn and full of suffering. She has raised herself on her elbow, but it is so dark she can no longer see through the window.

"Will Jean never come back?" she says, in an anxious voice. "The lamp should be lit by now. I can never climb up into the tower. Oh, my Jean! come back quickly; your father was always ready!"

She is so weak, this poor Marie Ducange, that she cannot keep her thoughts fixed; they go off now to her kind old husband whom she laid in the churchyard only six months ago. But she soon wipes away her tears.

"I must not cry for him," she says; "he had a long and weary life, but he was always good to me, poor soul! and always at his duty!"

The last word takes her back to the lighthouse. It has become quite dark now, the light should be giving its warning; at this time of year strangers, ignorant of the dangers of the river, sometimes find their way to the Seine in little boats of their own.

"Jean knows that as well as I do," his mother thinks, and a comforted looks comes to her pale face. "More than likely, he is at the lighthouse by this time; I might have thought of that sooner."

Jean is a big strapping lad of fifteen, who looks more like Marie's younger brother than her son, for she had been a very young wife for her old husband. Between them they had managed to spoil the dark-eyed merry fellow. Jean has always been a favorite with every one, though he has often played truant from school and has been foremost in any mischief that was going on. Sometimes the kind old father shook his head, but Marie always took her boy's part. Even his steady uncle, Eugéne Dreux, from Lillebonne, who had bought the mill and settled down near his sister, had a fancy for Jean, and took possession of his nephew to save him, as he said, from being ruined. He had worked steadily under his uncle for a year when the elder Jean died; then Eugéne Dreux made out such a good case for Marie and her son that Jean was actually trusted with the care of the light in the tower. He was to have three months' trial, and if he stood this satisfactorily, he might consider himself appointed its guardian.

Jean was full of energy and industry, and for several weeks he had discharged his duties like a man, but his mother's illness had kept him a close prisoner. He had given up all his accustomed amusements. She had been lately urging him to take a holiday, for so long as he was back before dark, she said, he could not possibly be wanted. Eugéne had advised his nephew not to take a holiday for some time to come, but Marie laughed at this prudent advice.

Uncle Eugéne forgets how he used to love dancing," she said. "Go to the *fête* at La Malle, Jean; I know you will be the best dancer there."

* * * * * *

Some distance from the Seine, on the side opposite the lighthouse, there is a sandy road leading to a village, and beyond the village church an open space called the Place is filled with groups of people; some of these people saunter up and down, but the older ones are seated under two canvas booths, and are drinking cider drawn from huge casks crowned with laurel boughs.

"Where is that black-eyed rascal Jean?" a man says; "he has danced well to-day. Old or young, handsome or plain, he danced as well with one partner as he did with the other, and now I'll make him drink my health again."

There is a call for "Jean—Jean," but he does not answer to it, and the cider-drinking goes on without further allusion to the deserter.

Where is Jean?

In the dear delight of dancing, an enjoyment he has been so long denied, time has fled fast; he has drunk cider, too, far more than he is accustomed to drink. He is in a most happy, jovial state, when his partner—a buxom, dark-eyed woman some years older than he is—asks him his name.

"Jean Ducange, at your service."

"Jean Ducange," she says, slowly; "that is the name of the lighthouse-keeper at Caudebecquet."

The boy is a stranger to her as he is to all the others, and she has been admiring his frank, dark face and bright, saucy eyes. As she speaks she sees his eyes open widely, while his face loses all color.

"My God!" he cries, and without another word he darts away from her. He pushes through the gay, chattering crowd. No one seems to notice him, though afterward more than one remembers how pale and wild the stranger lad looked as he struggled past them.

They are too much preoccupied to guess at his despair; only the leaden sky sees that, as he runs desperately along the sandy road leading to the Seine.

"My God, help me!" he cries again, in an anguish of terror, and he tries to run faster still. . . .

It seems to Jean that the road lengthens itself pitilessly, and yet, though he longs to reach the river-side, he dreads the news he may learn there.

At last he has gained the end of the long road, and comes in view of the pale, cold-looking river.

The light is shining brightly on the other side, and Jean's throbbing heart is still for an instant with the shock of his alarm. It is the light: who, then, has kindled it? He is found out! Some one has discovered his absence and has lit the lamp in the tower. It cannot be his sick mother. The thought rouses him to greater speed; for Jean dearly loves his mother, and the idea that she, in her weak, sickly state, should have exposed herself to the night air and climbed that high, ladder-like staircase, makes him gasp with fear. His fingers tremble so that he can scarcely unfasten the rope from the post to which the boat is tied. He at last pushes off the boat, now quivering like some living creature on the pale river, and as he rows rapidly away the white post seems to gleam mockingly at him—a phantom in the gloom. . .

The landing-place opposite is in a little creek between the lighthouse and the bend of the river, and as he draws near this, Jean glances over his shoulder. Some one, who holds a lantern, is waiting for him; a few more strokes and he is there.

Jean feels his boat drawn into the sandy creek, and in a minute he has stepped on land.

"Is it you, uncle?" he says, and then he is silenced by the look on his uncle Eugéne's face. Always a hard, expressionless face, but now, as the light from the lantern falls upon it, it looks red and stern.

He does not speak till the boat is safely fastened; when this is done he leads the way to the cottage.

Jean cannot speak; he hangs his head as he follows his uncle; but as he sees a light in his mother's room, anxiety for her conquers his shame for his neglect.

"Did mother light the lamp in the tower?" he says, eagerly.

His uncle shakes his head sadly, and then, going into the cottage, he places the lantern he carries on the table and turns to Jean.

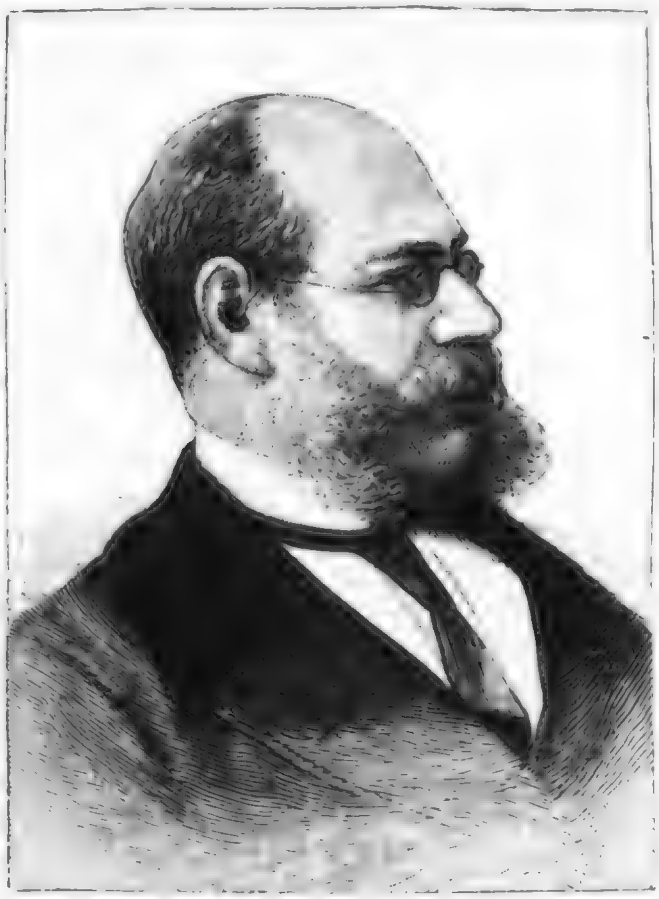
"I lighted the lamp when I saw, on coming back from Jumiéges, that it had not been kindled—but I was too late—I had heard a cry, even so far off as the high road is above the bend; I got down to the river as quickly as I could through the trees, but all I could see was a small boat bottom upward between the two sandbanks in the midst of the stream."

Jean turns a ghastly white, but he breaks in impetuously:

"The man might be swimming, he may be there yet—let us go."

His uncle catches him roughly by the arm.

"Keep quiet!" and then he checks his angry tone. "I should be harder on you, Jean, if I did not feel that you have punished yourself enough—you have ruined your life; you had your future made for you plain, and straight, and easy-going; all that was asked of you was a little self-control and self-denial, and because you could



SIR RICHARD J. CARTWRIGHT, FINANCE MINISTER.
SEE PAGE 257.

not even refuse yourself a trifling amusement—may God have mercy on you—you have let a fellow-creature drown. Hush!" for Jean tries to be heard; "you might know well enough to be sure I have made every effort; to-morrow will tell us what has happened, and a strict inquiry will be made."

"It need not be made," says Jean, doggedly. "I shall give myself up and tell the truth."

His uncle is silent, but he had decided what to do before Jean crossed the river.

Presently he says, "No, that would kill your mother and ruin our good name in the country. No, Jean; you must say good-by to your mother, and you must go away at daybreak. You are strong and honest, and you must do the best you can for yourself."

"Spare me, uncle, I cannot leave my mother," the lad says, piteously.

"Do you fear to trust her to me?" Eugéne Dreux answers, sternly. "You have no voice in this matter, Jean. If you stay, you break her heart and ruin us all. I pledged myself that you were fit for your post; you have flung away my character, as well as your own; you must go; but you are young; and you have time to begin afresh. Here is some money." He puts a small bag on the table. "Your mother will live with me at the mill; I do not wish to see you again."

Then, before the lad can answer, he goes away with his lantern, leaving Jean alone in the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR years have gone by since that gloomy evening by the Seine. As Eugéne Dreux expected, although he had not told his hope to his nephew, no one had observed the absence of the light in the tower, and although some inquiry was made about a stranger who rowed up from Pont Andemer, and an empty boat that floated down to Villequier, still, as no one prosecuted the inquiry, and no body was found, the miller kept silence about the cry he had heard, and the event was soon forgotten.

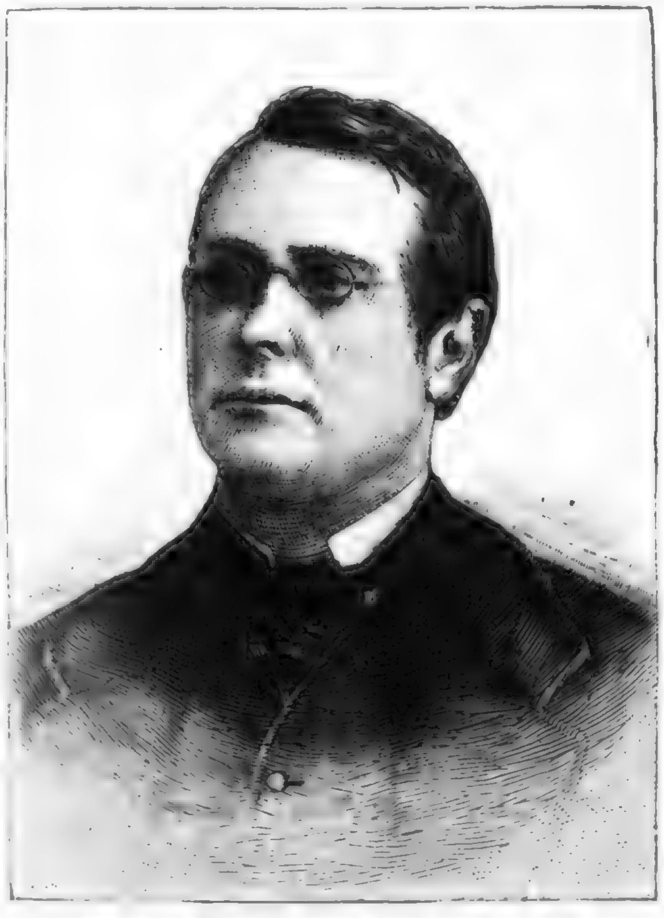
Eugéne minded the lighthouse himself for a while, and then he gave out that Jean was not suited to the post and had found employment far from home. Very soon a sturdy fisherman succeeded to Jean's duties, and took possession of the red-brick cottage.

The broad-shouldered miller had grown redder-faced than ever, in these four years, but he always looked stern and sad.

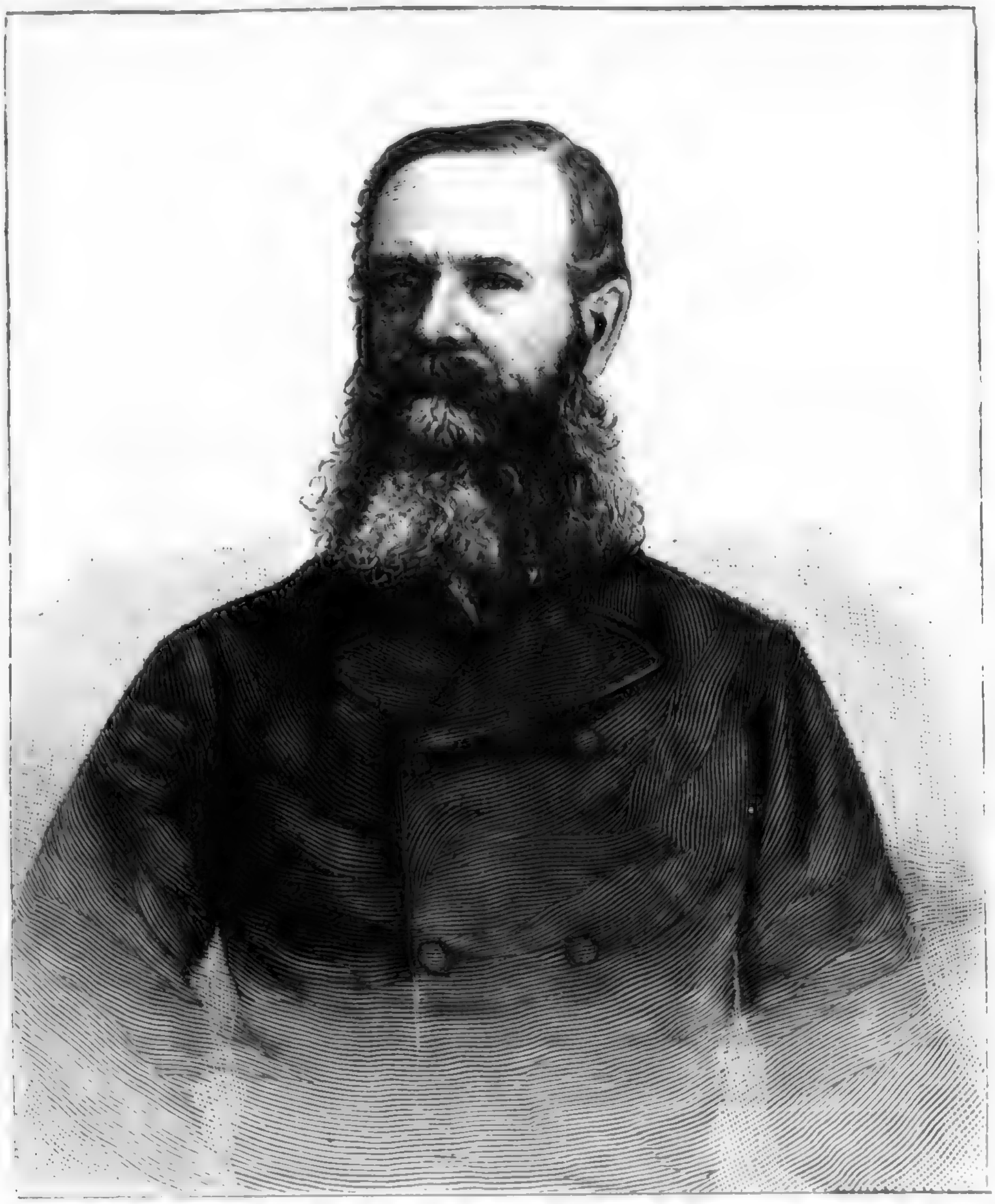
His sister Marie lived with him, but, though he was kind and gentle to her, the poor delicate woman seemed afraid of him; she was always like a child who expects rebuke. Marie had not been able to forgive herself for her share in Jean's neglect, nor could she pardon Eugéne for robbing her of her boy. She literally pined for a sight of Jean. Dreux had given the lad an address at Caen where he could occasionally hear news of his mother; and Marie had learned by inquiry that her letter sent to this address had been asked for; but not one line from Jean had broken the long sad silence. . . .

She sits this evening at the open doorway of the mill.

This old tumble-down, half-timbered house is certainly a far more comfortable dwelling than the red cottage on the marsh; there she could only see the broad, pale river and its willow-fringed banks; but now it is pleasant to sit in the little porch outside the mill—from this she can see the old black wheel lumbering round, and the bright stream of water sparkling and dashing and gurgling over a heap of moss-grown stones and then flowing on peacefully between two high, steep green banks. One of these banks, that nearest the winding way that leads down to the high road, is topped by tall shivering poplar-trees that cast long shadows across the path, for it is afternoon in late September, and the days shorten fast. There are gaps among the poplars, and



HONORABLE EDWARD BLAKE, Q.C.—SEE PAGE 257.



LORD MONCK, FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.—SEE PAGE 257.

through these broad patches of sunshine fling themselves in yellow bars across, and so make the road checkered.

Marie wonders where Eugéne is this pleasant evening, and whether he is out in his boat. She sighs as she remembers what the neighbors say of Eugéne. She is so infirm that she rarely stirs beyond the mill-stream ; but once or twice, as she sat at the door waiting for her brother, it has seemed to her that the burly miller does not walk so steadily as he did, and that he speaks in a thick, strange manner. Can it be true that he is growing fond of drink ?

From where she sits Marie cannot see the landing-place and its posts ; the path winds as it goes down-hill just by the creek. Looking back at the lighthouse and the small red cottage, stands a tall, bronzed, and bearded man.

At last he turns with a deep sigh, crosses the high road, and goes up the checkered path that leads to the mill.

As he comes in sight of Marie she jumps up from her chair with a suddenness that would have startled her brother. For a minute she stands clinging to the side of the porch, and then she walks forward more firmly than she has walked since her husband's death, and with a little cry flings herself into her son's arms.

"My Jean, have you come back ?" she sobs. "The Holy Virgin and the saints be praised !" Then there is silence. . . .

Jean has sat nearly an hour beside his mother. He has been telling her the ups and downs of his life since they parted. He has, however, prospered better than he could have hoped for. Though his uncle had refused to give him a character, he had advised him to seek employment in Caen or its neighborhood, and after one or two failures Jean had at last found steady work at a flour-mill on the further side of the city.

Marie sits looking at him, hanging on every word. What a fine fellow he has grown, she thinks.

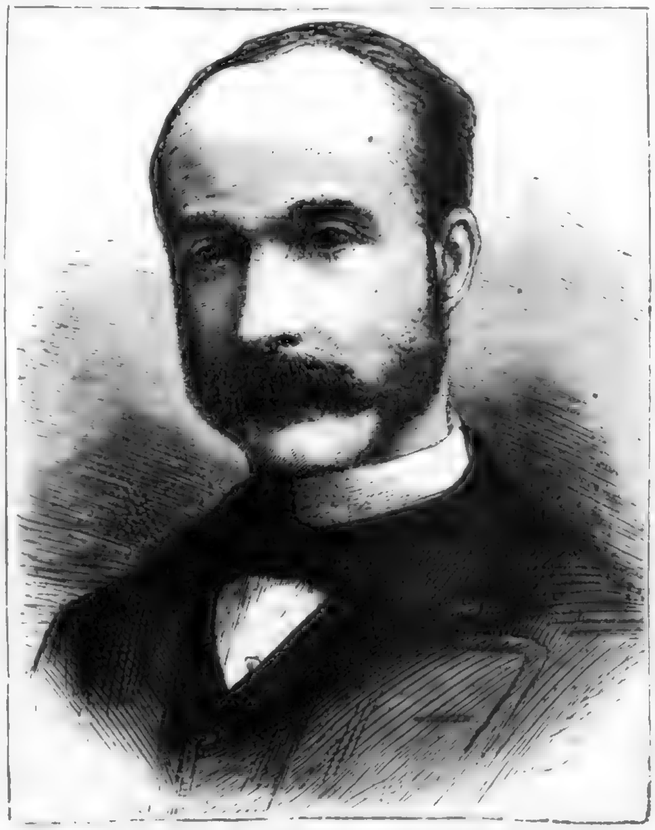
"But you look so sad, my Jean ; and why did you never write to me, or come home ?"

Jean shakes his head.

"I should not be here now, but for my master."

"Oh, my boy, did you not want to see me once more ?"

"Mother !" He puts his strong arm round her and gives her a loving kiss. "I have longed every day to see you ; but see you not that I had earned a punishment, and what right had I to murmur at being parted from you ? How do I know that some poor



LORD LANSDOWNE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

mother was not watching and weeping that night for her boy, lost through my carelessness?"

Marie wipes her eyes by rubbing them on Jean's shoulder.

"Well, well!" she says; "I have cried, and prayed, too, about that night. I was most to blame, Jean, and I know Eugéne thinks so."

"Does he?" Jean's eyes glisten; then, after a bit: "At last I told my master how matters stood, and he said, 'You are treating your mother badly, you are selfish and cruel to her; you must go and see her, and she will tell you whether your uncle has forgiven you.'"

"I cannot say if he has." Marie's voice is sad. "Eugéne is strange and silent, but I will sound him when he comes in. Did you see his boat at the creek?"

"No," Jean answered. "He must be out of sight somewhere; while I stood looking up and down the river there was not a barge or boat to be seen, and it is high tide, too—a very high tide, I may say. What ails you, eh, little mother?"

He is startled by the change in her. She sits upright in her chair, with her thin hands clasped in her lap; a gray hue spreads over her face; the only sign of life she gives is to point toward the river.

He catches at her hand. "What is it?" he says. "What ails you?" But she pushes his hand away, she gasps for speech, and still she points vehemently forward.

"I had forgotten," she breaks out at last. "It is the Mascaret, and it is just the time. Where can Eugéne be? He will be lost in the *flot*!"

Jean looks as deathlike as his mother. Away from the river, he has forgotten the terrible wave which at this time of year causes such destruction along the banks of the Seine. A flash of recollection tells him why the boats and barges were all out of sight as he stood gazing at the river; they are lying safely moored in one of the creeks lower down.

"But, mother, tell me, why do you fancy my uncle is on the river at such a time? *He* knows better."

"I——" Marie shrinks from telling her fears about her brother. "I know it, Jean; he often now *falls asleep*—in his boat. Do you understand?" She clasps her hands together with a terrible sense of her own helplessness. "My boy," she sobs, "he is changed; we have ruined Eugéne!"

But Jean scarcely hears; her shame-struck face, her hesitation, tell him all. He hurries down the winding path and plunges in among the trees and low-growing bushes, which border one side of the creek and fill up the broad space between the high road and the angle made by the bend of the stream.

Jean has been walking beside the river all day, and he feels sure that he must have seen his uncle's boat if Eugéne had gone down-stream. Some instinct tells him that the boat lies hidden beyond the bend; this thought quickens his steps, for he knows that the stream narrows again at this point, and that the creek beyond the bend offers no shelter from the fury of the *flot*.

There is no path among the thickly-planted trees; in some places the slender, white stems almost touch. Jean has to cut away with his clasp-knife obstructing branches of the undergrowth, and more than once he trips over stumps hidden by this lower leafage. At last he reaches the fringe of birch-trees on the further side and looks up stream. A boat is twenty yards or so ahead of him, and he fancies he sees a man lying in it.

"Eugéne! Eugéne Dreux!" he calls, loudly.

There is no answer. The ground is marshy beyond the fringe of trees, and the footing is unsafe. Jean glances at the river; he thinks it is no longer so smooth and still as when he stood by the lighthouse. Yes, there is a slight movement on the water.

"Eugéne! Eugéne Dreux!" he shouts again. . . .

Marie has gone back to her bench, and sits there white and trembling. The horrible dread she feels has robbed her of all power of movement. She knows the strength of the Mascaret, that dreadful *flot* which has worked so much harm; the *flot* that carries sand and stones up the river, and makes pilots needful on the Seine. She remembers that cottages built near the banks have been swept away by the furious wave, and that a boat left unmoored is sure to be dashed in pieces.

Her eyes open widely and she gives a sharp cry, almost a shriek, a mixture of terror and anguish. In her longing to save Eugéne, Marie has forgotten the nearness of the catastrophe; all at once she sees that she has perhaps sent Jean to his doom.

Her strength comes back, as it sometimes does to the weakest in this moment of terror. She staggers down the winding path; she has reached the creek; but she does not look toward the bend; instead she faces round and gazes down the Seine.

The gray pallor spreads over her face again, and she stretches out her arm as if to push back something that comes nearer.

Hark! what is that?

A low murmur that swells like the howling of the wind, swells louder and louder as it comes nearer.

It is the roar of rushing water, and Marie stands spellbound and listening. . . . Nearer—nearer, the roar sounds like thunder; Marie's eyes are strained to the furthest point she can see—the bend the Seine makes below Caudebec. The water is quiet, though it has no longer the glassy stillness of five minutes ago.

In a moment as she gazes she sees the river rise up as if to leave its bed. Marie's tongue is loosed.

"Jean! Jean!" she cries, wildly, "save yourself! the *flot* is here."

On rolls the water in one wide sweeping wave, gathering volume as it comes, six feet above its usual level; it flings with fury stones and spray up the banks in clouds of foam, filling the air with the hoarse cry of the *flot*.

On it comes with lightning swiftness, a huge mass, twenty feet high by now, against the lighthouse-tower. Another wave follows in fierce fury, and then a third spreads over the marsh in a yellow foaming flood that doubles the width of the river.

The sight brings back Marie's wits, she wades into the yellow flood and cries out "Help!" to the red cottage.

But many feet of water flow between, and she feels the oozy ground sink under her feet; it is hopeless to seek aid from the cottage. She gets back to firm land.

To reach the village, she must follow the high road behind the copsewood—she staggers on.

But the impulse which has carried her forward leaves her as suddenly as it came.

"My God! help me," she cries, and then, pale and shaking in every limb, she clings to the wall of the little arch under which the millstream flows down to the Seine.

* * * * * *

It is spring-time, the millwheel goes round merrily, and the miller's man, a tall, dark-eyed fellow, stands beside the miller seated in the porch. Eugéne Dreux's face is neither so bad nor so red as it was, but he goes about on crutches, and people say he will never use his legs again.

"Well, uncle," Jean says, "I must leave you at the week's end, or my master will fill up my place."

Jean's eyes go on to his mother, who stands near, and to his surprise she smiles at his words.

"It was a pity, Jean, you saved me from the *flot*," his uncle says, gruffly, "if you are now going to leave me in the lurch. No, Jean, the mill will keep us all and more. I give it up to you—you are its master."

LONGING.

By Julian Butterworth.

The road's each turn reveals another bend
That I would reach; at every gate I stay
With lingering look, where quiet valleys stray
The heather-dappled hills among. I send
A wistful gaze to upland paths that wend
Beckoning to bluer heights, and wondering say,
"What is this Better, ever far away?
And when will all this restless longing end?"
Till that first day of joy's bewilderment,
When God shall make each shadowy outline clear,
Wait patiently—thou canst not bring more near
What He has bidden now be far and dim;
But thou wilt find thy rest in sight of Him,
Within the small inclosure of thy tent.

PURELY PROFESSIONAL.

By George R. Parrish.

She came lightly down the wide, stone steps of the Union Depot, alone, holding in one neatly-gloved hand a small russet valise. This particular person was a young lady of medium height, graceful movements and tasty dress; a young lady whose dark-brown eyes sparkled merrily beneath the coquettish rim of her hat, and whose waving, abundant hair shaded a face scarcely to be deemed pretty, yet decidedly bright and interesting.

Thus, at least, our friend Carlton thought, as from his comfortable seat on the iron bench below he glanced carelessly up, over the top of his paper, and noticed her coming down.

Straight toward him she came, perfectly self-possessed, and evidently accustomed to all the din and bustle of a great city depot. At the bottom of the steps the girl paused an instant and glanced about her, down the busy, crowded platform, as if looking for some expected face. Disappointed in this hope, and with a very becoming pout curling her lips, she turned slowly away, in the direction of the ladies' waiting-room.

As she thus moved forward, in total indifference to her surroundings, a heavy baggage-truck, propelled by three men, came rolling along the floor, and, wrapped in her own thoughts, the girl stepped directly in its tracks.

In another instant the iron front would have struck her heavily, when Carlton, dropping his indolent manner, like a flash bounded quickly forward, caught her slight figure firmly about the waist, and lifting her in his strong arms as he would a child, swung her closely against the stone wall. Scarcely was it accomplished, when the great truck surged clumsily forward into the parting crowd.

Even then she failed to comprehend, for, flushed and angry, the girl tore herself free and faced about, her dark eyes fairly blazing as she looked up into Carlton's calm and unexcited face.

"What do you mean, sir?" she exclaimed, indignantly.

He smiled a little at the fierce tone, and pointed toward the fast-disappearing truck.

"That would have struck you," he said, calmly.

She glanced in the direction pointed out, then up into his face again. It was a strong, honest, manly face, and the brown eyes grew milder.

"Was—was that truck, indeed, very near me?" she questioned, as if scarcely knowing what best to say.

"So near that nothing remained but the heroic treatment," he replied, good-humoredly; "I therefore trust that you will pardon all my rudeness under the circumstances?"

She was looking straight into his gray eyes as he spoke, and thinking to herself, "This man is a gentleman!" Then, impulsively, she held out her gloved hand to him.

"I can well afford to grant pardon," she said, gracefully, "and I wish also to thank you, for indeed it would seem doubly hard for me to be injured just at this time."

He heard the words as he bent low over the little hand—heard them, and dimly wondered what she meant. Was she about to be married? Was she just married?—or what?"

These queries flashed over his mind in the instant, for he had barely time to answer with some easy commonplace, when a hearty voice, close to his elbow, cried out, hastily:

"So you're here, are you? I've been hunting for you from one end of the platform to the other."

Apparently startled, the girl drew her hand out suddenly from Carlton's grasp, and a most peculiar expression sprang into her brown eyes as they sank before his own.

The young man turned to face the newcomer, a heavily-built, well-dressed fellow of forty or thereabouts.

"A bit loud!" was Carlton's silent comment, as their eyes met, searchingly, for an instant.

Then, without uttering so much as a word in explanation or apology, the man drew the lady's hand carelessly upon his arm, and led her coolly down the platform.

The girl, her face slightly flushed, glanced back rather timidly once, and bowed slightly as if in adieu; at which Carlton lifted his hat, and then stood, uncovered, watching until the couple disappeared in the crowd.

"Odd," he reflected, thoughtfully, "that I should feel so strongly interested in a mere passing acquaintance, and then find her pre-empted by some one else. I believe I could learn to like that girl; but he—well, he's a brute, or I am no judge of character.

Thus meditating, he likewise sauntered slowly through the ticket-gate toward the waiting Southern train.

Philip Carlton, junior member of the great law firm of Carmoy, Moss & Carlton, is too well known to require any introduction here. Twelve years at the Bar had made him a trifle cynical perhaps, but had left unseared the warm, generous impulses of his nature.

Now, as he took his seat in the smoking-room of a sleeper, he lit a prime Havana, and opening a late magazine, proceeded to dismiss altogether from his mind both knotty legal points and charming chance acquaintances. But, alas! we people of this world are strange, and even the calmness born of many a warm forensic battle proved no barrier for keeping out brown eyes, and he gradually became less interested in the pages before him, and more so in the blue curling smoke overhead and the images which grew out of it.

"What a brute of a husband that fellow will make!" he muttered, grimly, for no other supposition even once entered his mind. "Why, she is absolutely in fear of the fellow already," recalling the sudden start; "but what a neat hand she had! I admire neat hands, and the eyes—

why, one could read her every thought, they were so deep and clear!"

He dropped his cigar-stub carelessly out of the open window, and glanced at the landscape swiftly flitting by.

"I wonder did they take this train?" still idly musing. Then he slowly rose to his feet. "I presume I'm a fool, but I should like to know where they stop."

He found the object of his search, seated alone in the second car forward, gazing listlessly out of the window. A slight confusion in the narrow aisle caused her to glance up, and she saw him standing there. Their eyes met and the lady smiled; he thought flushed a little.

"You must believe me very impolite," she began, as if anxious to explain everything, "but truly I could not help myself."

"Impolite is a strong word," he answered, gallantly, "and I certainly did not think so."

"Ah, but I feel that I was, and—and Mr. Bartram is very cross sometimes."

"So her name is Bartram," Carlton thought, heartily wishing himself out of the affair altogether, yet at the same moment dropping into the vacant seat beside her.

"Why is not Mr. Bartram with you?" he questioned, for want of something better to say.

She glanced shyly up into his face, her lips smiling.

"He is forward in the smoker," she said; "he generally travels in the smoker."

"The brute!" Carlton muttered to himself, then added, aloud:

"I should suppose he would find it much more pleasant here?"

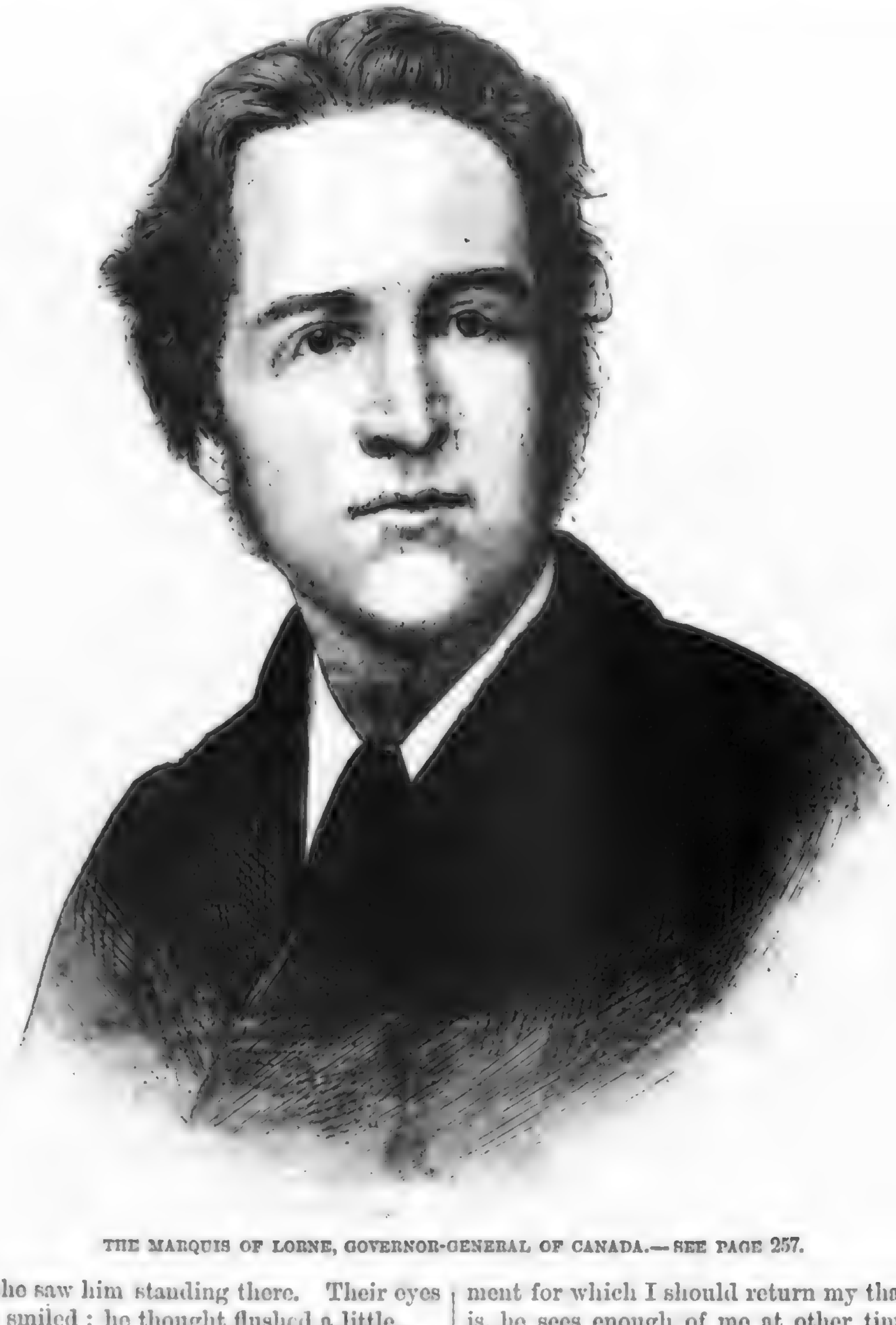
"Oh," with a little laugh, "I suppose that is a compliment for which I should return my thanks, but the truth is, he sees enough of me at other times."

Carlton watched the color come and go on the clear cheeks as she spoke, and for the moment truly hated himself. Then he glanced down at the white, ungloved hands, crossed carelessly upon a book which lay open in her lap.

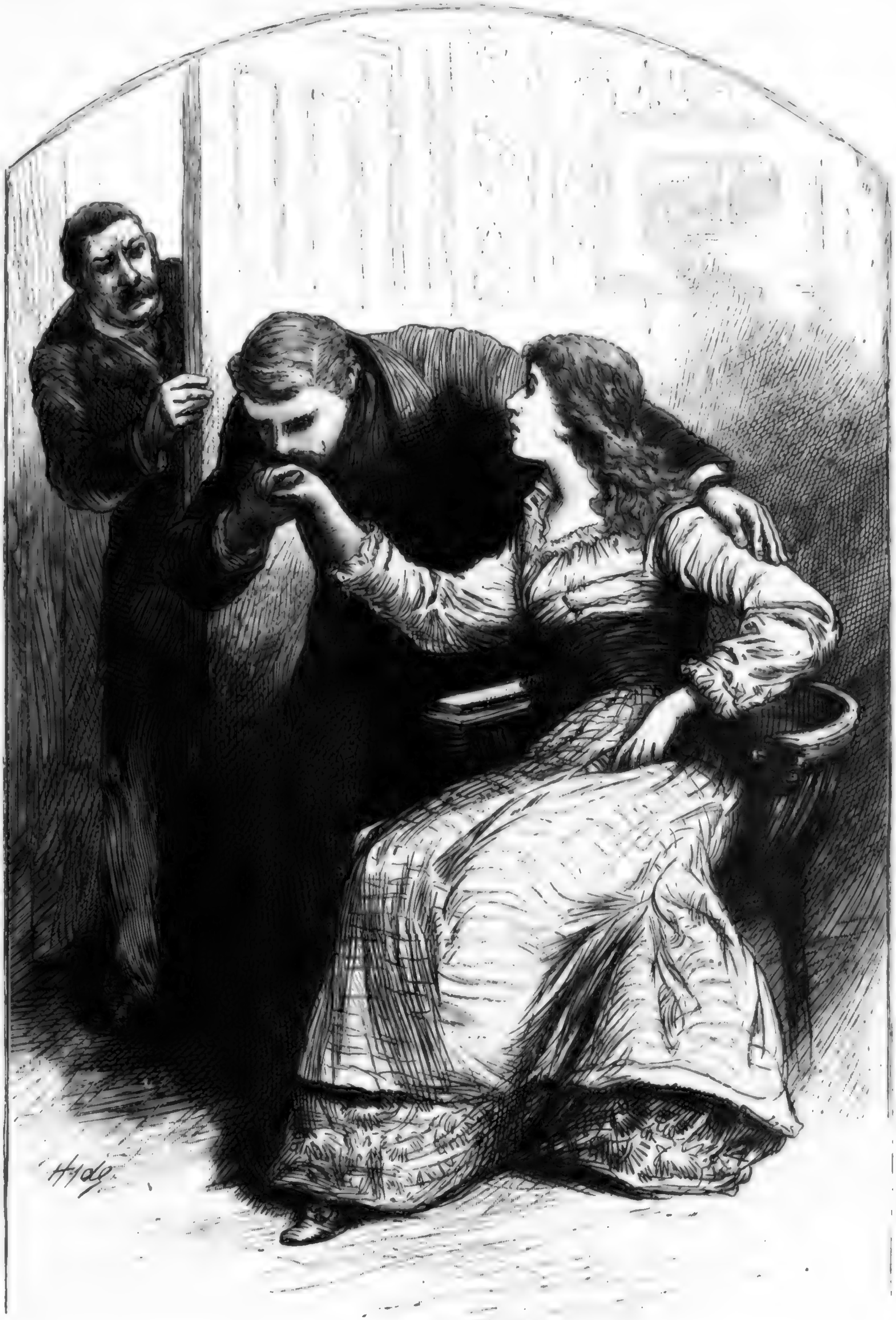
"You enjoy reading?"

"Usually, yes," she replied; "but I have been unable to chain my thoughts to a page this afternoon."

Without taking time to reflect, the young lawyer exclaimed, earnestly, "Indeed! It is strange, but I have



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.—SEE PAGE 257.



PURELY PROFESSIONAL.—"HE TOOK THE HAND WHICH SHE HELD OUT, AND BENT OVER IT REVERENTLY." SEE PAGE 271.

found the same difficulty!" As if in accident their eyes met at the words, and hers sunk, while the blood crimsoned her face.

"My—my book was sovery stupid!" she faltered; then asked quickly, as if seeking escape, "Do you travel far?"

"To the Junction; and you?"

"Only to Colton to-day. I think that was the place Mr. Bartram mentioned.

He was leaning one arm upon the back of the seat, looking down at her, when a heavy hand closed roughly upon his shoulder. He looked up, startled, into Bartram's coarse and angry face.

"I'll trouble you for that seat!" the man said, threateningly. "This lady can get along without you, I think, sir!"

Carlton's first feeling was shame at being found in such a position, but the sneer in those last words stung him, and a hard, dangerous light flashed into the gray eyes. He would have retorted hotly, but he felt a soft touch on his sleeve and heard the girl whisper, hastily, "Oh, don't! Please don't!"

With a bow of obedience to her, he rose to his feet and stepped out into the aisle.

"You are insulting!" he said, in a low tone, to Bartram, looking him calmly in the face; "but as I cannot quarrel before a lady, I am unable to resent it."

"The usual excuse of a coward!" sneered the man.

"As you will!" Not a muscle of his face changing to betray his feelings. "You can, however, find me in the smoker at any time!" And bowing once more to the lady, Carlton walked slowly down the aisle, apparently unconcerned, but in truth a smoldering bed of fire.

He waited, as he had promised, for the injured husband in the smoker, but Bartram failed to appear. At Colton he saw them both get off together, and noticed, with a thrill of pleasure, that the lady glanced back toward the train, half timidly, and he followed her graceful figure down the street with his eyes. Then the long train pulled out, and they were gone, but not forgotten, for in spite of himself, his theories and his disgust, Philip Carlton was in love.

In vain he endeavored to rid his mind of her; in vain he raved at himself for loving the wife of another—one whom he should probably never meet again; yet the brown eyes overturned everything else, and as the days passed, grew even brighter to his imagination.

Nearly a week later, after duly registering his name on the book of the Dartmouth Hotel, he started up to his room to remove some of the dust of travel.

At the bottom of the flight of narrow, crooked stair she was astonished to hear his name spoken, and turning quickly, saw the brown-eyed girl holding out her hand to him. The sudden leaping of his heart told the truth, as he bent over the white fingers, murmuring his great pleasure at thus meeting her again.

"But you know my name, it seems?" he said, finally; "and I had forgotten ever mentioning it to you."

A slight flush stole up over the fair face.

"And, indeed, you did not," gently withdrawing the hand he still retained. "But Mr. Bartram knew you, and, will you believe it? actually warned me against ever speaking to you again."

"A warning which I rejoice to see you seem to disregard."

"I have a little will of my own," she answered, "and even our contract does not make me a slave!"

And thus they stood there talking on, utterly forgetting how fast time flies, until the supper-bell startled and sent them in opposite directions.

After the meal was over, Carlton stood leaning against the counter in the office, when Bartram came up.

"I saw by the register," he said, endeavoring to keep perfectly cool, "that your name is Carlton?"

"Well, it is! What, then?"

"Now, Mr. Carlton," the man went on, nervously, "I don't wish to have any quarrel with you; but, between man and man, do you honestly think that this thing of following us around so is just fair? It is something which I could not consider gentlemanly, and something which I have never done."

Carlton felt the justice of this rebuke, and colored redly.

"No, it is not right," he answered, candidly. "But this time it was purely accidental," and he briefly explained the circumstances.

"But I saw you talking to the lady not an hour ago."

"That is true, Mr. Bartram, and I feel that I owe you an apology." He thought of the brown eyes that had looked so loyally into his, of all that he was thus giving up, but continued, firmly: "I will trouble you no more, but shall leave here at once. John," turning to the clerk, "call me for the early morning train, east." Then he held out his hand cordially toward the surprised Mr. Bartram. "Let us feel that we part friends," he said.

The man took it in a half-hearted sort of way, and turned aside without saying even a word.

It was late when Carlton finally succeeded in falling asleep that night, his mind full of vagrant fancies, and he awoke the next morning long before the time set for his call; awoke feeling a strange, choking sensation, and great difficulty in breathing. Up through his partially opened window came hoarse shouts, and the hurried tramp of feet on the stone pavement. The room was dark, and so full of smoke as to make him cough and strangle as he opened his eyes and sought to peer about him.

To spring to his feet and hastily dress was but the work of an instant, then he opened his door and went out. The hall was full of smoke, but as yet the flames were invisible. Groping his way slowly along in the darkness, he thought of the girl.

"My God!" he exclaimed, halting suddenly, "that brute would never stop for her—her room was—was No. 49," and he hastily struck a match, and after a slight delay found it. A heavy blow on the panel brought forth an answer from within that made his blood leap in excitement.

"Yes, in a minute."

"Hurry—there is no time to lose!" he shouted, and just then, as if a sudden draught of air had gained entrance, the smoke lifted, and a bright burst of flame rolled up the stairway and lit the hall with a blaze of fire.

To delay longer was impossible, and forgetting everything but the woman he must save, Carlton pressed his shoulder against the wood, burst open the door and sprang within, slamming it behind him.

She stood in the very centre of the room, completely dressed, her long hair floating loosely about her shoulders and her brown eyes, perplexed and frightened, looking into his face.

"Mr. Carlton?" she faltered.

"Yes," he answered, scarcely daring to glance at her, as he stepped hastily forward and looked out the window; "and there is no time to be lost."

"What is it?" she asked, quickly. "Are we then in such great danger?" and she placed one hand earnestly upon his shoulder.

"In great danger," he said, looking down with eager longing into the large brown eyes. "Our escape by the stairs is cut off. There is but one hope now, and that a desperate one. Will you trust and obey me?"

She put both her hands in his.

"I will," she answered, firmly, as if making a most solemn promise.

In that moment of deadly peril, with the flames already creeping into the room, that fair, pale face, looking up so confidingly to him, broke every barrier down.

"Wrong or not," he cried, passionately, clasping the fingers to him, "I must speak. We may never come from here alive, but if we die, we die together. And oh, my darling, here, in the shadow of death, I love you."

He stopped, almost frightened at his wild words, as the creeping flames shed their crimson glow on her upturned face; then obeying an instinct too strong for resistance, he bent and kissed the lips, and in her eyes read an answer which made his heart leap with joy.

But they could delay no longer; already on one side—yes, on three sides—the roaring, advancing flames came sweeping toward them, licking up the light pine floor with greedy lips, the intense heat fairly scorching their faces. On the fourth side was the bare, blank wall, and between the two the single window stood, with tongues of red fire even now creeping along its wooden casements.

"Cling close to me!" he cried; and snatching a sheet from the bed, he bound their bodies together, so tightly that a separation was impossible. The next moment, thus burdened, he had mounted the window-sill, the hot flames circling about them.

A perfect Babel of sounds rang in Carlton's ears as he leaned out of the blazing fire-trap.

"Jump! Jump!" yelled the excited crowd below him, as they looked up.

But, no; with cool head, he has discovered one last hope in the heavy iron gutter stretched along under the roof, but above the reach of his hands.

Without a moment's hesitation, for the least delay meant death, he left his perch, and clinging to the loosened, blazing window-shutters, the girl's arms wound tightly about his neck, Carlton climbed slowly up. No one but a man possessed of iron nerve and muscle could do or dare such a deed, and those far below watch the desperate struggle with white faces.

The wood cracks beneath their heavy weight, the iron staples creak as if breaking, but up, up he goes, inch by inch, until his hands, cut and bleeding, close on the iron pipe, and they swing off under the eaves.

Hand over hand he moves along this slight support, while it bends and sways fearfully beneath their weight, and the girl for the first time utters a cry of fear. But cool, as if upon the ladder of his favorite gymnasium, Carlton works his way the full length of the building, until he at last reaches the discharge-pipe, and, clinging to its smooth surface, slides rapidly to the ground.

The crowd surged that way with a cheer, but the first man to come up was Bartram, and, even at such a time, the eyes of the two men met with a blaze of hate.

Scarcely knowing why, Carlton followed, as with tender hands the people bore the fainting girl into a house near by, and thus, when her eyes at length opened, she looked up with a glad smile into his anxious face.

He took the hand which she held out, and bent over it reverently.

"You must forgive me," he whispered, painfully, "for the words I was weak enough to say when we stood facing death together!"

"Forgive you!" The brown eyes opened wide. "Then—then you did not mean it?"

"Mean it!" he echoed, his brows creased with anguish; "they came from the very bottom of my heart, but I should have been more manly than to have breathed it to your ears, Mrs. Bartram."

"Mrs. Bartram!" looking at him as if he must be crazed. "Why, what do you mean?—you certainly cannot think me married?"

"But I did!" eagerly; "is it not so?"

The brown eyes sparkled with merriment, and the lips he had kissed laughed.

"How ridiculous!" she cried. "Why, of course not! How could you! Mr. Bartram is only my manager, and I am the actress, Ada Marshall."

Carlton sprang to his feet as if shot, the glorious light of pleasure flashing across his face at the words.

"What a fool I've been!" he exclaimed. "And your heart?"

"Loves you truly, Philip."

"Just as might be expected! I supposed I should find you here!" exclaimed Mr. Bartram, with every appearance of disgust, as he stepped into the room, a few moments later.

Carlton advanced toward this irate individual and held out his hand.

"Mr. Bartram," he said, with an odd twinkle in his eye, "we will be very happy when we have your congratulations. Miss Marshall has consented to become my wife."

"Beaten!" Bartram roared, starting back. "Your wife? Then I must hunt up another star!"

"Most certainly, for my wife will never go upon the stage again."

"Why, man," with considerable curiosity, "won't you play her yourself?"

"Scarcely; I shouldn't know how to go at it."

"Isn't your name Carlton?"

"As I told you once before, yes."

"Of the firm of Carlton & Morse, dramatic managers?"

"No; of the firm of Carmoy, Moss & Carlton, lawyers, of Chicago."

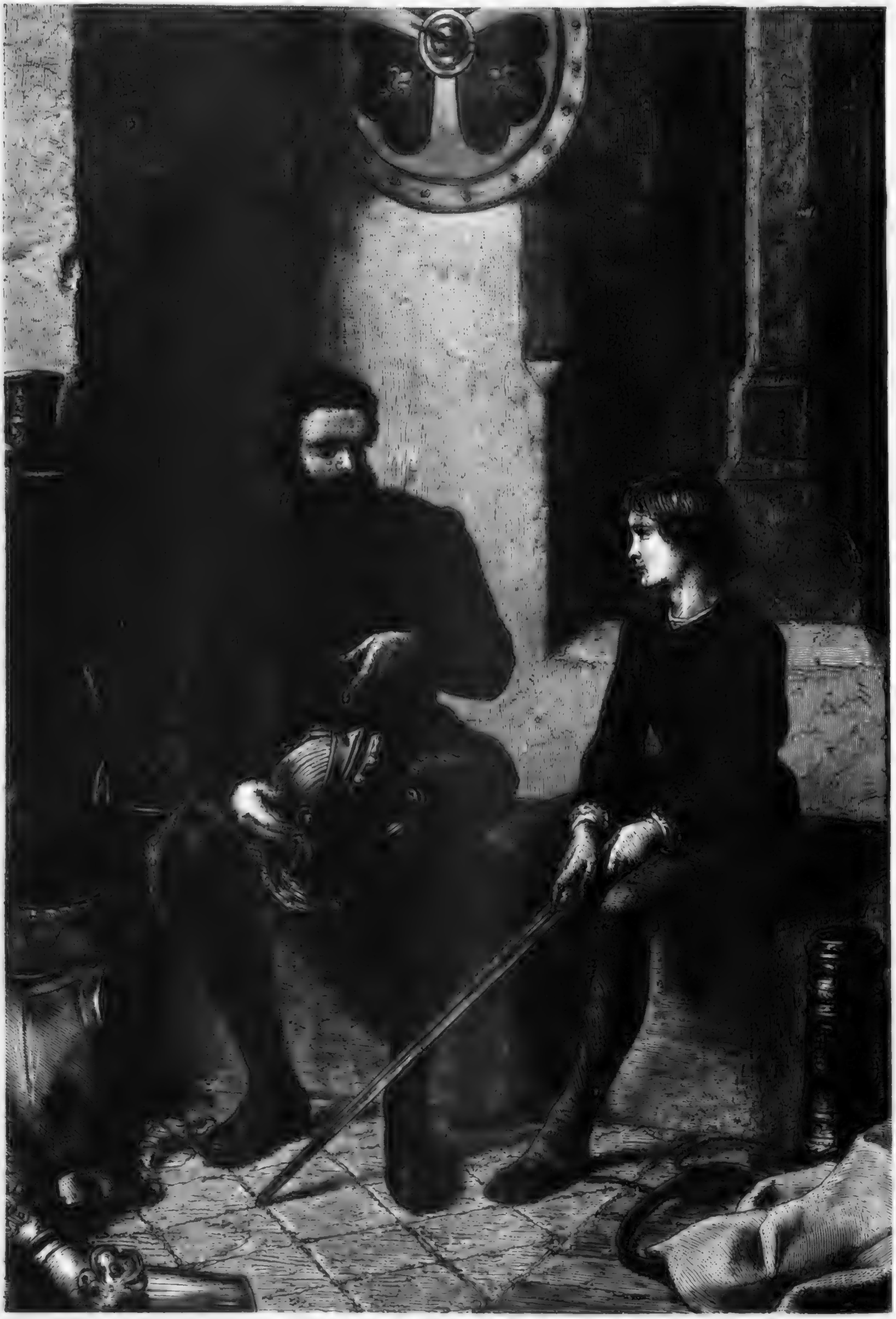
"Well, by thunder!" he said, taking the proffered hand, warmly, "I thought all the time you were trying to run away with my star!"

"In which I am glad to say I succeeded!" returned Carlton, looking down into the brown eyes, lifted so tenderly to his own.

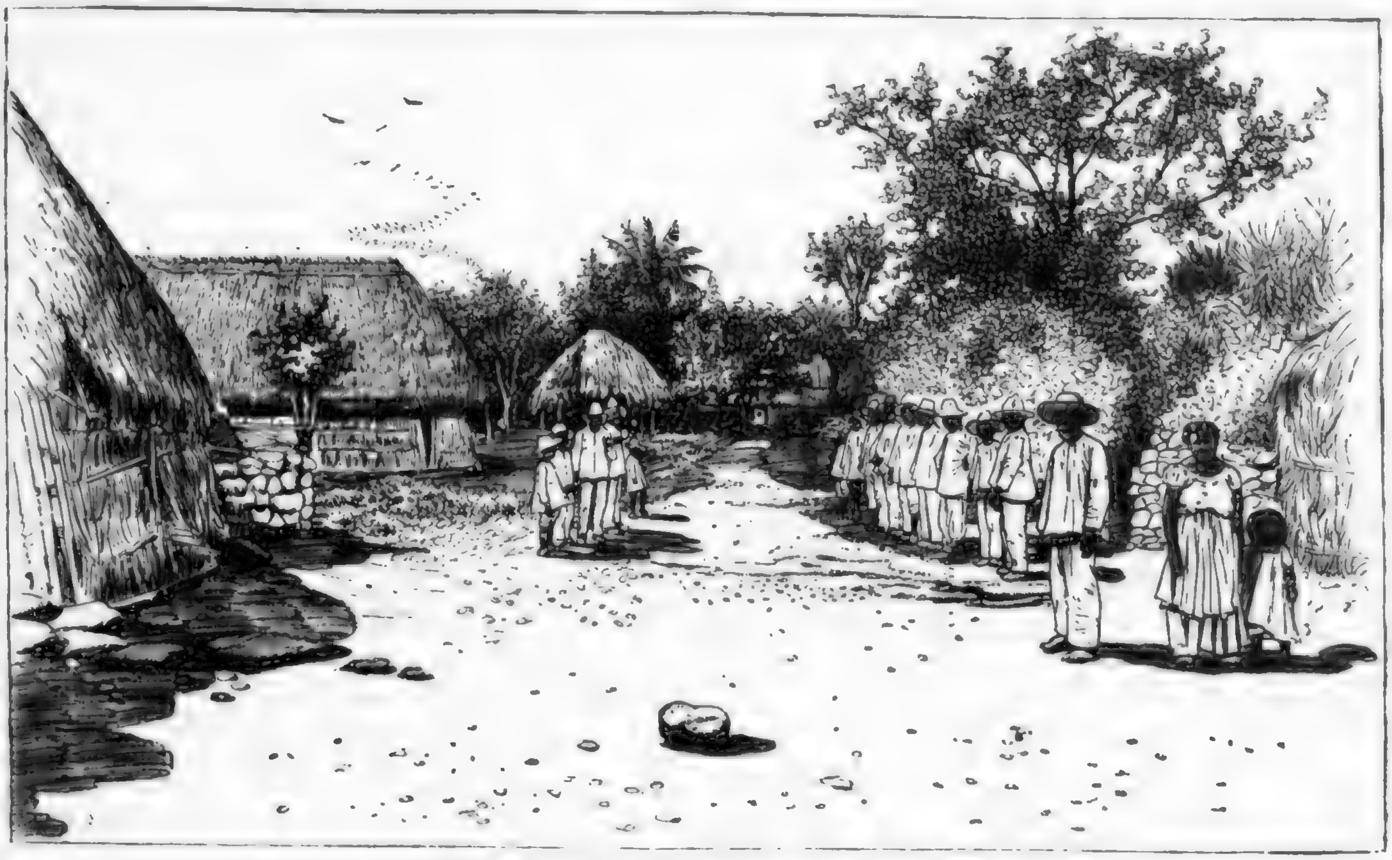
A VISIT TO COZUMEL.

The Fish Commission steamer *Albatross* left the Norfolk Navy Yard on January 3d, bound on a cruise to the southward for the purpose of deep-sea exploration, the investigation of the bottom life and fisheries of the Gulf of Mexico, and the natural history of Cozumel.

The weather was so bad that with the exception of one trial with trawl lines for the lost tile-fish, near Charleston, no work was done until off Havana. The coral bottom, within a short distance of Moro Castle, that guards the entrance to the harbor, is the favorite home of the *Penticrinus*, or sea-lily, that was first discovered by H. B. M. S. *Challenger* while on a scientific cruise around the world. This beautiful animal attaches itself to the coral bottom by means of its stem opening and shutting its tentacles, or petals, as its food comes within reach. These crinoids are found in a fossil state in different parts of our country, but the *Challenger* has the credit of capturing the first living representative. It is frequently of

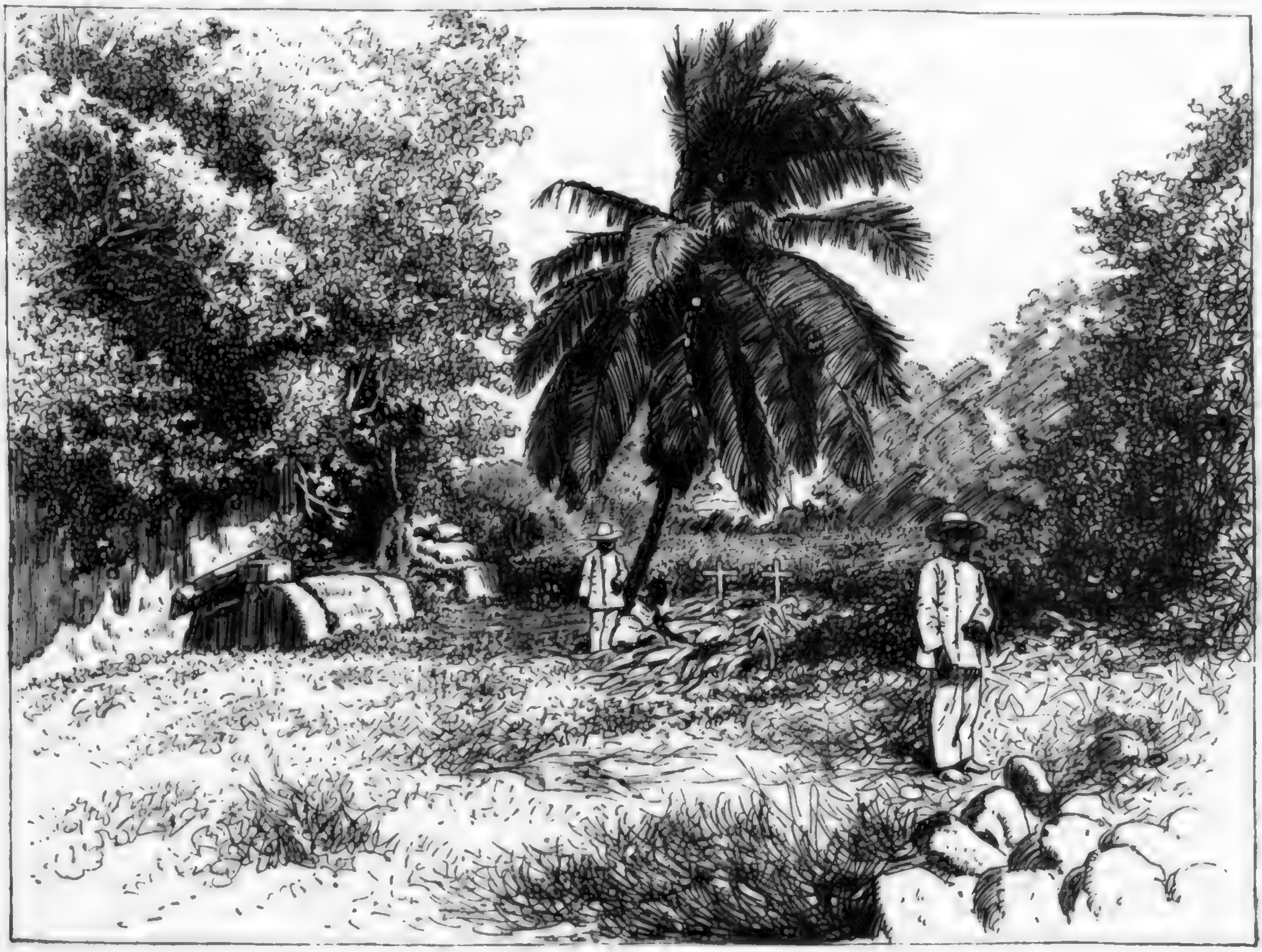


STORIES OF THE ARMOR AND THE FRAY.



INDIAN VILLAGE, ISLAND OF COZUMEL.—SEE PAGE 275.

a creamy-white color, and in shape bears a strong resemblance to the lily. We were fortunate enough to take three hundred specimens, that were carefully preserved in alcohol, to be sent to the Smithsonian. Permission having been obtained from the Captain-general to dredge along the Cuban coast, we started to the westward, stopping at intervals to send down the trawl. Bottom life was not very abundant until nearly across the Yucatan



CEMETERY AT COZUMEL.

Channel, where some very large silicious sponges, live coral, a fine astrophyton, and a splendid, brilliantly colored sea-urchin, with very long spines, came up in the trawl. The marine fauna is very different here from that in the Northern Atlantic, and is much more brilliant in color.

The Island of Cozumel is separated from the east coast of Yucatan by a channel nine miles wide, communication being kept up by a schooner that makes a semi-monthly trip to Progreso. On January 23d we ran in and anchored off San Miguel, on the N. W. coast, where there is a fair harbor, a considerable bight making in. On the chart of Cozumel this indentation is not shown. The anchorage affords good shelter from all winds except west and northwest, with fair holding-ground, although the bottom is coral. The water is so beautifully clear that objects in forty feet of water can be seen on the bottom. The landing-place is immediately abreast the centre of the village, near a large rock, where the bottom is smooth and a boat can be beached without injury. There is no wharf or pier of any description. A custom-house officer is kept here at considerable expense to the Yucatan Government, $4,000 a year, and much annoyance to the inhabitants, who complain bitterly. The municipal authority is vested in a Mayor (Presidente) and two assistants, who are elected yearly. The custom-house officials control the elections. As this is not a port of entry, the collector can force any vessel loading with fruit to go to Progreso to clear. This, of course, kills the fruit-trade, as Progreso is two hundred and fifty miles from San Miguel. Cozumel is only six hundred miles from New Orleans, and could supply all our Southern States with fruit, the rich soil and semi-tropical climate producing the finest of West India fruits to perfection. Oranges, limes and bananas were scattered on the ground, and pineapples could be purchased for a song.

The island is very interesting to the naturalist, being midway between North and Central America. Many of the species of birds found there are common to both. The cardinal, or Virginia red-bird, mocking-birds, thrushes, the yellow-breasted warblers of New York, and the humming-birds seen in Massachusetts, come here to mate. There are many rare tropical birds, and peculiar to this region twenty species of songsters. The naturalists of our party made a collection of bird-skins, and found several undescribed species.

The waters abound in fish, most of them being brilliant in color. The beach is a coral formation, and the incessant action of the waves has honeycombed the coral, making a projecting shelf under which the smaller fish lie in the shade to escape from their enemies, or more readily seize their prey. If a noise is made in the water they will hurry from among the madrepores and algæ and seek shelter in the dark corners of their natural hiding-place. We caught a number of fish resembling the Spanish mackerel, and quite as good eating.

The people live in adobe houses, with palm-thatched roofs that form a light and water-tight covering. No nails are used in the construction, the rafters being secured by lashings of the rope-creeper *Cardizabala biternata*, and are made strong enough to resist the fury of a West India hurricane. The houses are one story high, and poorly furnished, as is shown by the sketch of an interior. Spanish is the language spoken, as on the main land.

The incandescent electric lights were a seven days' wonder to those poor people, and as the news spread over the island that we had a light that burned under water, the ship was overrun by visitors.

There is a fine row of cocoanut-palms along the beach in front of the village, and scattered trees further in. They were full of fruit, some of the bunches containing over eighty cocoanuts. Back of the village, tamarind, flowering almond, orange and lime trees grow in great abundance, besides the most graceful varieties of palm, the favorite home of the certheola, a rare bird we came especially to find.

Seven miles south of San Miguel there is a small Indian village (see sketch). It required some persuasion to prevail upon the inhabitants to turn out for a photograph, as, like our Western tribes, they believe that their souls were being taken away.

The natives had told us of the wild pigs that were to be found inland. Our naturalists had an exciting chase after them, capturing two. The guide-dogs chased them eight miles, when they took refuge among the roots of a large tree. After much difficulty the male was killed, and about eight o'clock the guides came on board with the female. They told a piteous story—how she had killed their favorite dog—and asked for a liberal douceur, which they got, although no one believed their story. The peccaries were thirty-seven inches long, and had thick black and white bristles. The skins and skeletons were carefully preserved for the National Museum, as it was believed that they would prove to be different from the Mexican species. The natives soon began to take an interest in our work, and brought off lizards, iguanas, and a beautiful pheasant.

Collecting at Cozumel is attended by many difficulties. At times the undergrowth was so dense that our *machetas*, or hunting-knives, had to be used to clear the path. Our worst enemy was a wood-tick, *çarrapati*, that would bore under the skin and go unobserved for a day or two, not to speak of the constant fear of snakes, spiders and scorpions. The dense vegetation gave plenty of shade, and the forests were full of song-birds that filled the air with their music, as the orange-blossoms did with their fragrance; so, in the chase after rare birds, the dangers and annoyances were forgotten.

Cozumel was to the Spanish explorers a marvel, a land of mystery. After skirting along low-lying shores, where only rude, warlike tribes of the most savage character contested their landing, they came almost suddenly on a charming island, which seemed to belong to another world. It was a land of civilized men. Temples and buildings of stone and lime, with towers several stories in height; streets and squares, women-articles of attire, rich jewels of gold. In the great square these Catholic adventurers from Spain beheld, to their amazement, an immense stone cross rearing its form against the sky beyond. They seemed to have reached some Christian land, and would fain have thought so had not idols of strange, uncouth forms been visible on all sides. Such was Cozumel, the Sacred Island, when Grijalva reached it in 1518, and he respected the place, which was held in reverence far and wide. But Alvarado, less impressed by the scene, plundered it of its treasures; and when Cortez arrived, the idols, to the dismay of the natives, were overthrown, and cast headlong down the flights of steps that led up to the main temple. There under the shadow of the cross, there being no need to plant one, Father Olmedo reared a temporary altar and offered the sacrifice of the Mass. The temples and towers of Cozumel lie in ruins, overgrown by the vegetation of centuries, but the City of Merida claims to possess the great cross which filled with wonder the first Spanish explorers. An old wall still stands, with hieroglyphics, and on the island several towers that resemble the Aztec ruins on the main land, although M. Le Plongeon states that there is a marked difference. A feature of these towers is that they were built in the shape of a truncated pyramid of hewn stone, with flights of steps leading up to the place of worship; and, indeed, they were used for that purpose. The Aztec ruins afford a means to study the customs of these interesting people.

At daylight of January 29th we got under way, and steamed to the southward, skirting the coral reefs. We anchored at ten o'clock to send a collecting party on shore, and a seining party to investigate the lagoon. The ship now got under way, and made a series of dredgings in 200, 250 and 300 fathoms, smooth coral bottom. A number of rare crustacea, some fine sea-urchins and several new fish were taken. In the meantime our shore parties were hard at work, and at sundown returned on board with a fine lot of specimens. We then turned our head to the northward, to investigate the fishing-grounds on the Campeche banks, with the view of extending the commercial importance of the Gulf fisheries.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLUE RIDGE.

A WEEK OF HORROR.

It was in the Summer of 1841 that Uncle Harvey Gaillard and his two nieces, Dotsie Palmer and I (Queenie Duncan), were traveling in the far-famed Mountains of the Blue Ridge. They were not opened up to the public as they are now, and it was considered almost perilous to pass through some localities. Fugitives from justice and ruffians from other States made a rendezvous of these localities, their impregnable fastnesses being a safe retreat from all pursuit.

We had been dawdling away the Summer months in perfect indolence, meeting now and then friends traveling in their own conveyances in the same dilatory way, and enjoying like ourselves the unconventional gypsy freedom.

I said Uncle Harvey, Dotsie and I, but I omitted to mention the fact that Rex Cheves and Lane Ferguson belonged to our party when we first set out on our rambles; but two days back they had quietly dropped out, in consequence of a serious difference I had had with Rex, a trifle more serious than usual (for we had always quarreled ever since we were children), in which he had said some unnecessarily harsh things, to which I had retorted, and it finally culminated in Rex and his friend changing their route.

Uncle Harvey never mixed himself up in our girlish "affairs." He was the dearest of uncles, and only alluded to the defection of our cavaliers in the most casual way.

It had been rather a dismal day on the occasion of which I write. We had met not a solitary sign of human life. The road wound interminably along, and Dotsie—inane at all times—was more unbearable than usual. I had listened to her driveling inanities, mingled with regrets for the absence of her recreant knight, Lane, and reproaches aimed at me, until I was as snappish as a young alligator, and told her, at last, if she regretted him so much she had better have remained behind with him. Dotsie simmered down in whimpering tears, and we wound on through the narrow gorge that grew wilder and more gloomy as the evening shades stole down.

My reflections were not the pleasantest, when suddenly we came to a halt.

"Hello, Jim!" called out Uncle Harvey. "Anything the matter?"

"No, sah," answered Jim, with the punctiliousness of a servant of the olden time, "not'in', only, wid de greatest dispects for your worshipful self and de young ladies, I 'spec I lost de way," and, touching his hat deprecatingly, he peered out doubtfully in the gathering gloom.

"Well, it can't be helped, Jim; the road must lead *somewhere*. Light the lamps and drive on."

Then two hours more of slow windings amid the fragrance of sweet-scented shrubs, enlivened by cheerful remarks from Dotsie, to the effect that she knew just how it would be—we should all be murdered, probably, and more, which, in our present circumstances, was the reverse of exhilarating.

"It was rather unfortunate that Lane and Rex concluded to change their route," Uncle Harvey observed, in the most casual way. "They would have been of infinite service to us just now." (More twinges for me.)

Presently another decided halt.

"Well, what now, Jim?" called Uncle Harvey.

"'Pears like de road goes straight up dis rock, Mars Harbey. I'se clear discouraged!"

And turning the light before us, it shone full on huge rocky barriers rising twelve or fourteen feet, while to the left rose a solid rock wall eighty or ninety feet in height, and to the right a deep jagged ravine shelving down to the black and sluggish river.

"Well, Jim, it does look a little discouraging;" and Uncle Harvey got out, shook himself, and peered about with a puzzled look. "It is certainly a road we have been following so far," he added, a little dubiously. "What do you think, Jim?" not unlike most Southern planters, who, when completely mystified themselves, were very apt to depend on the sagacity of some favored slave.

"Wid de 'ception ob Miss Queenie and Miss Dotsie, t'ink de debil's got us, sure," with another touch of his hat.

With a "Pooh! nonsense!" Uncle Harvey detached one of the carriage-lamps and proceeded to investigate.

In the interim Dotsie ran up a perfect gamut of whimperings.

"Likely as not," she squealed, "we have come right to Black Ranz's Den. Oh, we shall all be murdered! Oh, Queenie," catching hold of me, "I'm so frightened!"

I shook her off with small ceremony.

"Do be quiet," I said, "and control yourself. You can die but once," I added, impressively.

"Oh, fur de Holy Marster's sake, Miss Dotsie, don't talk 'bout Black Ranz. You make dis cullud pusson's eyes obtrude wid objuscation. Nobody dat eber goes in Black Ranz's Den eber comes out alive, so dey tells me, an' I believes it."

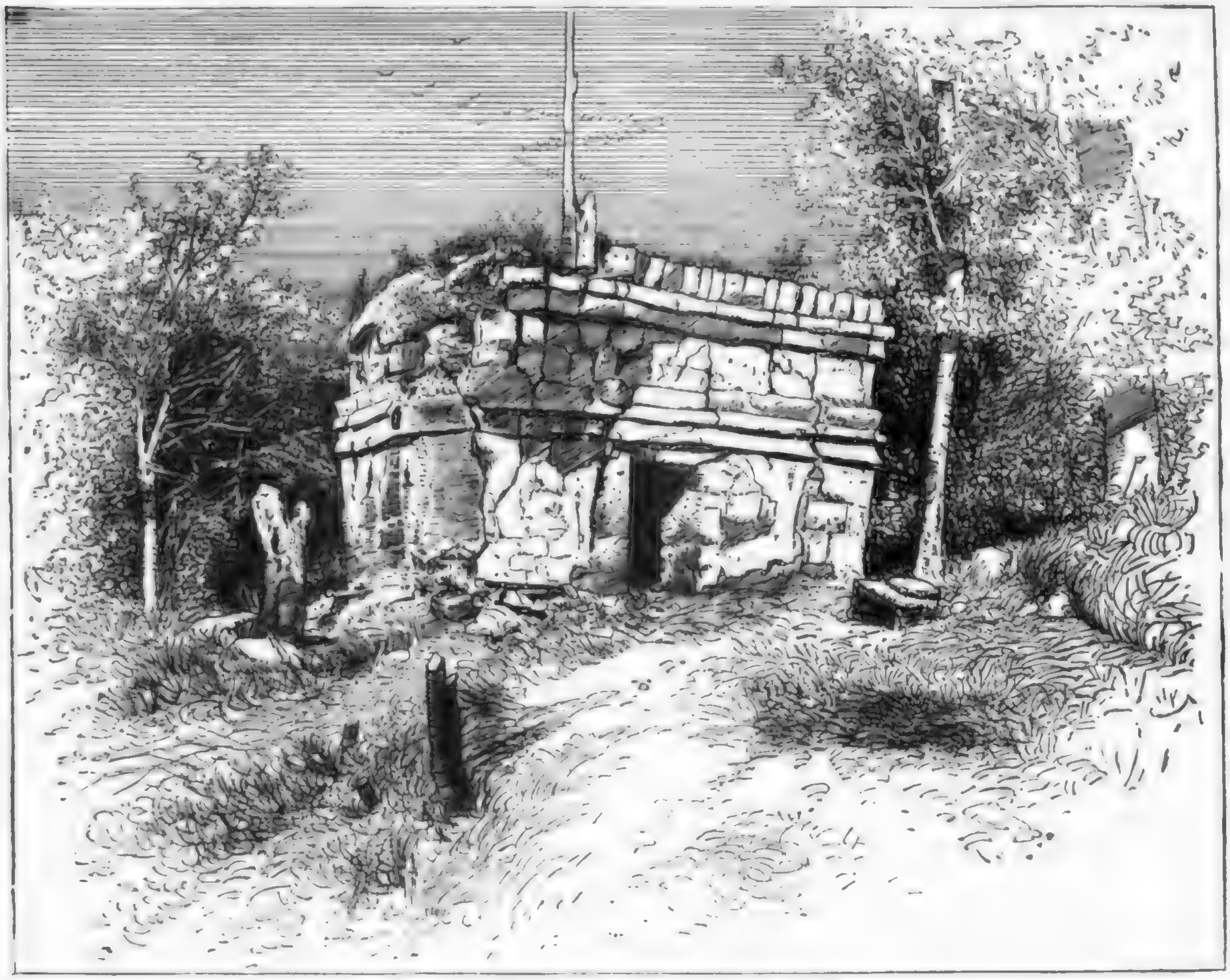
And Jim's usually imperturbable countenance settled into one immense "scare."

This much-dreaded Black Ranz was a notorious freebooter, who ranged the mountains and defied alike pursuit and capture. He was of mixed race, and blood curdling were the stories we had listened to of his deeds of daring.

The good country-folks talked in whispers of those who had come in his way that never saw the light again, and awful hints of a deep, inky pool that left no trail. I did not quite credit all they told; still, I had no desire to come in contact with this pirate of the mountain-pass.

After fifteen or twenty minutes, Uncle Harvey came back.

"Well, girls," he said, "it's quite useless. I see no



VIEW OF THE OLD WALL, COZUMEL.—SEE PAGE 275.

way except to retrace our steps, or quietly make ourselves comfortable where we are. I think probably that would be better"—a little absently. "We have plenty of wraps."

Without a word, the well-trained coachman dismounted and commenced to unhitch the tired animals.

In a few minutes we made ourselves as snug as possible inside the carriage, and Jim curled himself up, wrapped in his heavy coat, just underneath, and soon gave evidence that he was in the land of painted shadows. Dotsie and Uncle Harvey followed suit, and I became conscious that I was the only waking one on the lonely mountain-side. The feeling that came over me was horribly depressing, and I could have shrieked aloud, had I dared; for the first time I was discovering that I had nerves.

The minutes passed, oh, so slowly! I need not say how devoutly I wished that I had postponed my "late little unpleasantness" with Rex.

As I sat thus, with every nerve strained to its fullest tension, I became conscious, with a kind of subtle animal magnetism, of a presence, and, glancing up, I encountered a face—a handsome, evil face—looking at me from the thick undergrowth.

I was so paralyzed with horror that I gazed at it with a species of fascination for perhaps a half-minute.

Then it advanced toward me, came close to the carriage-window, and flashed the light of a dark-lantern full on me. I gave an involuntary scream, and Uncle Harvey started from a sound slumber, blinked his eyes, and said:

"Well, my friend, you find us in a bad plight. We had given up all hope of a shelter for the night."

And then he stopped and looked searchingly at the dark face and basilisk eyes, that never for an instant left my own.

"Can you direct us to shelter?" he asked, opening the door and alighting.

"I can; but it is a rude accommodation for ladies."

The tones were mellow, but I shrank from them.

"Come, then, girls. Jim, turn out."

"Uncle Harvey," I whispered, "I would rather stay here. It will soon be morning."

I got for my temerity another of those evil glances.

Uncle Harvey either would not, or did not, hear me, and the mountaineer, shouldering our wraps and blankets, led the way; and to the right, around a sudden depression in the rock, appeared a fissure quite the size of an ordinary door.

Through this we passed, and I caught my foot against a loose rolling stone, stumbled, and half fell forward.

Quickly the man's bold arm was around me, holding me with a force that sent a thrill of horror through me.

I sprang away from him and stumbled again, this time over Jim and the horses, who were bringing up the rear through the rocky portal.

"Bad luck, Miss Queenie," grumbled Jim, with the freedom of an old, privileged servant. "De third time you stumble when you pass ober new ground you stumble in trouble."

For, with the superstition of his race, Jim had an omen for everything, and, although raised in a land of wild, legendary lore, I had always made light of their predictions, yet on this night I was so imbued with a morbid sense of danger that I found myself picking my way as carefully as if I had really attached importance to Jim's aphorisms. The ground was very rough and uneven, and Dotsie whimpered dolefully that her feet were bruised and cut, and if the place was much further she should ride.

I kept close to Uncle Harvey's side. Just ahead walked the mountaineer, who, at this complaint of Dotsie's, turned suddenly and flashed his lantern full on me, and muttered, in a low, suppressed voice:

"Are *your* feet cut? Because I could carry you very easily."

"No!" I thundered, lashed into frenzy by conflicting emotions.

Then a sudden turning, and we found ourselves in the midst of a dense forest of balsam saplings.

Emerging from these, we came to an open space—a slight eminence, from which rose a long, low log-cabin, or a chain of cabins, built in the rudest manner, with mudded stick chimneys rising between the compartments.

The dark-browed fellow tapped at the door twice, then scratched a stick quietly across it. A grunt from within, and a withered hag—a half-Indian—opened the door.

She was the quintessence of repulsiveness, and, like the man, seemed to single me out and fix me with her evil eye.

With a great effort I partially conquered my repugnance, and stepped over the rude sill, and as I did so I suddenly slipped and fell over a block of wood that had been placed against the door, striking my temple against a jagged nail, making it bleed profusely.

With an oath the mountaineer bounded forward.

"Don't touch me!" I cried, for I had an idea that he meant to seize me; and then I whispered to Uncle Harvey: "Oh, Uncle Harvey, don't let us remain here. I would rather go into the depths of the forest for a week than remain here a single night!"

Uncle Harvey was very much annoyed.

"Queenie," he said, "do not be so foolish! I'm surprised at you! Are you badly hurt?"

"I am not hurt much," I faltered, pressing my handkerchief to my temple.

"Quick! A poultice! Do you hear?" and the man turned with a swift gesture to the woman.

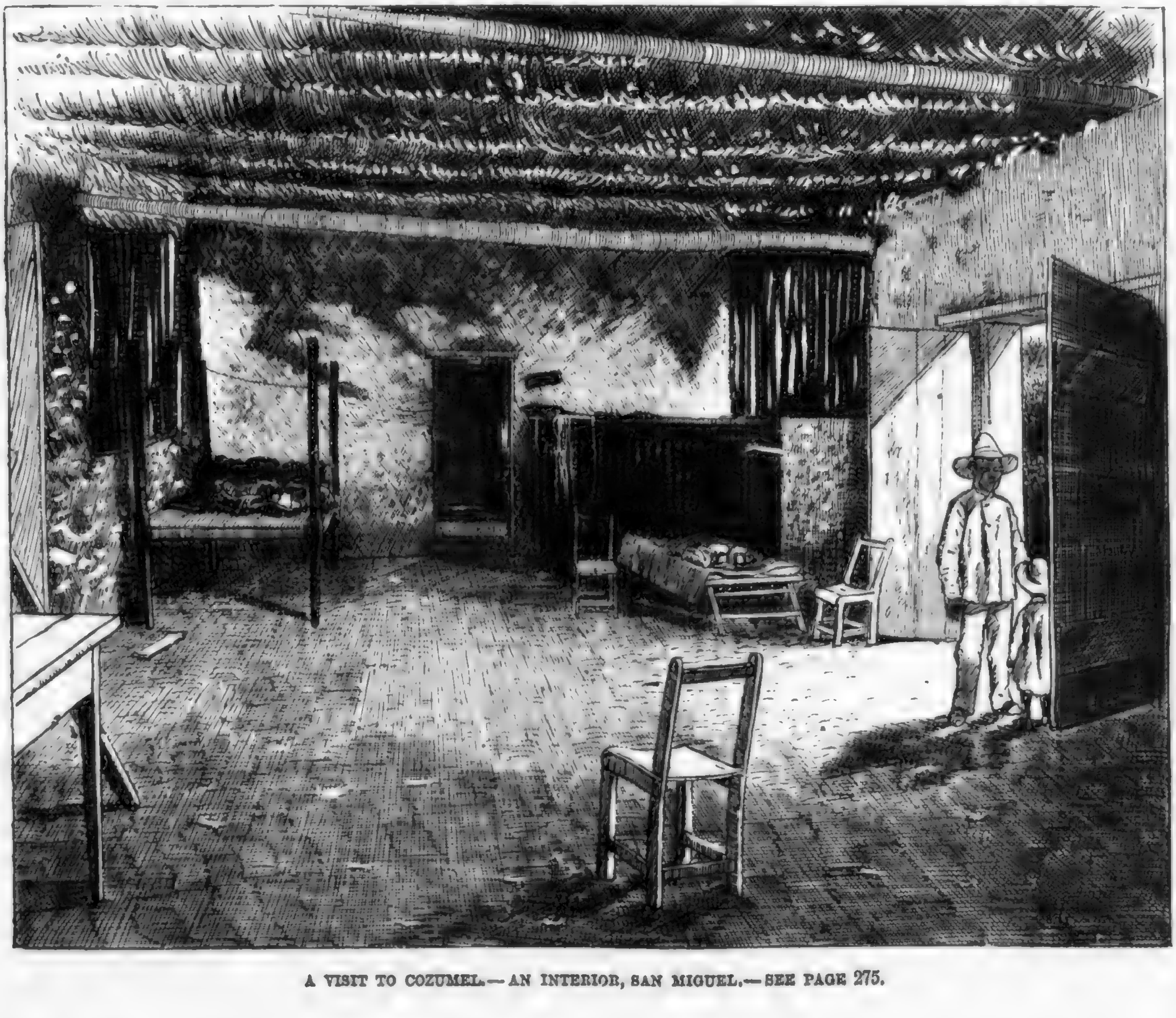
She walked slowly up to him, held up her skinny forefinger before his face, and muttered, impressively, as she did so:

"She's brought blood in the house—once! Look to it! The next time it won't be *her* blood!"

Then, stalking moodily out, she seemed to busy herself in the preparation of some white-looking roots.

Dotsie, who was possessed of one of those shallow natures that feel no emotions save those born of selfishness, had taken possession of the only available seat in the room—a rude bench—and was bewailing her misfortunes.

In the silence that followed I was certain I heard a



A VISIT TO COZUMEL.—AN INTERIOR, SAN MIGUEL.—SEE PAGE 275.

muffled cry twice. I looked toward Uncle Harvey, but he was perfectly oblivious.

"Where's Shack?" presently asked the man.

"Hoppling the brutes," the hag replied, sententiously; then she came forward with the poultice. "Here it is," she said, rudely shoving the tin platter on the table by me. "I have no cloth."

"It does not matter," I answered.

Then Uncle Harvey roused himself.

"Friend, if you will be kind enough to show us a bed, we will be much obliged."

The woman thrust a light wood-knot in the coals and led the way through a door out in the open air.

"There," she said, thrusting the blazing torch in his hand. "Take the third door to the right; you'll find it open."

And Uncle Harvey, with a tired nod to us, disappeared.

I started for the door once to call him back, then, rather ashamed of my fears, I walked back to the bright firelight.

Dotsie was still in the same place, fingering the rings on her baby hands.

The dark-browed mountaineer leaned up against one of the narrow, high windows, and flashed quick glances from Dotsie to me. Then again on the stillness came that low cry, like the scream of a wounded bird.

"Show us where we are to sleep?" I asked, impetuously, of the hag, who was squatted down on the hearth.

She said something in a jargon I did not understand, and the man answered in a monosyllable.

Taking up the lantern and our carriage-wraps, she stalked through a door which had only a rude latch for fastening, and which led into an inner apartment.

It was destitute of a single article of furniture, only in one corner was a heap of fresh balsam-boughs.

Throwing our blankets over these, she mumbled something and withdrew.

I examined the door.

There was only the same primitive wooden latch; but the iron clamps on either side showed that at some time a bar had been used.

There was no other entrance, and one window securely barred.

Dotsie, never equal to any emergency, gazed helplessly around, and asked, peevishly, where she was expected to sleep.

I pointed to the balsams.

She whimpered for a while, then threw herself on the pallet, taking care to possess herself of all the blankets and shawls, and in two minutes was as irresponsive as a log.

I rummaged around and found a stout piece of pointed sapling among the balsam, and made a sort of bolt, in case any one should attempt to enter.

And now the same dread of impending evil came over me, and with a wild half-sob I knelt down, and offered up the same simple prayer I had used since childhood.

I was presently startled by a blow from without. One of the hasps gave way and dropped to the floor, and in the entrance gleamed the evil eyes of our dark-browed host.

I started up with a half-cry, and felt for the little pocket-knife I usually carried with me. "I have brought the lady the roots," he said, and I fancied there was a ring of triumph in his voice.

"I do not wish them," I answered, stoutly. "How dare you enter here? I will call Uncle Harvey if you do not leave;" and I pointed to the open door.

"Not so, you beautiful white queen;" and he spoke with suppressed passion, and advanced a step forward. "Do you take Black Ranz for a child? I have been in many lands and have looked on many faces, but never one, I swear, one-half so fair as yours; and I have taken an oath—and an oath once taken by Black Ranz never falls idly to the ground—I do not intend to harm you; by heaven! no. I love you too madly; but you are mine—mine!" with a wild laugh.

"Yours!" I answered with scorn. "Never! I, too, have taken an oath. Do you see this bright blade? Before I would be what you wish, I would plunge this in my heart."

"You beautiful white witch! I believe you'd do it, too," admiringly.

"Go!" I almost shrieked.

"I go," he said, darkly, "because it's my pleasure; but no sound can penetrate these wilds—remember that."

And he closed the door, and a sharp click followed, like an iron bolt driven home.

During the remaining hours of the night I paced up and down with feelings never to be described.

The idea of being in this horrible man's power filled me with dread; and if my good looks had found favor in the savage creature's eyes, then may almighty God help Dotsie and me!

Where were Uncle Harvey and faithful Jim? Ah, if only Rex——

Then a faint gleam of day stole in on the dismal night, and Dotsie stirred uneasily in the early chill of the morning.

"What are you doing?" she yawned; "such a night as I have passed!" Then, rousing herself, she asked, curiously, "What is the matter, Queenie? How queer you look!"

"The matter is this"—I answered, for I thought it best to tell her at once—"your conjectures were correct. That dark fellow is the freebooter, Black Ranz. We are in his power, and he means mischief. There is only one thing to be done, Dotsie. Are you brave enough to do it, dear?"

"Do what?" she asked, timidly.

"Use this little blade effectually if he seeks to carry out his dark threats."

"Threats! What threats? Oh, Queenie, don't frighten me so! You know I'm not brave. When did he threaten?"

"Here—last night. He forced an entrance when you were asleep. We are prisoners; and what has become of Uncle Harvey and Jim God only knows!"

"Oh, oh! what are we to do?—what are we to do? Will he kill us?"

"No; better if he would."

"Oh, don't talk so, Queenie, don't!"

"Dotsie, listen to me. If you choose, you may live and be the plaything of Black Ranz; but if he approaches within six feet of *me*, he grasps a dead body!"

"Oh, don't!—oh, don't!" And poor Dotsie cowered down on the fragrant balsam, and trembled and shook in the most piteous manner.

As the day grew a little more advanced the bolt of the door was cautiously withdrawn, and a brutal, sullen face peered in. Then the rest of the body followed. It belonged to a hideous-looking half-breed, and he grinned with malice when he saw Dotsie's frightened face.

"You hungry? Dere, den!"

And the wretch thrust on the floor a delicious-looking mountain-trout on a piece of birchen bark, together with two corn-dodgers.

"Stay!" I said, as he was about to close the door; "who are you?"

"Shack."

"Where is the woman?"

"Ponca? She down by de pool, washing."

And the fiend executed a diabolical leer.

"Where's the man Black Ranz?"

"Down there," with another hideous grimace. "Want him?"

"No; go and send the woman to me."

With a muttered oath, he was seized from behind by the powerful hands of Black Ranz, and shaken and beaten with the pointed sapling-bolt until the scene became perfectly loathsome.

"There!" he said, giving him a brutal kick; "and learn to keep your blab another time."

The fellow limped off with an ugly look on his face, and Black Ranz turned to me with a sickening attempt at gallantry.

"How is my beautiful queen this morning? Why so obdurate?"

And there was a mocking devil in his eyes.

"Where is my uncle?" I demanded, furiously.

"In heaven, I trust"—mockingly. "The old gentleman went off peacefully at the last."

"Fiend! Murderer!"

I recoiled with horror.

"Listen to me, my beauty, and be more choice of your epithets. You will have to tune your lips to sweeter music than that, you spiteful she-devil. Listen! Three moons back old Ponca foretold your coming. Three months ago she warned me that I would be done to death through a brother and a mistress. That brother I shot dead that very night out on the mountain-side, and I'll make the rest of old Ponca's drivelings a lie. You cannot escape me."

I shuddered with loathing, and a dark look of anger came over his face.

"Black Ranz has never wooed in vain. I tell you your white flesh has set me on fire! Do not try me too far!"

And his powerful chest rose and fell as if he were breathless from long running.

I stood gazing in his eyes, fascinated, as if by some fierce wild beast. Then gradually his passion worked itself off, and he said, in a tone meant to be conciliating:

"I do not wish to harm you, but I will wear you out!" And he strode out of the room.

* * * * * * *

Another day passed in torture, and another night in agony and watchfulness.

I had no doubt as to the fate of Uncle Harvey and Jim. Those wails I had heard were no chimeras. Dotsie and I—God help us!—were alone in the power of this man.

The woman Ponca occasionally brought us our food, but she glared at me so maliciously, and was so uncommunicative, that I felt it rather a relief when the fellow Shack—repulsive though he was—came in her stead.

Dotsie, who could not endure the pangs of hunger even for a day, devoured the fish and bread with relish. I had found a few sandwiches and eggs in our lunch-satchel, and had secreted them. I have often hoped it was not a selfish act; but I reflected that, should the food be drugged, it would be better for me to have possession of my senses.

* * * * * * *

Another day, and yet another. The anxiety was getting to be perfectly sickening. The fellow Shack brought the food, pushed it in, and fled. I tried to elicit something from him, but only received disgusting leers in reply. At last I bethought me of some gold pieces that I had brought. Perhaps the uncouth savage might be open to bribery. So at a venture I tossed a piece toward him.

"Here!" I said, authoritatively, "now stop and answer me; "where's Black Ranz?"

He eagerly fell on all-fours and groveled, as he rang the gold coin on the floor again and again.

"Gone," he said, with one of his hideous faces; "not be back—one—two days."

"Do you like him?" I asked. "Does he treat you well? I should *hate* any one who treated me as I saw him treat you."

For my only hope was to act on the fellow's savage nature. If I could only reach him through his baser passions, there might be hope for Dotsie and me.

I had not miscalculated.

"Do hate him—do!" he gasped, in tones of concentrated rage; "beat—kick, beat—kick. Don't tell Ponca, dough," in a cawing voice—"she kill!"

"I shall not tell if you will listen to me. Help us to escape, and twenty of those gold pieces shall be yours, and your freedom; surely that is better than being beaten and kicked by a man who has no power over you!" and I waited breathlessly for his answer.

"He fin' out Shack; he kill!" whined the savage. "Ponca do not'in' but smell blood—blood!"

"Help us, help us!" I urged, frantically. "No harm shall come to you if I can help it. I swear it! Twenty gold pieces and your freedom."

The bribe was not without its effect on the savage mind.

"Don't know how," he whined; "tell Shack what to do, den?"

"Go down the mountains. You must surely know of some place where travelers stop. Tell them to come to our help. For the love of God, go quick!"

"Write, den. Nobody believe Shack," he whimpered, sullenly.

Hastily tearing out the title-page of a volume of Keats's poems (a gift from Rex, with his name scrawled on it in his own bold hand), I wrote a few lines.

Then again I was left a prey to the most horrible fears. It could do me no harm, I reflected, even if the lines fell into the hands of Black Ranz. And this day passed as the others. I was spared the bemoanings of poor Dotsie, for the food was, as I imagined it might be, heavily drugged, and she only came out of her lethargy to eat ravenously, and then relapse into a state of insensibility.

My sandwiches had given out two days before, and my only hope was in the fellow Shack's treachery.

I tried to rouse Dotsie, but the drug was too potent; then I felt the same horrible feeling that had possessed me out on the mountain-side—the same desire to shriek aloud. There were the remains of the food that Dotsie had left; I longed to eat it, for the pangs of hunger were unbearable. I must have been wild, I think, for I seemed to be two distinct individuals.

Suddenly the person that was *me* caught up the food and tossed it far out of the high, barred window, with a wild laugh; and the other person tore and clutched at the bars, and shrieked aloud that it was lost.

And then out on the mountain rose a loud shout—a roar—like a wild beast at bay; several rapid shots in quick succession, and the door was crushed in. With a low cry, I fled cowering to a corner, and I remember no more for hours.

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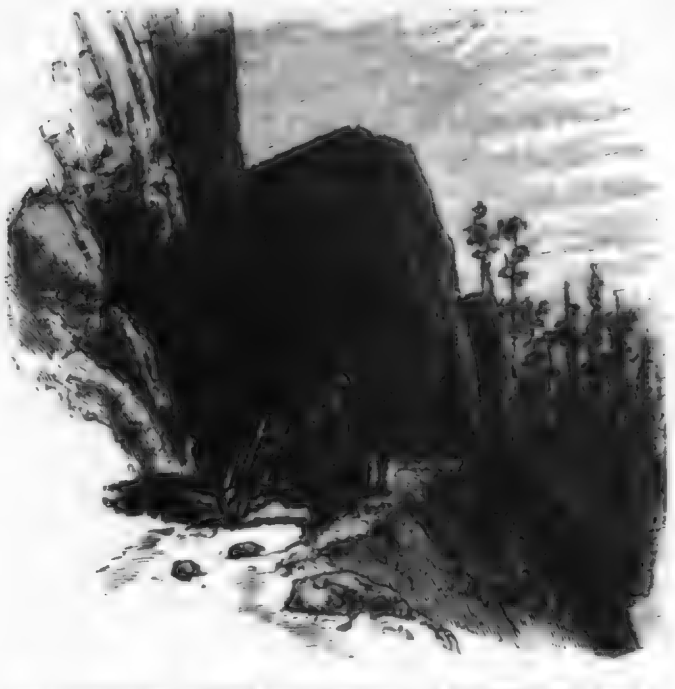
When I became conscious, it was Rex who bent over me, with tears in his honest voice and eyes; and all I



AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLUE RIDGE.—"TO THE LEFT ROSE A SOLID ROCK WALL, EIGHTY OR NINETY FEET IN HEIGHT, AND TO THE RIGHT A DEEP, JAGGED RAVINE."—SEE PAGE 279.

could say was, "Oh, Rex—oh, Rex!" and cling to him sobbing, and bury my face in his breast.

And he gathered me close to him and whispered:

"My little queen—my little queen! can you ever forgive me?"

And that was our plighting, for I seemed to belong to him then and ever after.

Shack had kept faith with me, after all. He had met Rex and Lane in the road ten miles distant, and had thrust the paper into their hands.

Rex had recognized the title-page, and also my writing, and, after a few hurried questions, elicited all the information he wished. Guided by the half-breed, they had pushed on until they reached the sapling forest, when, just before them on the open flat loomed the herculean form of Black Ranz.

Shack was stricken with terror.

"Dere!" he cried, cowering. "He kill us all now!"

And then Rex and Lane took aim, and those were the shots I had heard.

Then I told them all about it, for Dotsie was still too stupefied to remember anything; and we were cried and sobbed over and made much of to our hearts' content.

* * * * * * *

It was two hours later. The sun came pushing up over the giant hills in broad crimson splashes, tinting the lacework of mist with a kaleidoscopic glow.

I had just fallen into an uneasy slumber, the first I had dared to indulge in since our imprisonment, and in my dreams I felt the softness of Rex's lips on mine.

"Rex!" I murmured, with a start.

"Yes, darling!" and he bent over me; "I am here, never to leave you again. Queenie, the man—Black Ranz—is dying. He asks might he look at your face once more. Do not go if you would rather not; but he cannot harm you now."

"Oh, I cannot—I cannot!" I moaned. "Where is he now?"

"Outside on the grass. He would not be moved; I loathed him at first, but I feel for him now. Queenie, can't you say just one prayer for the poor wretch? He is a murderer and all that, but, hang it! Queenie, he's lost all, and I'm awfully sorry for him. He's on the edge of the other world, too, and it's my hand that's done it." And he looked wofully in my face.

I knew exactly how Rex felt, for his conscience was tenderer than any woman's I ever knew; and I would see the man whom he had slain, and, though he richly deserved it, do what I could for him for Rex's sake.

I signified as much to him, and he drew me out into the same room we had entered that fateful night just one week ago.

Dotsie and Lane were mooning on the rough bench, forgetful of any one save themselves. In silence we passed them out into the fragrant morning air.

All the birds of the forest seemed to have met at the wooded tryst, and to be bursting their throats in one wild, maddening song.

Stretched out on the greensward lay the man, Black Ranz, his muscular throat and chest bare, and his restless hands clutching at the waving grass.

Squatted near was the old hag, Ponca, muttering to herself.

When she saw me she turned her back viciously, and continued her weird incantations; at a short distance lay the half-breed, Shack, apparently asleep.

As I approached the dying man he looked up, and a brilliant smile flashed across his face. He tried to speak, and tore at his throat.

Seeing the strong man's agony and powerlessness, like Rex, I felt sorry for him.

"What is it?" I asked, stooping down by him. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Breath—breath," he gasped, "to tell you that——"

Rex lifted his head and put a flask of liquor to his lips. It seemed to rouse him, and he whispered:

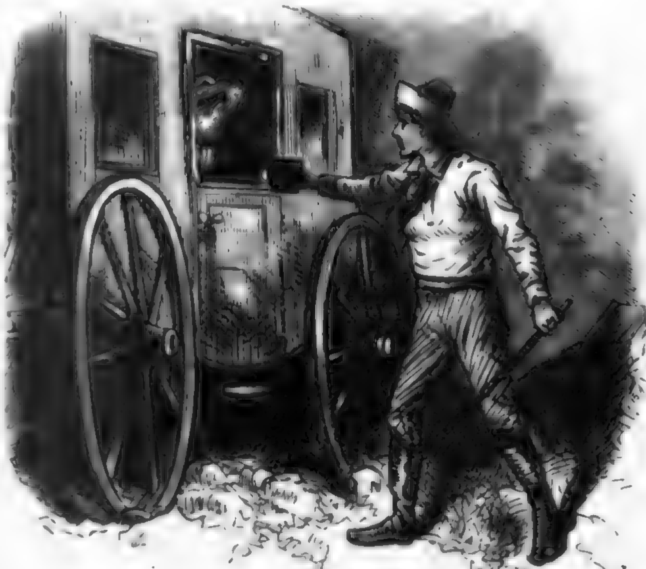
"I did not harm you, did I, white queen? I could not—ah, I could not! Heavens! she was right! You have been fatal to me. But I'd go through it again and again, just for that one look of pity on your flawless face. Ah, hell is before me! Can't you say one kind word to light the way?" and he rolled his eyes restlessly. "Ponca—where is Ponca?"

"Ponca here. What want?"

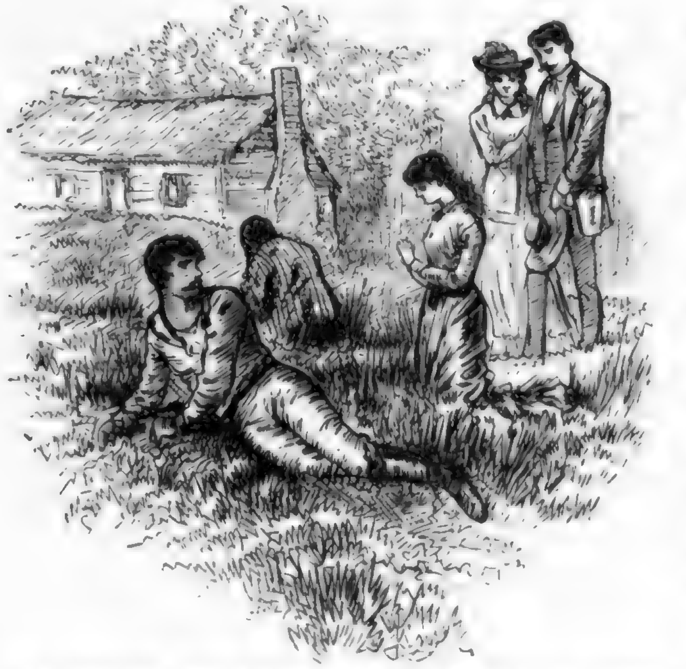
"Old hell-cat, I've proved you half a liar. Ha, ha!"

But the laugh ended in a gurgle.

"Ponca no liar; Shack you brudder. Ponca always tell you true. Shack my son—you fader's son, too."



AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLUE RIDGE.—"HE FLASHED THE LIGHT OF A DARK-LANTERN FULL ON ME."



AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLUE RIDGE.—"WHEN I HAD FINISHED THE SIMPLE WORDS, THE DYING MAN, WITH A HERCULEAN EFFORT, SUDDENLY ROSE TO A SITTING POSTURE, AND THREW ONE ARM AROUND ME."—SEE PAGE 279.

And she commenced to chant a low, monotonous death-dirge, that sounded heart-chilling in the early morning.

"What does she say?" he asked, querulously; "but it doesn't matter. Pray, pray—one prayer—the one, do you remember——" and his face grew gray and livid.

"For the Lord's sake, Queenie, say one prayer for him. He stands in awful need of it," whispered Rex.

And then I folded his hands over his broad breast, and softly repeated "Our Father."

And the birds still twittered their matins overhead, and the sun rode up grandly through the opal arches.

When I had finished the simple words, the dying man, with a herculean effort, suddenly rose to a sitting posture, and threw one arm around me.

"One kiss!" he murmured; "only one—white queen, quick——"

"Give him what he asks for," whispered Rex, as I shrank back; "it's his last wish, and he loved you."

I lifted up my face, and his lips touched mine, and then, with a half-moan, what fell backward was all that remained of Black Ranz.

This, and all the rest I had gone through, was too much for me, and I sobbed like the veriest child.

"Take me away! take me away!" was all I could say.

"Ay, that I will, my little queen."

And as Rex lifted me up, the woman Ponca rose and beckoned me to follow.

I hesitated.

"Come," she remarked, sententiously; "boy come."

In silence we followed down a deep declivity, and in a small, dark cavern, the door of which she pushed open, we heard the sound of voices.

"Who is there?" demanded Rex. "Speak!"

"*She* know. White man, black man."

"Oh, Rex!" I shrieked, "it is Uncle Harvey and Jim."

And sure enough it was. There they had been this long week, expecting death every minute, and filled with foreboding as to the fate of Dotsie and me.

When informed of the fate of Black Ranz, Jim cut a most irreverent pigeon-wing, and added, apologetically:

"Couldn't help it, Marse Rex. You ain't been shut up in a rat-box fur better'n a week."

And as we passed by the body of Black Ranz I whispered to Rex:

"Wake the fellow, Shack, please. I promised him gold and his freedom; but for him—I shudder to think."

"Shack is free. Never mind, darling; you did your best."

"But I promised him gold," I pleaded.

"He is dead, Queenie. Black Ranz suspected him of treachery, and shot him down just after he himself was shot."

As we left the rocky pass—a place fraught with dismal memories—the last sight we saw was the woman Ponca sitting lonely between her dead.

Uncle Harvey and Rex and Lane went down the mountain and gave evidence in the matter, and a *posse* of mountaineers volunteered to look after it.

Nothing was ever said or done to criminate Rex, and I think they considered the killing of the freebooter a relief rather than otherwise.

* * * * * *

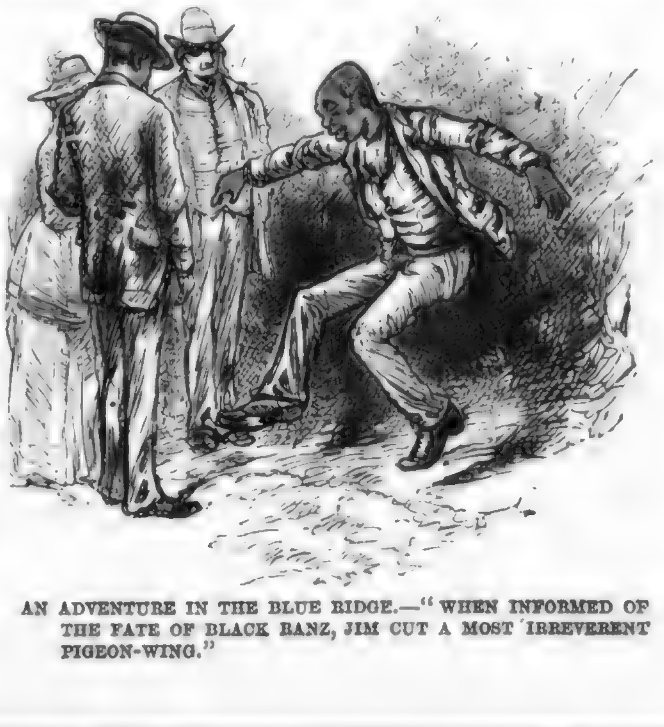
Dotsie and I are old women now, and have grandchildren, who, in their turn, are nearly grown, yet I never think of that "Week of Horror" without forgetting the forty years that have intervened, and starting with terror as some of the faces of long ago pass vividly before me.

They tell me that a spruce, consequential hotel stands on the plateau among the balsams, and the name of Black Ranz has faded almost to a memory.

And Rex (bless his dear heart!) reminds me mischievously that *I* popped the question to him, which fact savors too much of truth to be palatable. . . . I do not care, and to punish his temerity I tell him I would have done the same to any other man just then.

But he knows better, though. Bless him!

AN END.—One of the most amusing anecdotes of Lord Melbourne gives his views of consolation upon the decease of an author. On the death of Crabbe he rubbed his hands and said, "I am glad when one of those fellows dies, because then one has his works complete on one's shelves, and there is an end of him!" The instance selected for the remark was, however, an unfortunate one; for after Crabbe's death there was published an additional volume of poetry by him which had not been printed in his lifetime.



AN ADVENTURE IN THE BLUE RIDGE.—"WHEN INFORMED OF THE FATE OF BLACK RANZ, JIM CUT A MOST IRREVERENT PIGEON-WING."

ASH, ALDER, MAPLE.

By Elaine Goodale.

Finely the tapering ash displays
Its just proportions fairly crowned;
Its peak ascends, and from its base
The stately branches sweep the ground.

The rugged bark in furrowy folds,
Asserts an athlete's make within,
And to the supple sinew molds,
As fits the snake his leathern skin.

The fertile alder, hundred-armed,
Makes every unclaimed spot its own;
The lawless life is surely charmed
That swell its pollen-pregnant cone.

The maple through its kindly veins
Filters the air-drenched sunlight fine.
The climbing sap its height attains,
Its wood is steeped in amber wine.

Each frost-bound fibre thus made new
While yet the day is halved with night,
Its bows, ensphered against the blue,
Speak to the eye in lines of light.

JOAN.

By Etta W. Pierce.

Extract from the Memoranda of Dr. Raynor.

The marriage of Gilbert Eaglewood and my fair but foolish niece, Millicent, is not likely to turn out well, I fear. It is the old story of one side ice and the other side fire. Why did I desire that match? Bitter experience and close observation should have taught me that marriage is always a mistake, and a cynical invalid like myself had surely no business to meddle with the love affairs of young people. But Millicent was my favorite niece, a girl of great beauty and small fortune. Eaglewood was rich; he adored her at first sight. Perhaps I pleaded his cause too persistently. She is a sybarite by nature, fond of ease and luxury, weak, but—please God!—not wicked. She listened to me and to her own ambition, and accepted Gilbert. For a year they have lived together in utter misery.

I am disappointed in Millicent. She squanders her husband's money; she gratifies her whims and caprices, totally regardless of his pleasure and peace; she is as vain and frivolous as she is handsome.

But he makes no complaint, and he denies her nothing. The superb country-house at Hattan Hill—home of the last Governor of the State, and show-place of the county—he has just bought and fitted up like an English manor-house—all to please Millicent. She chanced to attend a ball there one night, and after dancing with Colonel Dundas till all her friends were furious, she concluded that she would like Hattan Hill for a Summer residence. Eaglewood presented her with the title-deeds a few days after.

Great heaven! what fools love makes of the wisest men!

Dundas was Millicent's lover before she ever saw Eaglewood. I said to her one day:

"You are going too far, my dear. Already the gossips' tongues are wagging. Eaglewood is not blind, neither is he the idiot you seem to think him. He will put a bullet through that fellow Dundas some day."

She patted my grizzled cheek with one white hand, and answered, lightly:

"I married Eaglewood to please you, uncle. I flirt with Colonel Dundas to please myself. You must not, dearly as I love you, interfere with my private affairs."

Ah, yes, I am disappointed in my niece—in fact, her conduct of late has cut me to the heart.

Had the child of my own disastrous marriage lived, she would have been just the age of Millicent; I fancy, also, that she might have had the same fair face, but not—not the same shallow, capricious heart. Years ago, in my black moods, I used to say:

"Thank heaven! that my daughter died at her birth! Thank heaven! that I was spared the pain of seeing the taint of the mother in her!"

But in these later days of failing health and strength, when even my books weary me, and the loneliness of my great, silent house appalls me, and I feel kinless and forsaken, I often find myself sighing:

"Would that my child had been left to me! She would have comforted and consoled me for the losses and disappointments of my life."

And so I yearn for the good which I never really possessed, and upon which my eyes never looked—for the little creature who died at her birth, the innocent fruit of a most unhappy love.

Yesterday I went out to Hattan Hill to transact a little business with Eaglewood. Left the cars at the wrong station, more than two miles from the house. As the weather was fine, I determined to take a constitutional and see the country. Stumbled upon an old bleak shanty on a lonely flat—about as dreary and desolate a place as my eyes ever rested on. Rapped at the door to inquire the way. A girl opened to me—a wild, dark, handsome creature, like an untamed hawk.

"Can you tell me the way to Hattan Hill?" I asked.

"Follow the road two miles across the flat," she answered, "then turn to the right." And she shut the door deliberately in my face. As she did so, I heard an idiotic laugh inside the house.

Resumed my walk, meditating upon the odd manners of our rural population.

Found a garden-party in full blast on the lawn at Hattan Hill. Dundas was there, faultless as a tailor's lay-figure, and full of adoration for Mrs. Millicent. The manner in which she received his attentions made me burn to box her small jeweled ears. Where was Eaglewood? Gone with his grooms to a country fair, to show some blooded horseflesh. He had better have remained at home to watch his foolish young wife. As it was impossible to get a word with my niece, I returned in disgust to town.

Entered the cars at a station close to Hattan Hill, and so did not again see my handsome hawk on the flat. Asked Millicent who the girl was.

"You absurd uncle," she answered, scornfully; "how should I know? Do you think I have anything to do with such people? I never heard of the place or its occupants."

* * * * * *

The fire was dead on the sunken hearth of the kitchen. Cindy, the idiot girl, crouching on a settle in the chimney corner, with her feet drawn up under her scant cotton skirts, rocking herself back and forth, began to whine.

"Dad's out of prison, but I wish he was back again, and Nat with him! Joan, where are ye? It's time for supper. Come, Joan!"

From a seat by the one window of the room, Joan arose, and, dropping the coarse garment she was mending, began to rake together the dead embers.

Cindy stooped and peered into her face.

"Oh, my! but ye're good to look at, ye are!" she said, admiringly. Nat wants to marry ye. Don't ye have him, Joan. He'll kick and beat ye, as he does me, and he'll be sent to jail some day, as dad was."

Joan's face darkened.

"Marry Nat!" she answered. "I'd die first!"

She stepped into an adjoining shed where the family fuel was kept. Overhead was a loft for rubbish, with a rickety ladder leading up to it.

As the girl went to gather a handful of chips, a scent of villainous tobacco-smoke greeted her nostrils and a murmur of voices her ears. Both came from the hole at the top of the ladder.

"You know the place. old man—Hattan Hill folks call it."

"Yes."

"Well, Len, the coachman, is a pal of mine, and for a decent share af the loot he's agreed to make things easy for us. I've a plan of the house here in my breeches-pocket."

"Eh? oh! The Governor lived in that air house, boy, when I went into limbo."

"It's been sold since then to a man named Eaglewood. He's a rum one, rich as a lord, and pompous as a turkey-cock. Len took service with him the very week he came here. He's got a blazing beauty for a wife, and to-morrow is her birthday. There's going to be a big party at Hattan Hall, and all the gold and silver plate has been ordered from the bank. It'll have to stay in the house over night, and Len is to be put in the dining-room to guard it after the spree is over. See? Come, old man"—impatiently—"will you take a hand in this affair, or will you not?"

At the foot of the ladder Joan stood, straining her ears for the answer. Her heart seemed to stop beating.

"Such jobs are always risky, lad," said the timorous voice of the second speaker, "and folks round here know we're a bad lot. Then there's that gal, Joan, my own sister's child—she'd peach on us fast enough if she got the chance."

"Would she? I'd kill her if I caught her at it!"

"Well, I don't trust her, Nat. Of late she's grown as offish as a mule. I shouldn't wonder if she cut and left us some day."

"No, she thinks too much of Cindy to do that. The half-wit will keep her here, if nothing else does."

"Ye must remember that I'm jest out of jail, Nat, and I ain't over-anxious to get in again—prison life don't agree with my constitution. But if ye can rely on Len, I'll take my chance with you to-morrow night—it's too good an opportunity to let slip."

"That sounds something like sense. Put a pistol in your pocket, old man—we may have trouble, and some of these white-handed gentlemen turn out to be hard customers in a row."

"If I'm bagged a second time, boy, 'twill be for something more'n stealing. Hallo! what's that?"

A pine-knot fell from Joan's hand and struck the ground with a thud. There was a stir in the loft, and instantly a dark, threatening face appeared at the top of the ladder.

"Ah!" said a voice, and down the rungs slipped a lithe swarthy fellow, with a savage eye and devil-may-care air.

He seized the girl as she turned to fly. His breath seemed to scorch her cheek, as he leaned over her.

"I caught you, my beauty," he said, softly.

She faced him with furious black eyes.

"Hands off!" she cried.

He released her very reluctantly, yet promptly. Joan was the only person in the world that Nat Bray really feared.

"You've been a-listening to dad and me up there in the loft," said he.

"Yes," she answered, sulkily. "I've been a-listening."

"Well, blow me!" cried Nat, addressing the shaky ladder. "What an ungrateful hussy it is! Dad has clothed and fed her for many a year, and now she goes spying and eavesdropping round the house, ready to sell her benefactor for a sixpence."

"Sixpence!" echoed Joan, with a contemptuous laugh. "He isn't worth half the sum! How has he fed, how clothed, me? I've earned my own keep by hard work."

He eyed her askance and grinned.

"You're a girl of spirit, Joan—there's a good deal of your father in you. Come, now, having heard our plans, you've to make common cause with us, and I'll tell you how to do it. I love you, my beauty, and I want to marry you. Take me, and I'll cry quits."

With a gesture of disgust she pushed him from her.

"I'd sooner jump down the well!" she stormed. "I hate you, Nat Bray! I hate Uncle Joe! I hate the house and everything in it, except Cindy. In this way I'll make common cause with you, and in no other."

His wicked eyes narrowed and gleamed.

"I see," he sneered. "Nat Bray ain't good enough for your father's daughter. Anyway, you must promise that you won't blab of what you heard just now."

With an unmoved air she faced him.

"I'll promise nothing," she answered, with decision.

He knew it was useless to urge her. She was more than a match for him when her blood was up.

"Then take this warning, and profit by it," he hissed. "As sure as you're born, I'll put a knife into that handsome throat of your's if you dare to tattle of my doings or of dad's!" and with that he turned and went up the ladder.

Joan carried her wood into the kitchen and built the fire.

"How long you have been," said Cindy, anxiously, "and how pale you are! Something has frightened you, Joan."

"No," answered Joan. "Nothing in this place can frighten me, Cindy."

But she went to the window and leaned her blanched face against the pane, as if in deep perplexity.

The sun was setting. Already long shadows stretched across the dreary flat on which the shanty stood.

On all sides Joan could see the unsightly ruins of deserted brick-kilns, pools of foul, stagnant water, remnants of broken fences and tumbling sheds—desolation and gathering darkness.

The town, of which this unlovely waste was but an outskirt, lay beyond view.

"Get some supper, Joan—I want some supper," pleaded Cindy.

Joan, obedient to that voice as to no other, turned from the window with the air of having decided a vexed question, and began to prepare the evening meal.

As she was spreading the cloth, Joe Bray and his son walked into the kitchen. The elder reprobate was very like the younger, swarthy and alert, with a hang-dog air and an iron-gray hair, to which the prison-scissors had given the regulation cut.

Old Joe had just served out a six months' sentence in durance vile for abstracting from his neighbors articles to which he had no lawful claim.

At sight of her father Cindy began to shake. To him she owed her misfortunes. A blow from his savage fist in her infancy had made her the thing which she now was.

"Get out, half-wit!" he cried, pushing her rudely off her bench. "I'll take this seat myself!"

Like a tiger-cat Joan turned on him, whirled him out of the usurped place, and restored the idiot girl to her own again.

"Don't you dare," she panted, "to meddle with Cindy, Uncle Joe!"

"Blast me! who's master o' this air house, I'd like to know?" began old Bray. His son tapped his shoulder.

"Better not interfere with women-folks, dad," he said with a grin "They're sure to get the best of you. Joan always looks out for Cindy. I wish she was as kind to Cindy's brother."

Disdainful silence on the part of Joan. She placed on the table bread and butter, a dish of cabbage and bacon and a pot of tea.

Little was said during supper. Joan was the first to rise from the board. As she did so old Joe called out to her:

"Go draw some cider, girl! This bacon sticks in my throat like a chunk of Lot's wife!"

Joan lighted a lamp, and by a trap in the kitchen-floor descended to the cellar. She drew the tap from the cider-cask, filled a pitcher, and started to return to the room above. But when she reached the top of the stair, she found the trap closed.

"Let me up, Uncle Joe!" she cried.

She heard a scream from Cindy, then the sound of a wicked blow, and then the voice of Nat. He was down on the kitchen-floor, with his mouth to the trap.

"You'll have to stay where you are a bit, my dear," he said, with a low laugh. "Try to make yourself comfortable. Dad and I will take care of Cindy." Joan was a prisoner.

She sat down on the stair to think the matter over. Father and son feared and distrusted her. She would not be released until the robbery at Hattan Hill was accomplished. To escape from the cellar was impossible; it was simply a hole in the earth, with no window, no means of egress save by the trap. She could hear the Brays, with oaths and curses, driving poor Cindy off to her bed in the attic.

STATUES OF GRIEF AND HISTORY.

Joan clinched her brown fists as she listened; the only thing she loved in the world was Cindy.

Should she plead with the pair in the kitchen? No; she knew them too well to waste breath in that way.

From a shelf near by a huge rat jumped on her shoulder; a troop of his fellows scrambled about her feet.

Her lamp went out, and left the cellar in total darkness. Joan sat there on the chair, sleepless, all night.

When morning came, there was a stir in the room overhead, and muffled male voices, but no sound of Cindy. Joan concluded that the idiot girl was also a captive.

After a while dead silence seemed to fall everywhere in the house. She had no means of knowing the hour, but in reality it was late in the afternoon, when a stealthy, uncertain step crossed the floor overhead, the trap was lifted, and Cindy's pinched face peered through.

She gave a cry of joy at sight of Joan.

"They fastened me into the attic," she cried, "but I broke out; and now they've gone off toward the town — Nat and dad; I saw 'em from the windy. Oh, Joan, let us run away, and never come back again."

Instantly Joan was standing in the deserted kitchen.

One look showed her that the September afternoon was already dwindling. What she had to do must be done quickly.

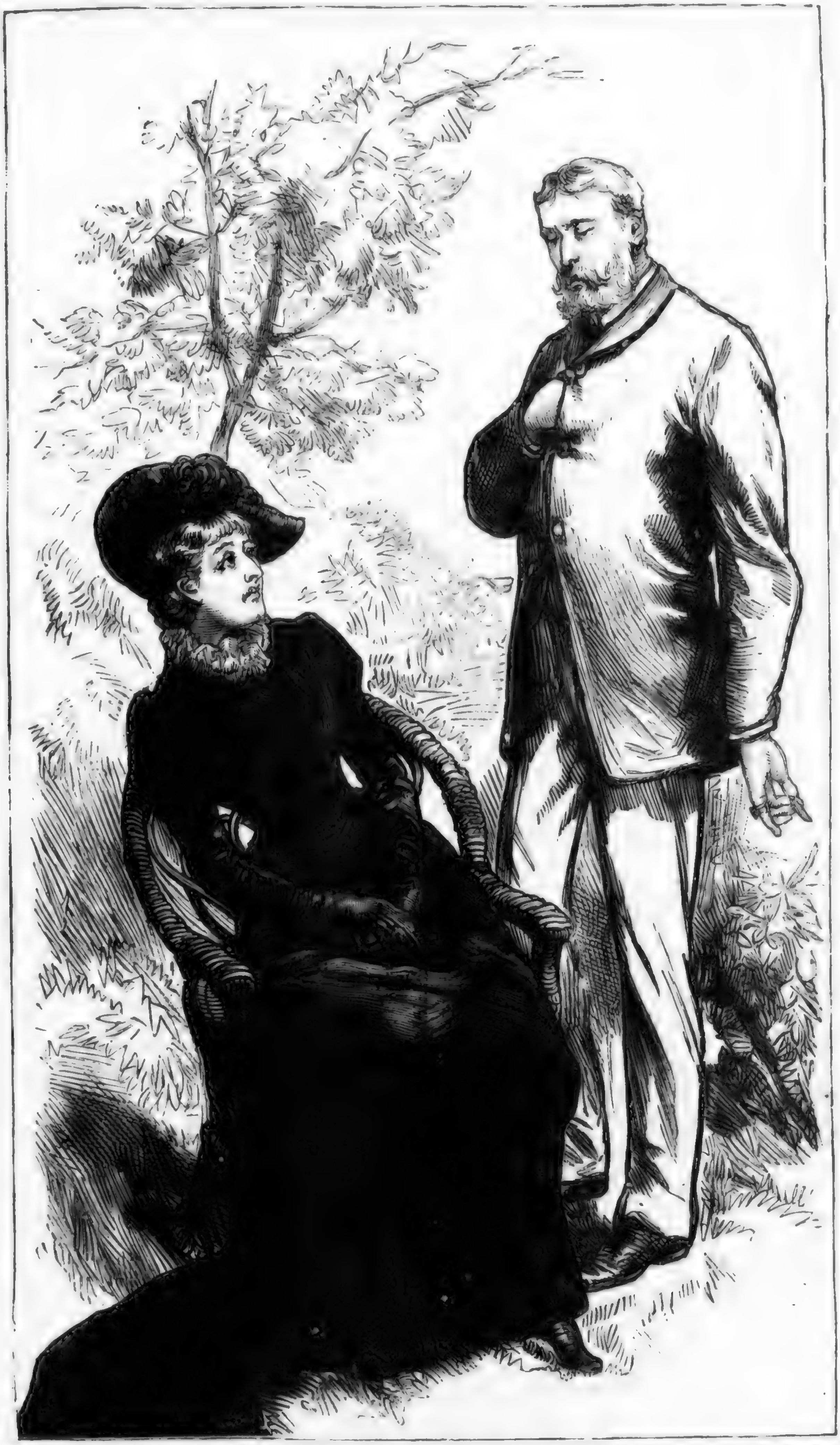
"Cindy," she said, putting her hands on the shoulders of the idiot girl, "we *will* run away some day, but not yet, for we have no friends, no money, no place of refuge. It would be wicked to take you from this house, miserable as it is, unless I could provide another for you. But now I am going out on an errand, and you must wait here alone, like a good girl, till I return. I'll not be long."

Cindy raised a howl.

"Take me with ye, Joan—take me with ye! Nat and dad will be back and kill me, if you're not here to stop 'em!"

It was all that Joan could do to pacify the poor creature, and meanwhile precious time was lost.

"Without doubt, Nat and his father have gone to town," she said. "They pretend to live by honest work sometimes. You're safe, Cindy, for I shall reach home



JOAN.—"SHE WAS A BLONDE, HANDSOME AND YOUNG. IN HER LONG VELVET DRESS SHE LOOKED LIKE A DAY-LILY IN A BLACK SHEATH."—SEE PAGE 286.

before them. No, I can't take you—I can't. It might be the death of both of us."

With that she snatched up an old waterproof, pulled the hood over her head, and leaving Cindy still whining in the chimney-corner, she departed on her errand.

Joan well knew the exceeding peril that attended her—knew that her life would not be worth a penny if she was discovered. But away she went over the bare, dreary flat, past the ruined brick-kilns and pools of foul water, following a muddy, deep-rutted road which had, fortunately, no sign of life upon it."

Fear lent her wings—fear lest the Brays should return, and, finding Cindy out of the attic, beat and abuse her.

There were four long miles for Joan to traverse before she could reach the poor idiot again.

Breathlessly she flew over the ground, and deafened by the old hood that was drawn tight across her ears, and absorbed in her anxieties, she did not hear the swift and sudden roll of wheels, the tramp of furious hoofs behind her in the wet road.

"Hi, there, hi!" shouted a voice.

Joan turned only to see a pair of fiery, foaming heads at her shoulder. At the same instant she was struck and hurled straight to the earth.

Two persons occupied the carriage—a groom and a middle-aged gentleman in spectacles. The latter jumped over the wheel and raised Joan in his arms.

"Good heaven, Mac!" he cried to the groom, "is this the way you drive? You ought to be flogged with your own whip!"

"By my soul, doctor," answered the groom, who was tugging madly at his horses, "the deuce couldn't hold 'em when once they git a-going! That gal's cloak, flying back in the wind, scared 'em. Didn't I holler to her? She has legs—she might have got out of the way, sir."

"Mac," said the doctor, "it's the last time that I shall risk my neck behind anything from the Eaglewood stables. He drives the wildest horseflesh in the county. How often have I told you that he will be killed some day, and you with him!"

"Well, sir," answered the groom, with resignation, "Mr. Eaglewood always takes to this kind of animal. He don't care for the safe ones. You won't scare him about horses, sir."

Joan, whose senses had been knocked quite out of her, now opened her black, bewildered eyes upon the man in spectacles.

"Bless my soul!" cried the latter. "It's my hawk of the flat! Are you hurt, poor child? I am a physician—my name is Raynor. Do not be afraid. The horses became unmanageable and knocked you down. Can you stand?—do you feel any pain?"

Joan burst from him like a small whirlwind.

"Let go!" she panted; "let go!"

But he held her fast.

"I have seen you before, girl," he said; "do you remember me?"

She struck down his detaining hand fiercely.

"No! You'd better not keep me here. I'm in a hurry. I'll bite you—I'll tear you if you hold me!"

"Good heaven, child, I simply ask to know your name and who you are."

"That's no business of yours!" she cried, and she gave him a staggering push, and, darting through a break in the wayside fence, flew off through the pennyroyal and golden-rod of a neighboring field.

"Mac," said Dr. Raynor, as he scrambled into the carriage again, "do you know that girl?"

"No, sir," grinned the groom; "I came to Hattan Hill with Mr. Eaglewood. I haven't been here long enough to see much of the people round about."

Bruised and shaken, Joan fled, like a deer, from the dangerous vicinity of the high road. She dared not take to it again; so, keeping to fields and byways, and avoiding houses, at the end of two miles of breathless running, she came to an imposing boundary wall. Finding no gate, she climbed over it like a cat, and dropped down into the grounds of Hattan Hill.

Yes, this was the place. The house was straight before her, on an eminence, but hidden by a forest of magnificent trees. Joan slunk, like a guilty thing, into the nearest walk, scarcely daring to look around, yet catching glimpses, as she darted forward, of slopes burning with garden-beds, like plats of fire; of a lake, where waterfowl dipped; of clipped alleys, with white statues gleaming; of fountains, tossing jewel-drops into the still air; of peacocks, screaming on a terrace, among jars of strange foreign plants; of pigeons, like huge snowflakes, circling about velvety lawns. Over all a superb calm brooded.

Joan held her breath. Never before had she looked on such things. Her whole life had been spent with the vagabond Brays—wandering with them, gypsy fashion, from place to place—hating their poverty and general viciousness, yet never able to free herself from them, because of her love and pity for poor Cindy.

"Oh, but this is heavenly!" thought Joan; "the people of such place must be happy—happy!"

Suddenly she came in sight of the gray stone walls of the house. How should she approach it—boldly or by stealth? As she stopped a moment to deliberate, she heard footsteps. Joan's courage forsook her. Like a frightened partridge, she darted into a cluster of laurel-bushes on the edge of a rich sweep of greensward—a croquet-ground. None too soon, for scarcely had this covert received her, when two persons appeared in the open space, and one, a woman, flung herself into a garden-chair, close to Joan's hiding-place.

She was a blonde, handsome and young. In her long velvet dress, she looked like a day-lily in a black sheath. A Medici ruff, of priceless lace, encircled her creamy throat, and a Rubens hat shaded the rich coils of her yellow hair. An expression of mingled fear and disdain was frozen on her high-bred face. She twisted her hands, incased in long, wrinkled black gloves, nervously together, on her lap.

"You are very tiresome, Gilbert," she said to her companion, "and very jealous. I knew Colonel Dundas long before my marriage—he is an old friend, and I shall invite him to Hattan Hill whenever it pleases me to do so, sir!"

The person addressed had paused a few feet from the garden-chair. A man of muscular figure, and cold, impassive face. His hair and beard were flaxen, his eyes gray and imperious. He held a lighted cigar in one hand; the other was thrust into the breast of his coat.

"An old friend? You mean an old lover, Mrs. Eaglewood," he sneered.

She threw back her blonde head.

"Well, then, an old lover, if you like the word better."

Joan, there in the laurel-bushes, was once more playing the eavesdropper, but this time sorely against her will.

The gentleman knocked the ashes coolly from his cigar.

"Mrs. Eaglewood," he said, with a ring of contempt in his voice, "you have invited Colonel Dundas to your birthday party. He will come, without doubt; but bear this fact in mind—it is the last time that he can cross my threshold! I have still some regard for your reputation, madam, and for my own honor—things which you seem to have quite forgotten."

The color leaped into her lily cheek.

"My reputation? Sir, you jest upon a singular subject!"

The hand which had been thrust into his breast was suddenly withdrawn. It held a packet of letters tied with a ribbon.

"Madam," said Gilbert Eaglewood, "do you recognize these?"

Her haughty look changed instantly to one of abject fear. With a sharp cry she sprang up from the garden-chair.

"Where—how——" she began; but her voice died on her blanched lips.

He smiled bitterly.

"Mrs. Eaglewood, you have a waiting-maid. This morning you boxed her ears. I advise you to henceforth confide your secrets to some other than a servant—revenge is always sweet to that sort of person. Half an hour ago I found these letters on my library-table."

All white and breathless, she took a step toward him.

"Give them to me! Oh, Gilbert—oh, Gilbert! give them back to me!"

"Impossible, madam."

She cast one look into his merciless face, then flung herself at his feet.

The last westering sunshine shot through the trees, and fell upon the man, erect and contemptuous, and on the lovely woman, with her rich dress and tragic face, writhing there in the dust before him. Verily Hattan Hill was an Eden; but the serpent had entered into its loveliness.

"If you love me—if you have ever loved me, Gilbert, give me those letters," she prayed.

He thrust the package coolly back into his pocket.

He was her master—she was in his power.

"I loved you once, Millicent," he answered; "now, Heaven forgive me, I despise you! You have read these shameless declarations of an unlawful passion—you have kept—yes, treasured them—you, my wife!"

She wrung her gloved hands involuntarily.

"Forgive me," she sobbed. "I am—I have always been weak and foolish. How cruel you are—how pitiless! You mean to keep those letters, to hold, like the sword of Damocles, over my head—perhaps to show in a divorce court! Have mercy! Spare me the scandal—the shame of this affair?"

His face grew like gray stone.

"What mercy have you ever had for me, Millicent? You have trampled on my heart—you have wrecked my whole life. The Eaglewood women for generations have been good women. It was reserved for me, the last of the stock, to bestow the name on one who would drag it in the dirt—scorn, dishonor it, madam! Yes, be sure that I will keep Colonel Dundas's amatory correspondence for future use. And now I advise you to return to the house; Dr. Raynor will be looking for you, and you have guests to entertain. Luckily, you are a good actress—equal to any occasion where dissimulation is needed."

She leaped to her feet—her fair face became furious.

"At least I will no longer use dissimulation with *you!*" she cried. "I hate you, Gilbert Eaglewood—I have always hated you. I married you solely for your money. Dr. Raynor urged the match upon me—I was poor and ambitious—I yielded to his wishes. The letters of which you and my servant have robbed me were written by one whom I loved before I ever saw your face—one whom I would have married had he possessed one-tenth part of your fortune. He has my heart—he will have it till my dying day!"

He tossed away his cigar. Not a muscle of his cold, ashen face changed.

"Your confession does you credit, Mrs. Eaglewood; but you have told me nothing I did not know months ago."

She was trembling with deadly fear of him, but she retreated a little and made a mocking bow.

"Just now you said that you despised me. Well, even that is better than your love, Gilbert Eaglewood. We have endured a year of marriage together. Already my uncle Raynor suspects our misery—other friends see it also. I do not care how soon the farce ends and the curtain falls. As for your Puritan name and your Puritan pride, do not think that I will wear them as a yoke about my neck. Colonel Dundas will be here to-night. I shall dance with him, I shall flirt with him, I shall be happy in my own way; and I defy you to intimidate or prevent me—yes, I *defy* you, Gilbert Eaglewood!"

As if frightened at her own words, or at the demon which they had awakened in Eaglewood's gray eyes, she turned, and swaying across the velvety sward, vanished in the direction of the house.

He stood and watched her go; then, with something like a groan, sank into the garden-chair she had vacated.

From the terrace the peacock screamed, foreboding the rain; the white pigeons flew in a dazzling cloud above his head.

Motionless as a graven image he sat with his hat pulled over his eyes, hopeless dejection in every line of his muscular figure, exceeding pain and bitterness in his colorless face.

Suddenly a light, timid hand touched his shoulder.

He started, looked up, and saw standing by his side a girl in an old waterproof cloak, her great eyes shining like moons in her frightened face, her rich black hair tumbling in loosened braids from under the hood of the garment.

"Oh, sir!" she panted, "I have something important to tell you."

Eaglewood looked so hard at the apparition that it began to tremble.

"Who are you?" he said.

"A friend," faltered Joan. "More than that you must not know; but all the same, believe—pray believe what I say, sir, for it is God's truth! You are to have a party here to-night—your plate has come from the bank. Take care!" she struck her brown hands sharply together—"there is a plan afoot to rob you. One of your own servants is in it. He will open the way to those who come from without. Be on your guard, sir. You will have to deal with men who will kill you if you resist them."

With a flash in his sombre eyes Eaglewood arose from the chair. The dark beauty of the girl, her tragic earnestness, chilled him in spite of himself.

"Ah!" he said, "who sent you to tell me this?"

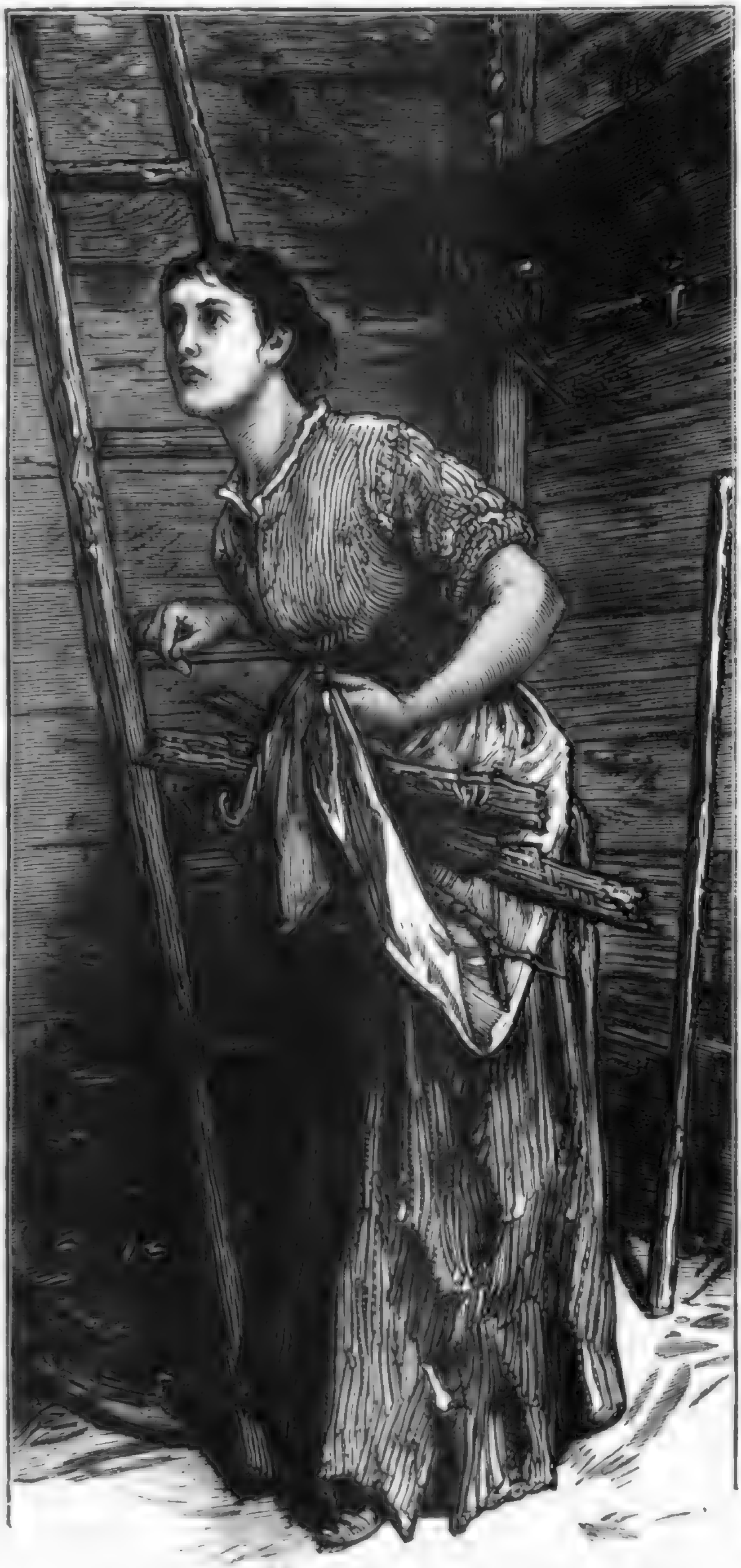
"No one. I came of my own will, sir."

"Why did you come?"

"Because I could not bear to have such a wicked thing done when I knew of it, and might prevent it."

"One of my own servants," he muttered, bitterly. "A traitor under the same roof with me! Yet why should that surprise me? A man's worst foes are those of his own household. Give me the name of the person."

“I cannot—I dare not, sir,” she answered, earnestly; “but be sure and set an honest man to watch your gold and silver to-night.” He laid his hand on her arm.



“AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER STOOD JOAN, STRAINING HER EARS FOR AN ANSWER.”

“Honest men are as scarce now as they were in the time of Diogenes. Pardon me, but I must detain you a little, until I can investigate your story.”

“If you do that,” she cried, “it will be known that I have turned informer, and I shall suffer; and not only I, but another person who is most innocent.”

All the stern lines seemed to melt out of his face, leaving it as gentle as a woman's. He released her promptly.

“I did not suppose there was a being in existence who would take so much trouble to save me from an injury. God forbid that I should endanger you in any way. This is passing strange, yet I think you have told me the truth.”

“Yes, sir—oh, yes!”

“The foe in my own house I shall, without doubt, be able to discover. And now, what can I do for you in return for this service, child?”

She drew back.

“Nothing.”

He held out a gold piece.

“Take this.”

Her olive cheek kindled to burning red. She struck the offering from his hand.

“It was not for money that I came to warn you!” she cried.

Dashing into the shrubbery, she was gone in a moment.

Gilbert Eaglewood crossed the croquet-ground, and ascended a flight of stone steps. The great house was all astir with preparation. As he passed the windows of the dining-room he paused for a moment to look through.

In the deep chimney huge logs burned on antique andirons—more for show than comfort. Their red light flashed along the dark wood carvings and Cromwellian chairs, and over the great oaken brass-bound buffets, on which glittered the gold and silver plate that had been in the Eaglewood family for generations—magnificent plate, which might well awaken the thief's desire.

As he stood gazing upon it Dr. Raynor stepped out from an adjoining door.

“Ah, here you are, Gilbert!” he said, passing an arm through that of the younger man. “What!”—peering up at him through his spectacles—“have you and Millicent been quarreling? You have. Ah, I am disappointed in Millicent! I thought she would learn to appreciate you. And Colonel Dundas is coming. Now, don't let us have an explosion here to-night, Gilbert. The very air seems charged with dynamite.”

The doctor was a small man, with an appearance of ill-health, and he looked timid and anxious.

“Calm your fears, old friend,” answered Englewood, dryly; “there will be no explosion. I would not spoil the enjoyment of my guests in that way. Moreover, it is not to my taste. I prefer a quiet separation.”

“Has it come to this, my boy?” said the doctor, aghast.

“Yes.”

There was silence for a moment, then Raynor spoke:

“Heaven knows that I pity you both! I have had my share of married misery, Gilbert. You know the story of my life.” Eaglewood nodded, and asked, in an odd tone:

“Did you love your wife, doctor?”

“For twelve months. After that I detested her.”

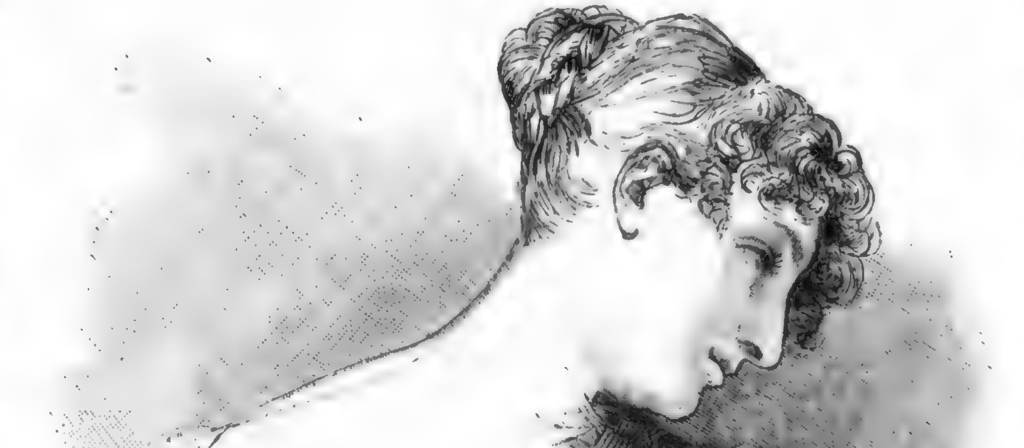
“Are you sure? Under all your wrath and scorn and desperation, did not the old love live on to sting and torment you?"

"No," answered the doctor, sharply. "My dead passion had no resurrection. But the child that was born of it—would to Heaven that she had been left! She might have been a true Raynor, with no taint of the mother about her."

"Scarcely probable," answered Eaglewood; "blood will tell. My dear old friend, do you believe in presentiments? Then you will understand me when I say that something infernal is about to happen at Hattan Hill."

But, as he spoke he was not thinking of Joan's warning—*that* was blotted out completely from his mind by the fear of a calamity greater than the treachery of servants or the theft of silver and gold.

Meanwhile through the fading light, by field and byway, Joan was flying back to the house on the flat. Cindy opened the door to her. She found, to her great joy, that Nat and his father had not yet returned. She made a cup of tea for the idiot girl, broke her own long fast with a bit of bread-and-cheese, and then sat down in the old kitchen to wait as patiently as she could for she knew not what.



MISS O'NEILL (LADY BEECHER) AS "JULIET."—SEE PAGE 295.

"Cindy, you must never tell Nat or Uncle Joe that I have been out of the house for a minute," said Joan, impressively.

"That I won't," answered Cindy, with a wise nod.

As darkness fell the wind began to sweep mournfully across the flat, and drops of rain dashed against the windows.

With her elbow on her knee, and her shapely chin in her brown palm, Joan listened, and thought of the wonderful grounds at Hattan Hill—of the handsome man with the fierce gray eyes, and the beautiful woman who had first groveled at the feet of her master, and then defied him to his haughty face. Surely, by this time, Eaglewood had made suitable preparations to receive the robbers.

From her heart Joan hoped traitor Len would take the alarm in time, and find means to warn Nat and his father from their wicked purpose. But should the pair be captured, Joan decided that she would fly with Cindy to some remote corner of the earth, where her disreputable relatives could never find her again, and there support herself and the poor idiot by any honest work which her hands could find to do.

"They are strong hands and willing," said the girl to herself, "and Cindy and I have endured this life too long already."

It was nine o'clock when Joan arose, and leaving the kitchen exactly as she had found it on her escape from the cellar, she mounted, with Cindy, to her own bed under the eaves. To her sleep was impossible.

About midnight the main door of the house opened, and Joan heard footsteps and voices in the room below. A loaded pistol fell to the floor there and was discharged. The noise rang through her ears like thunder. After that dead silence settled in the shanty.

The Brays had equipped themselves, and departed to do their work at Hattan Hill.

Hour after hour dragged on. The rain pattered on the roof, the wind sobbed across the flat.

Toward morning there was a movement in the untidy yard which surrounded the shanty.

Anxious, sleepless, Joan listened. Yes, the Brays had certainly returned. She arose from the side of the slumbering Cindy and crept to the window.

In the centre of the yard was an old dry well, covered with brushwood. About its mouth Joan's keen eyes could discern, in spite of the darkness, two figures moving—leaning down—passing something from hand to hand.

The truth burst upon her with stunning force: her warning to Eaglewood had been useless, the Brays had robbed Hattan Hill, and returned laden with the plate which she had tried in vain to save—they were hiding their booty in the old well.

What could it mean? Had Eaglewood, after all, given no credence to her story, or had he been overpowered—or, perhaps, killed? She could see no more in the dark yard, so she stole back to her place beside Cindy, and lay quaking and wondering till morning light.

Then a sort of reckless courage took possession of her. She boldly descended to the kitchen to confront Nat Bray, whom she found smoking his pipe in Cindy's favorite corner.

At sight of Joan he sprang up with an oath.

"How the deuce did you get out of the cellar?" he cried.

"Cindy helped me," she answered, frankly; "and if I'm ever treated like that again, Nat, I shall quit Uncle Joe for good."

His manner changed; he approached her with a conciliatory air.

"Then don't you be listening and spying on dad and me—me that loves you, Joan, and that's bound to marry you yet, whether you like it or not. I'll forgive you this time, because there was no harm done—and I was going to let you out anyway, for we want you to get the breakfast."

In silence Joan began to prepare the meal. Presently old Bray entered and gave her a sheepish glance.

"I hope you won't bear any ill-will to me, girl," he said. "'Twas none of my doings—shutting ye up, I mean. I promised yer mother, when she was a-dying, that I'd take good care of ye, and I've done it. Nat and I are talking about a sudden flitting from this place. We shall go to-night. Get the half-wit ready—we shall be in a hurry."

So they dared not remain longer in the town!

By-and-by Cindy came creeping timidly into the kitchen, and the four sat down to breakfast. Scarcely had they done so when a great clatter of hoofs arose in the yard, the door of the shanty was flung open, and on the threshold stood the majesty of law, in the form of a sheriff and his assistants. Father and son leaped up from the table.

"Better make no resistance," said the sheriff, as he drew a warrant from his pocket. "We must arrest you; Len has confessed everything. We know that we shall find your plunder here."

"Len is a coward and a liar!" cried Nat, with great *sang froid.* "Search the house from garret to cellar—you're welcome to all you find."

At this moment the tall figure of Gilbert Eaglewood appeared in the doorway. Joan ran toward him.

"Your plate is down the old well in the yard!" she cried.

"By the Lord, that's your last word?" hissed Nat Bray, and like lightning his hand went up to his breast. There was a flash, a report, and Joan fell, without sound or cry, to the floor of the kitchen.

Both Brays were seized and handcuffed.

Eaglewood snatched up the bleeding body of the girl, and shouted to some one who had not yet dismounted in the yard:

"For God's sake come here, Raynor! Have you any remedies with you? I fear this wretch has killed her!"

Dr. Raynor swung himself out of the saddle and entered the shanty. On its threshold he found himself face to face with the elder Bray.

The two men stared hard at each other. Both changed countenance; then a wicked grin puckered the lips of old Joe.

"How are you, brother-in-law?" he said, grimly. "You know me, I see. Belong to this crowd, eh? Then I'll be obliged to you to get me out of a bad scrape. I've been a tool in the hands of Nat and Len—nothing more, 'pon my soul!—and ye owe me something for what I've done for that girl there, brother-in-law."

The doctor's heart gave a great bound. That girl! She lay on Eaglewood's arm like one dead.

He cast a long look at the handsome face, so wan now and rigid, and the iron of conviction entered his soul.

"Is this my daughter?" he said, sternly.

"That's your daughter—leastways, what's left of her," replied old Joe, airily. "You'd better settle now for the cost of her keep these sixteen years or more."

The doctor's eyes flashed fire behind his spectacles.

"You scoundrel! Why did you send me word that my child died with her mother?"

"Well, brother-in-law, I own 'twas a mistake; but at the time I thought I'd keep the kid, and through her make something out of you at a later day; but I lost track of you after a while, and Joan got to be useful to me, and so I let the matter drop just there."

Dr. Raynor took the wounded girl from Eaglewood.

"I came here to help recover your plate," he said, in a low voice. "God knows I did not, at the same time, expect to find the only child that was ever born to me!"

From the untidy yard arose a shout. The officers had removed the covering from the dry well, and at its bottom, concealed beneath dirt and brushwood, lay the Eaglewood plate.

When Joan revived a little Dr. Raynor was dressing her wounds.

"I warned him," she gasped, thinking of Eaglewood—only of Eaglewood—"but he did not believe me."

"Yes, he believed you," answered the doctor, "and he meant to have watched his valuables himself; but something happened at Hattan Hill last night which drove the matter, serious as it was, from his mind—a disaster so dreadful that all minor things were swallowed up in it. Mrs. Eaglewood fled from her home with—with another person. Her husband went in pursuit of her, and left the house wide open to the thieves."

"And did he find her?" asked Joan, faintly.

"Her dead, mangled body. The midnight express-train, by which she escaped, was wrecked not ten miles from Hattan Hill—thrown down an embankment. Poor, foolish Millicent!"

Jean looked up at the doctor with bewildered eyes.

"Who are you?" she said.

He bent and kissed her.

"I am your father—you are my child. You will go with me at once from this place, and from the life you have been living with these Brays. Though you have their blood in your veins, thank Heaven! you are not of them."

She heard no more, for she had swooned with pain.

* * * * * *

Weeks after, far away in another home, when the wounds which had brought her to death's door were slowly healing, Dr. Raynor told his daughter the sad story of his life.

"Years ago, in my wild, headstrong youth," he said, "I married your mother. She was the child of a strolling vagabond, a daughter of the slums, but her beauty was something marvelous. I had wealth, friends, social position. I did my utmost to fit her for the place to which I had raised her, but in vain. We lived in torment for two years. By that time we had learned to hate each other. She fled from me at last, back to her own kin. I did not ask her to return. I had become hard and bitter, and my love for her was dead. I went abroad, and Joe Bray, her brother, wrote me that she had died at your birth, and that you had survived her but a few hours. I sent him instructions to draw upon my banker, which he did so freely that I am sure your maintenance can have cost him nothing. Now, my darling, let the past be as a sealed book to you and to me. We will live for the future now, and for each other."

* * * * * *

One day Gilbert Eaglewood, with the bronze of foreign travel on his face, knocked at the door of a secluded house in the aristocratic portion of a great city, where his old friend, Dr. Raynor, lived the life of an invalid recluse.

For five years the grass had waved green on the grave of fair, erring Millicent. For five years Eaglewood had wandered in foreign lands, a heartsick and embittered man.

"I see, my boy," said the doctor, with a sad smile, "that you are ready to take up the burden of life again."

"Yes," answered Eaglewood, "only a weakling wastes his days in vain regrets."

"There are streaks of gray in your hair; but that is not strange. Now look at Joan! Ah, Eaglewood, I can never thank heaven enough for giving her to me in these last years of my life! I have educated her myself. She is a true Raynor, and my sole comfort, my joy, the light of my eyes."

From among the doctor's books and *bric-à-brac* a girl arose and came forward to greet the visitor—a dark, lissome, splendid creature, with velvety black eyes and curls of raven hair. She was dressed like a princess, and she had the look and air of one.

As she gave her hand to Eaglewood it trembled in his clasp. She had never forgotten him, he had never forgotten her.

"Papa and I have learned to love each other very dearly," she said, with a grave smile.

"That we have!" cried the doctor.

Cindy lived with them. Joan was still her protector and friend. The elder Bray was dead; the younger had left the country for parts unknown.

Eaglewood dined with the Raynors. After the meal, when the three were sitting round the library-fire, the doctor began to speak of a matter which had long lain very near his heart.

"Eaglewood," he said, sadly, "my lease of life is short. I am ill of an incurable disease, and I am glad you have come, for now I shall not leave Joan quite alone in the world."

She was sitting at her father's knee. The firelight glanced on her pale, perfect face and soft throat, against which a single Maréchal Niel rose rested in a mist of fine lace. She shuddered, but did not look up.

"She will have money enough, Eaglewood, but no friends; for I have educated her in strict seclusion—kept her jealously from the world. I was always a selfish man, you know. And now I beg you, for old acquaintance's sake, to be to her a counselor, a guardian, when I am gone."

He stretched out a feeble, imploring hand to the bronzed man in his health and strength.

Eaglewood's gray eyes were fixed upon Joan. Something went over him like an electric shock.

"I will be more than guardian or counselor, if she will allow me," he answered, in a steady voice.

Then, as he met her startled glance, he arose and stood before her, his heart burning like an ember within him.

"Miss Raynor," said Gilbert Eaglewood, "will you marry me?"

There was a moment of breathless silence.

The doctor took his daughter's slim hand and placed it in that of the man whom he loved and esteemed above all others.

"Will you marry me, Joan?" repeated Eaglewood, clasping close the girlish fingers. "For years you have been to me a sweet and tender memory among the thousands that were dark and tragic. I think I have loved you for a long time. My life has been full of disappointment. God knows I need you quite as much as does the doctor here. Be to me the same angel of blessing and consolation which you are to him!"

The tears welled slowly into her grand eyes. She did not withdraw her head.

"Can you—will you try to love me, Joan?" he pleaded.

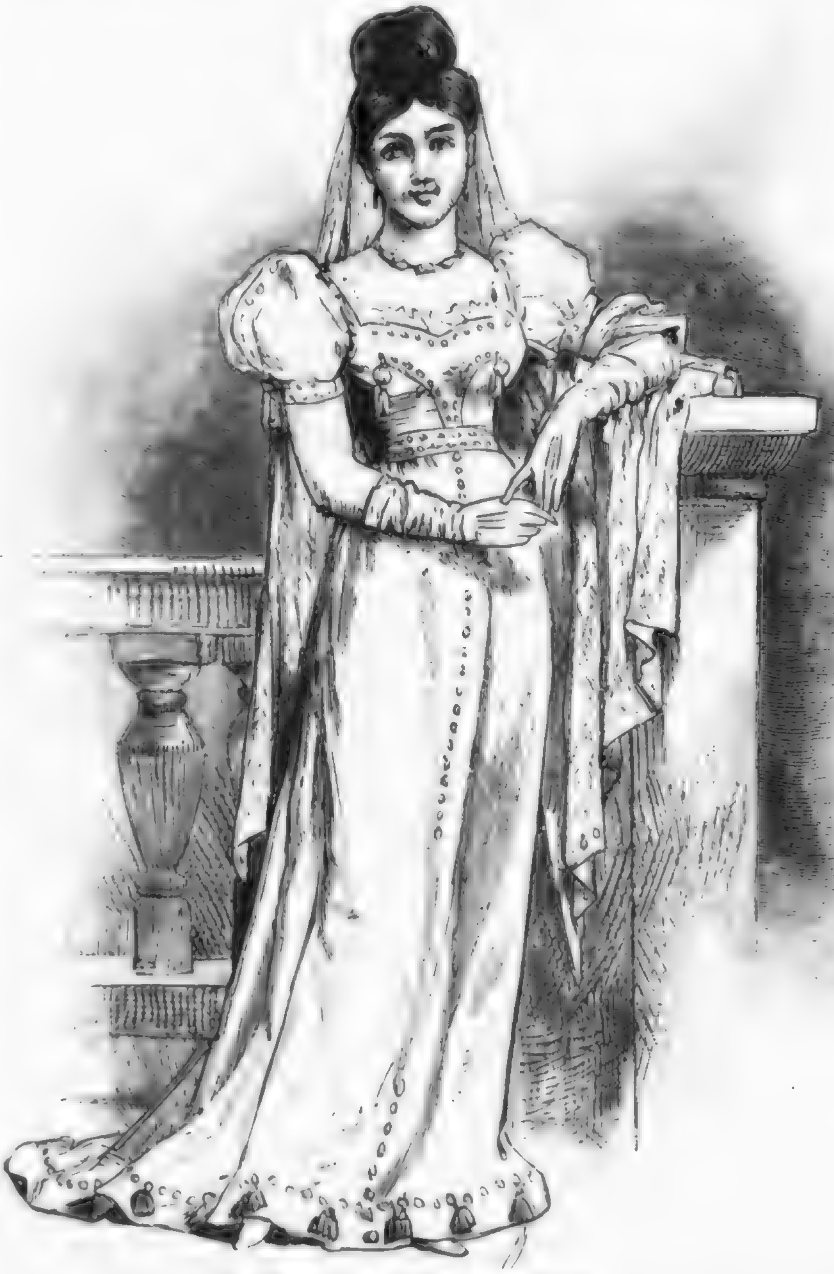
"I began to love you five years ago," she faltered, "with a love that was for time and eternity."

SOME FAMOUS "JULIETS."

By Henry Barton Baker.

The first of the *Romeos* was the famous Richard Burbadge, the original representative of most of Shakespeare's heroes; but the name of the youth who first attempted the character of *Juliet* has not come down to posterity; probably it was one of Burbadge's apprentices, as the boys who studied under the great masters of the art were then called. How strange, how incomprehensible, it sounds to us that *Juliet*, *Ophelia*, *Desdemona*—those most exquisite ideals of all that is gentle and lovable in woman—should have been written for boys to personate; but so it was.

"Romeo and Juliet" was not among the Shakespearean revivals of the Restoration; but somewhere about 1678, Otway produced a tragedy, called "Caius Marius," the plot and a considerable part of the language of which were taken from Shakespeare's play. In this extraordinary piece of patchwork, the scene is transferred to ancient Rome; *Romeo* is rechristened *Marius Junior*, and *Juliet* becomes *Lavinia*, daughter of *Metellus*, a Roman senator; *Mercutio* is called *Sulpitius*, he speaks the Queen Mab speech—sadly mutilated—and when he ceases to speak the language of Shakespeare, becomes a very stilted and bloodthirsty personage; *Sylla* stands for *Paris*, and *Lavinia's* nurse, adhering to the words of the original, calls that very terrible personage of Roman history "a man of wax!" The civil wars between Marius and Sylla form the background of the scene and rule the destinies of the hapless hero and heroine. Betterton was the *Marius*, the great Mrs. Barry the *Lavinia*; and therefore, mangled and distorted as was this version of the part, she must be regarded as the first of the famous *Juliets*. It was said of this actress that she was mistress of every passion of the mind; love, joy, grief, rage, tenderness, and jealousy, were all represented with equal skill and effect. It was for her that Otway wrote *Belvidera* and *Monimia*, which, with the daughter of the Capulets, are probably the most pathetic creations of all tragedy. She might have been an ideal *Juliet*, as far as the fragments of the part, among which is the potion scene, almost intact, permitted her.



MISS FANNY KEMBLE AS "JULIET."

It was not until 1744, for the first time for one hundred years, as the playbill stated, that Shakespeare's tragedy was revived by Theophilus Cibber during a brief and unlicensed tenancy of the Haymarket Theatre, London; but it was with interpolations, excisions, alterations, with some of Otway's rubbish still clinging to it, and with speeches introduced from other works of the author, notably the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Miss Jenny Cibber was the *Juliet*, and that is all we know. The revival proving a success, probably suggested a similar experiment to Garrick, who six years later produced his version of the tragedy, which was the textbook of the play for another hundred years in London, and is still accepted, or was until very recently, in country theatres. It was a much nearer approach to the original than any previous attempts of the Shakespearean tinkers; some of the scenes were rearranged, portions of the dialogue transferred, and the catastrophe altered by the awaking of *Juliet* before *Romeo's* death. This necessitated the introduction of some blank verse by Mr. Garrick, who, although, an incomparable delineator of Shakespeare's characters, was by no means an adequate collaborateur, consequently the sublime simplicity of the original was marred by the introduction of such puerilities as:

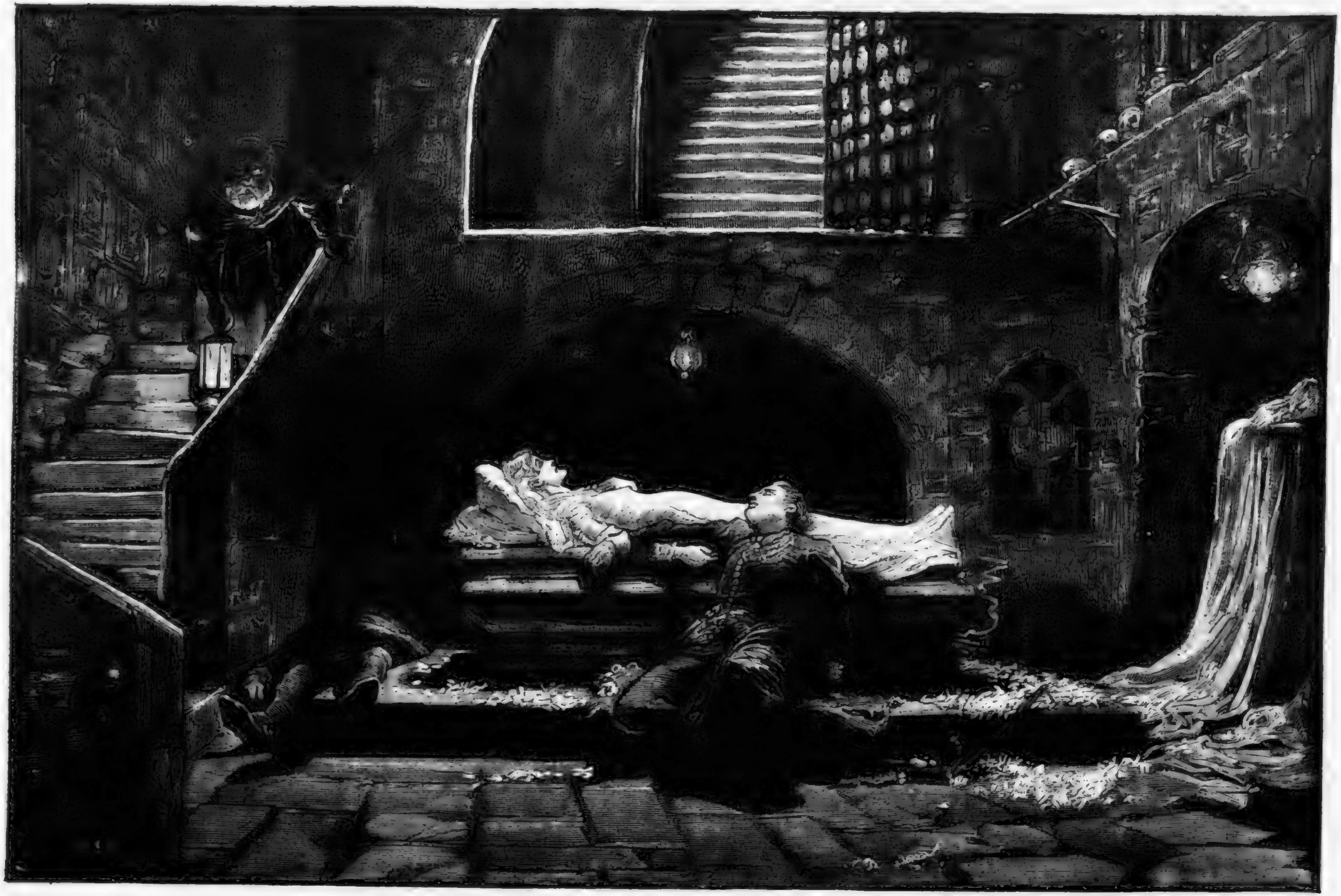
> "Parents have flinty hearts, tears will not move 'em," etc.

The audiences of that time, however, had to be grateful for small mercies, as far as Shakespeare was concerned. Here begins the true history of the play, and of the famous *Romeos* and *Juliets*. On the night of September 28th, 1750, in a spirit of rivalry between the two managements, the tragedy was produced both at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Garrick and George Anne Bellamy were the lovers at the first, "silver-tongued" Barry and Mrs. Cibber at the second. The version played at Covent Garden was probably Theophilus Cibber's, and Rich, the manager, who was great at the arrangement of spectacles, introduced a funeral procession, a piece of lugubrious bad taste which survived until within the last fifty years, and with a revival of which the London public were threatened at the Lyceum. The play at both theatres was so successful that it had a run of twelve nights at one and thirteen at the other; a run so unprecedented that it was the sensation of the year.

As far as the *Romeos* were concerned, Barry carried off the honors; he was one of the handsomest men of his day, with a fine presence and a most melodious voice; in the balcony scene he was said to be unapproachable, though he was inferior to Garrick in that with the *Friar*.

"Had I been *Juliet* to Garrick's *Romeo*," said a lady critic of the time, "so empassioned was he that I should have expected he would have come up to me; but had Barry been my lover, so seductive was he that I should certainly have jumped down to him. Of the *Juliets*, judged by the standard of that day, Covent Garden was also considered to have the best; perhaps had the audience been a modern one, it might have pronounced a more doubtful opinion.

Miss Bellamy, whose sad, romantic story has been frequently told, was then only nineteen, and in the perfection of her beauty. Most rapturous are the descriptions given of her soft blue eyes, her exquisite fairness that rendered her a very goddess of love. In the expression of all-absorbing passion she had no equal, and her style was



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS "JULIET."

natural and impulsive. Here was the ideal *Juliet* for the softer scenes.

Mrs. Cibber formed a remarkable contrast to this picture. She was universally considered to be the first tragic actress of her time, and though at this period verging on her fortieth year, her figure was said to have been still so symmetrical and perfectly proportioned that "it was impossible to view it and not think her young, or to look in her face and not think her handsome. Her voice was beyond conception plaintive and musical, yet far from deficient in power for the expression of resentment, and with the most equal command of features for the representation of pity, rage, complaisance, or disdain." Her tenderness was so natural that in pathetic parts she could not restrain her tears, and her face would grow pale even through her rouge. The critics of the time dwelt with enthusiastic delight upon her *Ophelia* and *Constance*, and an actress who could have been equally great in such totally opposite characters must have been truly remarkable.

"Other actresses," writes Dibdin, "may have had more fire, but I believe that all tragic characters, truly feminine, greatly conceived, and highly written, had a superior representative in Mrs. Cibber than in any other actress." But where she would have dissatisfied the moderns whom we suppose to be sitting in judgment upon her, would have been in her peculiar style of delivery, which was formed upon the French model and in the old school of the English stage, before Garrick made art give place to nature; it was a kind of recitative in a key pitched rather high; yet when the ear had grown accustomed to this manner, it must have had a certain charm in scenes of love and tenderness, especially when the voice was a silvery one. Tom Davies, the actor-bookseller, Johnson's old friend, has given in his "Dramatic Miscellanies" several analyses of her acting; but *Juliet* is not among the characters he notices; yet, I think, we may form from the foregoing descriptions a very fair idea of her method, and may conclude that while Bellamy's style, youth and beauty favored her in the earlier scenes of the play, the great powers of Mrs. Cibber must have been supreme in the more passionate.

After Garrick's revival of "Romeo and Juliet" it became a stock piece, and was frequently performed; but we do not hear, during the remainder of the century, of any actress being particularly distinguished in the leading part. Only once—it was for her benefit, in 1789—Mrs. Siddons played *Juliet* in London; although Perdita Robinson, Mrs. Hartley and many others attempted the part. So there is a lapse of sixty-four years before we come to another famous representative.

While starring in Dublin during the year 1814, John Kemble was greatly struck by the performances of a young Irish actress named O'Neill. She was the daughter of a strolling manager; she had been upon the stage since childhood, wandering about from town to town, enduring all the privations of a stroller's life, but learning her profession with a thoroughness that is impossible to the novice of the present day. It so happend that chance or destiny brought her and her father to the city of Dublin, at the time when the leading lady of that theatre, one Miss Walstein, presuming upon her popularity, had, for some real or imaginary offense, absented herself, and placed the manager in such a fix that he had either to close the theatre or find a substitute. Leading ladies were not so easy to be got on the other side of St. George's Channel in those days, and there was no wiring to London for one, nor railroad to convey her, like a new dress or a new bonnet between breakfast and dinner-time, from one capital to the other; so Mr. Manager had to take, with many misgivings, the young strolling actress, whom somebody had suggested to him as a *pis aller*. Probably the recalcitrant Walstein gloated over the anticipated failure, and the picture of the submissive manager imploring her on bended knees to remount her throne on any conditions she chose to name. If she entertained such hopes they were doomed to be sadly disappointed. Miss O'Neill made a decided hit, and the fickle public soon forgot their old favorite in their new one, who had attained a high position in the city, both as a lady and an artiste, when John Kemble offered her a three years' engagement at Covent Garden at £15, £16 and £17 a week. She closed with his offer, and her first appearance was fixed for the 6th of October, 1814, and in the character of *Juliet*.

Siddons had retired, and not before her waning powers had begun to make the rising generation somewhat skeptical touching the eulogies of their predecessors; in tragedy there was not an actress much above mediocrity at either of the great houses, and no more propitious time could have been selected for a *début*. Yet neither Kemble nor any of the company seem to have been at all sanguine as to the young lady's success. But it was very quickly assured; even at the end of the first act the audience had warmed to enthusiasm, and this rose with every succeeding scene until the great one in the fourth, when, as one of the newspapers of the day informs us, she received six distinct "peals" of applause, which culminated at the fall of the curtain in a rapturous ovation. Even those who had witnessed Siddons's *début* pronounced Miss O'Neill's to be one of the most successful first appearances ever known. Indeed, there was a repetition of the Siddons *furore*; crowds nightly fought at the doors for admission, and crowds nightly had to go away disappointed, even the huge capacity of Covent Garden being found utterly inadequate for their accommodation.

Whether Miss O'Neill was the greatest of all *Juliets*, as Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Siddons were the greatest of all *Lady Macbeths*, is a question impossible to determine, but certainly no other actress ever created so genuine a sensation in the character. For we must take into consideration that she came before the London public without puff or advertisement, to stand or fall upon her own merits. Theatrical management was a much simpler affair in those days—there were no photographs, no picture-posters or puff preliminary, no wonderful "get ups," no twenty to fifty pound advertisements to curb the critical pen, no paragraph-mongers, no special staff "to work the press"; a simple announcement in small type appeared "under the Clock" in the leading daily papers, to the effect that on October 6th, "Romeo and Juliet" would be performed, and Miss O'Neill, from the Theatre Royal, Dublin, would make her first appearance as *Juliet*. How many of the firework-stars of the present day would succeed under such circumstances? Yet her success was as overwhelming as had been that of the poor unknown stroller, Edmund Kean, only a few months previous. The critics burst forth into an almost unanimous pæan of praise, and even those who checked their enthusiasm did so only on the grounds that the young actress could not render them forgetful of Mrs. Siddons in such parts as *Belvidera*, *Monimia*, *Isabella*. From the numerous contemporary criticisms still extant a very distinct idea of her conception of the character may be formed. One of the coldest was written by a Siddons worshiper, Hazlitt: "Though not of the first order of fine forms, her figure is of that respectable kind which will not interfere with the characters she represents. Her deportment is not particularly graceful; there is a heaviness and want of firmness about it. Her features are regular, and the upper part of her face finely expressive of terror or sorrow. It has that mixture of beauty and passion which we admire so much in some of the antique statues. The lower part of her face is not equally good. From a want of fullness or flexibility about the mouth, her laugh is not at any time pleasing, and where it is a laugh of terror, is distorted and painful. Her voice, without being musical, is distinct, powerful, and capable of every necessary exertion. Her action is impressive and simple. She looks the part she has to perform, and fills up the pauses in the words by the varied expression of her countenance or gestures, without anything artificial, pointed, or far-fetched. In the silent expression of feeling, we have seldom witnessed anything finer than her acting, where she is told of *Romeo's* death, her listening to the *Friar's* story of the poison, and her change of manner toward the *Nurse*, when she advises her to marry *Paris*. Her delivery of the speeches in the scenes where she laments *Romeo's* banishment, and anticipates her waking in the tomb, marked the fine play and undulation of natural sensibility, rising and falling with the gusts of passion, and at last worked up into an agony of despair, in which imagination approaches the brink of frenzy. Her actually screaming at the imaginary sight of *Tybalt's* ghost appeared to us the only instance of extravagance or caricature. Not only is there a distinction to be kept up between physical and intellectual horror (for the latter becomes more general, internal, and absorbed in proportion as it becomes more intense), but the scream, in the present instance, startled the audience, as it preceded the speech which explained its meaning. Perhaps the emphasis given to the exclamation, 'And Romeo banished,' and to the description of *Tybalt*, 'festering in his shroud,' was too much in that epigrammatic, pointed style, which we think inconsistent with the severe and simple dignity of tragedy. In the last scene, at the tomb with *Romeo*, which, however, is not from Shakespeare, though it tells admirably on the stage, she did not produce the effect we expected. Miss O'Neill seemed least successful in the former part of the character, in the garden-scene, etc. The expression of tenderness bordered on hoydening and affectation."

We gather from this criticism that the shriek in the potion scene, since adopted by every actress in the part, was then considered a startling innovation. Leigh Hunt said of her that "Love, tenderness and sorrow were never represented with more effectual truth." But he adds in another place that she had little or none of that transcendent power which is called genius. In particularizing points, the critics tell us how, in the first scene, she made a fine distinction between her reverence for her mother and her fascinating condescension to her *Nurse*, never forgetting in either instance that she was the child of a noble house, a sentiment that would certainly be inborn and unconscious in a Capulet. In the balcony scene we are told that previous representatives had lacked engaging softness; they were too forward—too light in their manner, but O'Neill was all fervor and delicacy. Her elaborate business in coaxing the *Nurse* to deliver her message was new to the audiences of the time. She made a fine picture upon the line,

"Shall I of force be married to the Count?"

by the determined air with which she drew the dagger, her eyes glaring with despair. Her potion scene was universally admired, though, as we have seen, Hazlitt took exception to her shriek, which she repeated when, in her excited fancy, she sees *Tybalt's* ghost seeking out her husband. In her first representation it was objected that her business was too long after drinking the potion; "but," adds the critic, "the exquisite portrait was such a feast to the eye, as to make the memory forgetful of the time." This business was afterward modified. Her last scene was highly praised; the cold, vacant gaze with which she rose from the grave, the wildness of her joy when she found *Romeo* by her side—for, it must be remembered, she played the Garrick version previously described—and her agony of despair, and her wild embraces as he fell dead in her arms. Most of the critics consider that she was too light and playful in the garden scene; but in the latter part of the play she gave "full glorious vent to the tide of love and sorrow. Her highest effort, perhaps, was in portraying of a tremulous rapture bordering on frenzy, an inspiration of delight portentous of sudden and fearful disaster. She was worthy to express all the best sympathies and noblest triumphs of her sex. In the delineation of confiding love, of generous rapture, of feminine elevation of soul, she has had no equal within our memory, and can never have a superior." But the finest of all the descriptions of her acting is that given by Macready, in his "Reminiscences": "Our seats in the orchestra of Covent Garden gave me the opportunity of noting every slightest flush of emotion or shade of thought that passed over her countenance. The charming picture that she presented was one that time could not efface from the memory. It was not altogether the matchless beauty of form and face, but the spirit of her perfect innocence and purity, that seemed to glisten in her speaking eyes and breathe from her chiseled lips. To her might be ascribed the negative praise—in my mind the highest commendation that, as an artist, man or woman can receive—of a total absence of affectation. There was in her look, voice and manner an artlessness, an apparent unconsciousness (so foreign to the generality of stage performers), that riveted the spectator's gaze; but when with altered tones, and eager glance, she inquired, as he lingeringly left her, the name of *Romeo* of the *Nurse*, and bade her go and learn it, the revolution in her whole being was evident, anticipating the worst:

'If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.'

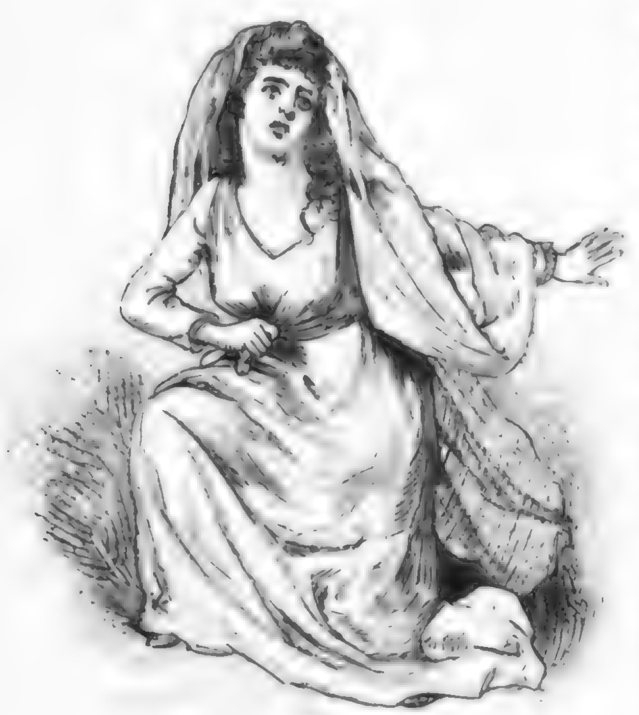
I have heard objections to the warmth of her passionate confessions in the garden scene; but the love of the maid of sunny Italy is not to be measured and judged by the phlegmatic formalist.

'My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have: for both are infinite,'

is her heart's utterance. Love was to her life; not valued if unsustained by love. Such was the impression Miss O'Neill's conception of the character made, rendering the catastrophe the only natural refuge of a guileless passion so irresistible and absorbing. In the second act the impatience of the love-sick maid to obtain tidings of her lover was delightfully contrasted with the winning playfulness with which she so dexterously lured back to doting fondness the pettish humor of the testy old *Nurse*, and in rushing to her appointment at the *Friar's* cell her whole soul was in the utterance of the words,

'Hie to high fortune; honest Nurse, farewell.'

The desperate alternative to which the command of *Capulet* that she should marry *Paris* reduced her, transformed the gentle girl at once into a heroine, and the



MRS. KEMBLE AS "JULIET."

distracting contention of her fears and resolution rose to a frantic climax of passion, abruptly closed by her exclamation,

> 'Romeo, I come. This do I drink to thee.'

Through my whole experience hers was the only representation of *Juliet* I have seen; and as the curtain fell I left my seat in the orchestra with the words of Iachimo in my mind,

> 'All of her that is out of door most rich! . . .
> She is alone the Arabian bird.'"

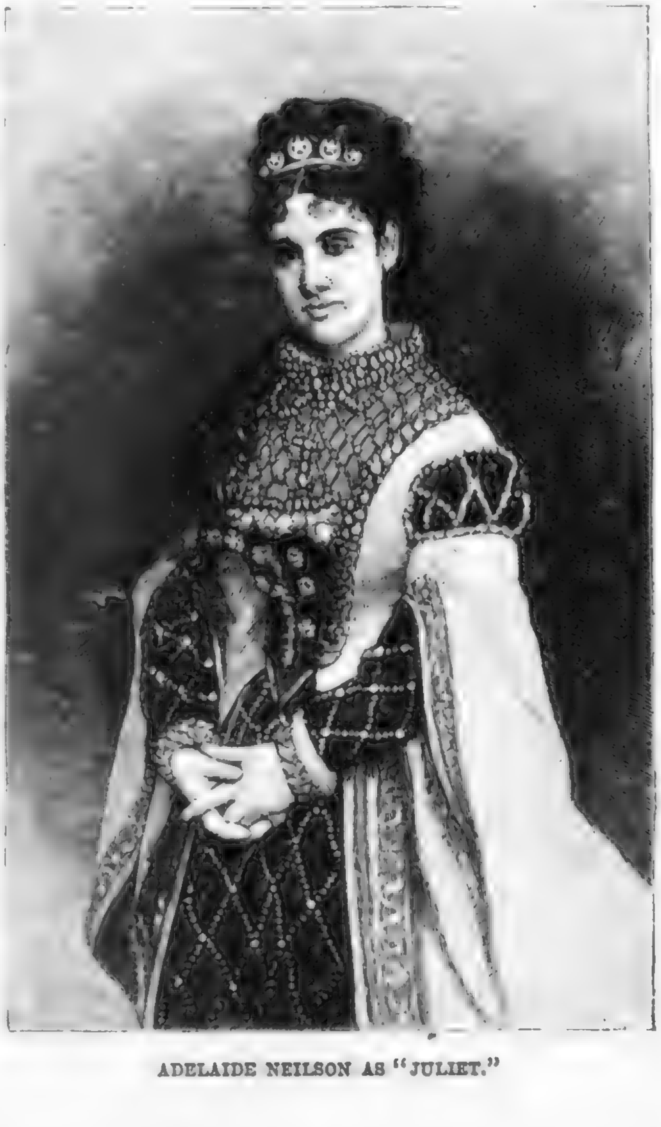
When unswayed by prejudice or jealousy, an intellectual actor must be the finest judge of his own art, since no outsider can so thoroughly understand its difficulties and niceties, or have bestowed the same study upon its requirements; therefore Macready's criticism should be regarded as the most valuable of any that have been quoted.

Miss O'Neill's fame soon spread throughout the country, and in her starring engagements she obtained as much as £75 a night, while even Edmund Kean was playing for £50. At the end of five years she had made £30,000, and, after having been engaged to a young nobleman, with whom she broke on account of his dissolute life, was married to Mr. Wrixon Beecher, M.P. for Mallow, and lived long enough to see all the famous *Juliets* of our time. She died in 1872, being then eighty-one years of age.

It was on the stage of Covent Garden that the next famous *Juliet*, Fanny Kemble, made her appearance. How her father, Charles Kemble, then manager, had fallen into such difficulties that he was on the point of closing the house when his daughter came to the rescue, is a story that has been too frequently told to require repetition. She says in her "Records" that it was the thought of the seven hundred people employed in the theatres being thrown on the world almost more than her personal interests that forced upon her the idea of becoming an actress. Her parents had not destined her for the stage, neither had she any *penchant* for such a career, and it was only the desperate condition of their affairs that induced them to listen to the suggestion. She chose *Juliet* as her trial part; and after her mother had heard her recite some of the scenes, it was arranged one afternoon that she should go down to the theatre, when all the people were away, and rehearse upon the stage, with her father alone for spectator. "Set down in the midst of the twilight space as it were," she says, "with only my father's voice coming to me from where he stood scarcely distinguishable in the gloom, in those poetical utterances of pathetic passion I was seized with the spirit of the thing; my voice resounded through the great vault above and before me, and completely carried away by the inspiration of the wonderful play, I acted *Juliet* as I do not believe I ever acted it again, for I had no visible *Romeo*, and no visible audience to thwart my imagination, at least I had no consciousness of any, though in truth I had one."

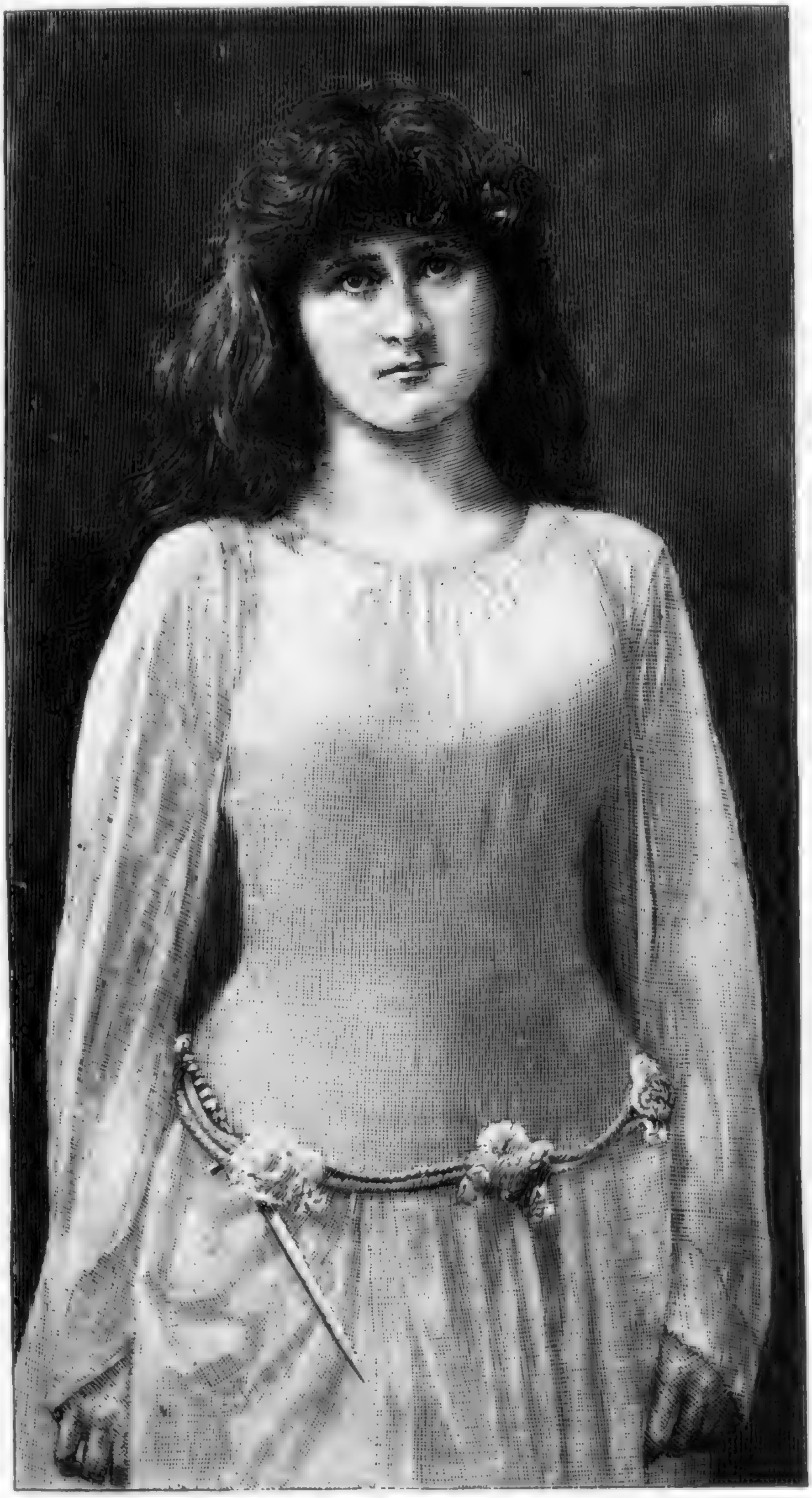
This was a gentleman she calls Major D., a very fine judge of acting, who said, "Bring her out at once, it will be a great success." So it was decided that she should appear in three weeks from that time, that is to say on October 1st, 1829. The costume was now the subject of much anxious debate; but it was decided that she should wear the traditional stage costume, "which was simply a dress of plain white satin, with a long train, with short sleeves, with a low body; my hair was dressed in the fashion I usually wore it; a girdle of fine paste brilliants, and a small comb of the same, which held up my hair, were the only theatrical parts of the dress, which was so perfectly simple and as unlike what *Juliet* ever wore as possible."

Her remarks upon this choice should be weighed by



ADELAIDE NEILSON AS "JULIET."

the ultra realists, who are smothering the poetry of the stage with a pedantic antiquarianism that is rapidly bringing us to a reaction in favor of conventionality. "I have often admired the consummate good sense with which, confronted by a whole array of authorities, historical, artistic, æsthetic, my mother stoutly maintained, in their despite, that nothing was to be adopted on the stage that was in itself ugly, ungraceful, or even curiously antiquated and singular, however correct it might be with reference to the particular period, or even to authoritative portraits of characters of the play. The passion, sentiment, actions, and sufferings of human beings, she argued, were the main concerns of a fine drama, not the clothes."



MARY ANDERSON AS "JULIET."

Although so nervous in the earlier scenes of the play as to be quite inaudible, the encouraging demonstration that she received from the crowded house soon roused her to enthusiasm, and long before the curtain fell her success was triumphant. The play was performed for a hundred and twenty nights, but, with a judiciousness unknown to modern managers, only three times a week, for there is nothing so destructive to histrionic art as these hundreds of consecutive performances that are now the rule; it must render the finest acting mechanical, accentuate every objectionable peculiarity of style, lead up to exaggerations, and destroy much of the delicacy of feeling which is the very aroma of the art; even enthusiasm must in time give way before the weariness of monotony. It must be borne in mind, however, that Miss Fanny Kemble's *début* was quite another thing to that of Miss O'Neill; the story had spread abroad that a charming young girl, not seventeen years of age, had adopted an arduous profession from no other desire than that of saving her father from ruin, and hundreds of people from being thrown out of employment. What more powerful appeal could be made to public sympathy? And there were youth, and a charming face and figure — and how charming they were we can see for ourselves in portraits still far from rare—to add to a foregone conclusion that she would be greeted with tremendous acclamation, and that whatever her performance might be, it would be applauded to the echo.

Her acting was undoubtedly fresh, with much passion and poetry in it, and a great deal of posing; as, for instance, in the potion scene, where she used to rush from the back of the stage to the proscenium as though driving the apparition of *Tybalt* before her, and then fall upon one knee in an attitude which some poetic admirers designated her "Canova." But she never felt "the fine frenzy" of he art, she could never divest herself of the consciousness that *Juliet's* balcony and *Juliet's* tomb were only wood and canvas; indeed she had a fine-lady disdain of a profession to which no persons were ever more indebted than her own family. She bears witness to the fact that her different performances were so unequal, that sometimes after the curtain fell her mother, who never missed one, would take her in her arms and cry, "Beautiful, my dear!" but quite as often her judgment was, "Your performance was not fit to be seen!"

There was a very famous revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Haymarket, in 1846, with the Cushmans;

but as it was the *Romeo*—and such a *Romeo*, so fervid, so full of power and passion the stage has never seen, at least since the days of Barry—who carried off the honors, it does not come within the scope of this article.

During the early part of the Summer of 1863 the curiosity of fashionable playgoers was excited by the report that a young actress from the Comédie Française was about to make her first appearance in London in the character of Shakespeare's *Juliet;* and on June 24th in that year Mlle. Stella Colas achieved a notable triumph at the Princess's Theatre. A young, *petite* blonde, with a lovely face, charming in repose, yet capable of every tender and passionate expression, she created a highly favorable impression on her first entrance, and spite of her strongly marked accent, this feeling rose to enthusiasm in the balcony scene; her acting was French rather than Italian, it lacked the deep-souled intensity that has scarcely ever been given to the scene; some of the business was too coquettish, as when she peeped at *Romeo* through the cluster of roses gathered about the window; but she had soul and fire, *abandon* yet perfect purity, and that natural ardor which can alone infect an audience with a corresponding enthusiasm. In the more tragic parts she was even finer. Full of power and variety was the scene where she was informed of *Romeo's* banishment. Her anguish at the first news, her flush of hatred against her cousin's slayer, with the instantaneous revulsion of feeling upon the *Nurse's* censure of her husband, carried the spectators by storm. Even finer was the scene with the *Friar*; the agony of excitement in which she rushed to him with her terrible news, her frenzied recapitulation of the horrors she would go through rather than marry *Paris*, pausing between each as though searching in her mind for some image more dreadful than the last. The potion scene was splendidly played. And the next day all London was talking about the new *Juliet*. Mlle. Colas, however, proved but a shooting star upon the theatrical horizon; she went to St. Petersburg, and we saw her no more.

Two years later, in July, 1865, a young girl, not fifteen years of age, a pupil of John Ryder's, appeared at that most un-Shakespearean of dramatic temples, the Royalty, in this same ambitious *rôle*, and impressed every critic present with the conviction that there was a distinguished future before her. Need it be said that the name of the young aspirant was Adelaide Neilson? Her performance of the part must be too well remembered by playgoers to need any lengthened description here. From her father, who was a Spaniard, she inherited that essentially southern type which stamped her beauty; and of all the *Juliets* of whom we have any record no one could ever have been in person so ideal a representative; it was an almost faultless face, with its full ripe lips, its large lustrous eyes, and exquisite harmony of feature. Neilson's was essentially the *Juliet* of passion, perhaps a little violent, a little lacking in refinement, and a little hard at times; but its real power and fervor carried the spectator away, and made him forget such shortcomings. What a fine point she made in the ballroom scene, where the shy girl flashed from timid curiosity to passion when she bade the *Nurse* follow *Romeo* and learn his name! Again when the *Friar* gave her the potion, the change from blank horror and despair to hopeful joy at the thought of waking in *Romeo's* arms, and her snatching the vial and smothering it with kisses as she rushed from the stage. Many other excellences would we fain dwell upon did space permit. Poor Neilson! hers was a sad fate, cut off in the very zenith of her powers, her life lost by pure neglect.

We must pass over Mr. Irving's notable production of the tragedy with the briefest notice; it is too fresh in the memory of the public, and its beauties and shortcomings have been too frequently discussed and worn threadbare, to need revival here. *Juliet* cannot be numbered among Miss Ellen Terry's successes; as *Ophelia, Desdemona, Portia*, she is incomparable, but neither her style nor physique is suitable to *Juliet*. Yet one or two scenes, notably that with the *Nurse* in the second act, was exquisitely beautiful. Pass we now to the last representative of Shakespeare's hapless heroine, Miss Mary Anderson.

It is a saying among actors that a woman can never play *Juliet* until she is too old to look it, and it is, except in rare instances, an unfortunate truism. A perfect realization of Shakespeare's heroine is almost a physical and mental impossibility; wanted, a beauty of the Italian type, a girlish figure, all the freshness, poetry, and enthusiasm of an ideal youth, and all the fervor, passion, and self-devotion of the noblest womanhood; such a combination, under the given circumstances of the play, is quite probable in nature, but scarcely realizable, in all its perfections, in art, unless by a genius almost as rare as the creator's; and no actress who has ever attempted the part of late has been further from such a standard of excellence than Miss Mary Anderson. That she is a beautiful woman is unquestionable, but it is a very charming young English or American lady who steps from behind a curtain—somewhat *à la Galatea*—on to the stage, and speaks with such pretty artificiality, such measured cadence, such an air of innocence as a French girl, fresh from a convent, might assume, and about as real. The same remarks apply to the ballroom scene; the little bit of preliminary love-making is graceful and pleasing, but one longs for one breath of spontaneity. The act closes with a very stagey piece of business: instead of *Romeo* passing off, as usual, with one lingering look, he goes to her, takes her hand and holds it for some seconds, and then walks slowly backward off the stage. Before touching on the balcony scene, let us hear what that fine Shakespearean critic, Hazlitt, has to say about it: "The character of *Juliet* is a pure effusion of nature. It is as serious and as much in earnest as it is frank and susceptible. It has all the exquisite voluptuousness of youthful innocence. There is not the slightest appearance of coquetry in it, no sentimental languor, no meretricious assumption of fondness to take her lover by surprise. She ought not to laugh when she says, 'I have forgot why did I call thee back,' as if conscious of the artifice, nor hang in a fondling posture over the balcony. Shakespeare has given a fine idea of the composure of the character when he describes her, leaning her cheek upon her arm."

Every line of this passage is condemnatory of Miss Anderson's conception and execution. Were she representing the heroine of a modern novel—one of those languid, flaccid young ladies, filled with vague, unsatisfied desires, and bored with life at its very sunrise—her acting in this scene would be a very charming and natural performance, tender and graceful, and sufficiently fervent for a passionless age; but that soft, cooing figure, that lolled and flopped—pardon the words, but no others are equally expressive—now upon the balustrade, now against the wall or window, bore not the faintest resemblance to that soul of fire which Shakespeare has drawn. Would this girl have braved the horrors of the tomb for love, and immolated herself on the body of her husband? For there should be no surprises in true art, as there are really none in human nature for those who have the power of reading character, and the actor should always indicate by subtle suggestion those phases of his part which have yet to be unfolded; thus there should be a fervor and intensity, a depth of soul in this scene, to prepare the spectator for what is to follow. The new *Juliet*, had she been in the place of *Capulet's* fair daughter, would have wept, sobbed, remonstrated, and sulked, but in the end submitted to papa, married "the man of wax," and in a twelvemonth *Romeo* would have been but a sentimental memory. In the first scene with the *Nurse* some pretty acting might have been expected, but with Ellen Terry's exquisite rendering fresh in the memory, it is a terrible disappointment, for even its coaxing is spiritless and inanimate. Far worse is that crucial test upon which so many actresses break down, the scene in which the *Nurse* tells of *Tybalt's* death; the Italian girl so "light of foot," intoxicated with the rapture of passion, fretting at the slow movement of the hours that divide her from her husband's arms, walks with a languid gait upon the stage; drops upon a seat at an open window in a photographic attitude, and drawls out in almost inaudible tones:

> "Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds."

There is no reality in this, it is not the poetry of Shakespeare, it is the exaggerated maudlin sentiment of a novel-crammed schoolgirl, who will by-and-by develop into the most matter-of-fact of baby-worshiping mammas. What follows, in the same scene, from an artistic point of view, is crude and formless, half-conceived, and what is conceived lacking the power of expression, sobs, moans, whines, hand-wringings, broken now and again by lines not without power, but unfelt and forced out of chaos in a mere desperate attempt to grasp the sympathies of the audience which she can feel are not with her. The parting scene is photographically pretty, dramatically unreal. It is after *Capulet* has laid his command upon her to marry *Paris*, and the *Nurse* counsels her to obey, that the ardent girl is suddenly transformed into the heroic woman; and here Miss Anderson rises to a certain dignity and power; but the transition is unnatural, she has leaped in an instant from a sentimental drawing-room young lady to a tragedy queen, deep-voiced, statuesque, a something that the girl of the preceding acts could never by any possibility have developed into, and least of all the *Juliet* of Shakespeare, who in whatever she did would have been fiery and impetuous; and whether rushing to her husband's arms, to the tomb, or to the stake, it would have been with swift foot, glowing eyes, trembling lips, an exalted frenzy of enthusiasm, not with melodramatic stalk, stony glance, and cold determination; such might have been the mien of a northern woman under the circumstances, but not of this daughter of the sun. The lack of subtle insight in the actress is glaringly shown in the scene that follows, where she meets *Paris* in *Friar Laurence's* cell. Fresh from the foul suggestion of the *Nurse*, which has so stricken her as to change her whole nature, the sight of this man would be loathsome, the touch of his fingers and more of his lips would be poison to her; but Miss Anderson has forgotten all this, and stands pretty and submissive, allowing him to hold her hand; she receives his kiss without a shudder, and maintains such a placid demeanor that a person not conversant with the play might think there was hope for him yet. The potion scene is by far the best of the performance; the varying phases of the wonderful speech are only faintly marked, but it gives indication of a power that in characters of a less impulsive nature will yet, when she has learned those rudiments of her art which the modern actor chooses to despise, secure her, it may be, a high success. The death scene is weak and unimpressive.

From the first scene to the last Miss Anderson is never, to use a theatrical phrase, in the part, Shakespeare's *Juliet;* physically and mentally destitute of passion and enthusiasm—at least, upon the stage—she has not the dramatic power to simulate them. In those parts of the play where frenzied and conflicting emotions

> "tread upon one another's heels,
> So fast they follow,"

she is lost, helpless, and has to fall back upon the poorest devices of the art, sometimes so commonplace as to be almost ludicrous in their bathos.

Never before has the play received such scenic illustration. Indeed, the fault is on the side of over-elaboration. To witness such marvelous changes as a lady's chamber turning into the pillared aisles of a church, with flights of steps and iron gateways, all built solid as though of veritable stone, is very astonishing, but the constant sound of the prompter's whistle, which we thought had long since vanished with other stage traditions, and a suggestion of pantomime transformations, jar upon the taste. So poetical a balcony scene, so perfect a realization of an ideal Italian garden, has never before been seen upon the stage; but in several others, notably the tomb scene, the spectacle, in fine poetic feeling and that admirable sense of the fitness of things which is the distinguishing trait of all Mr. Irving's productions, is inferior to the previous revival at this theatre.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

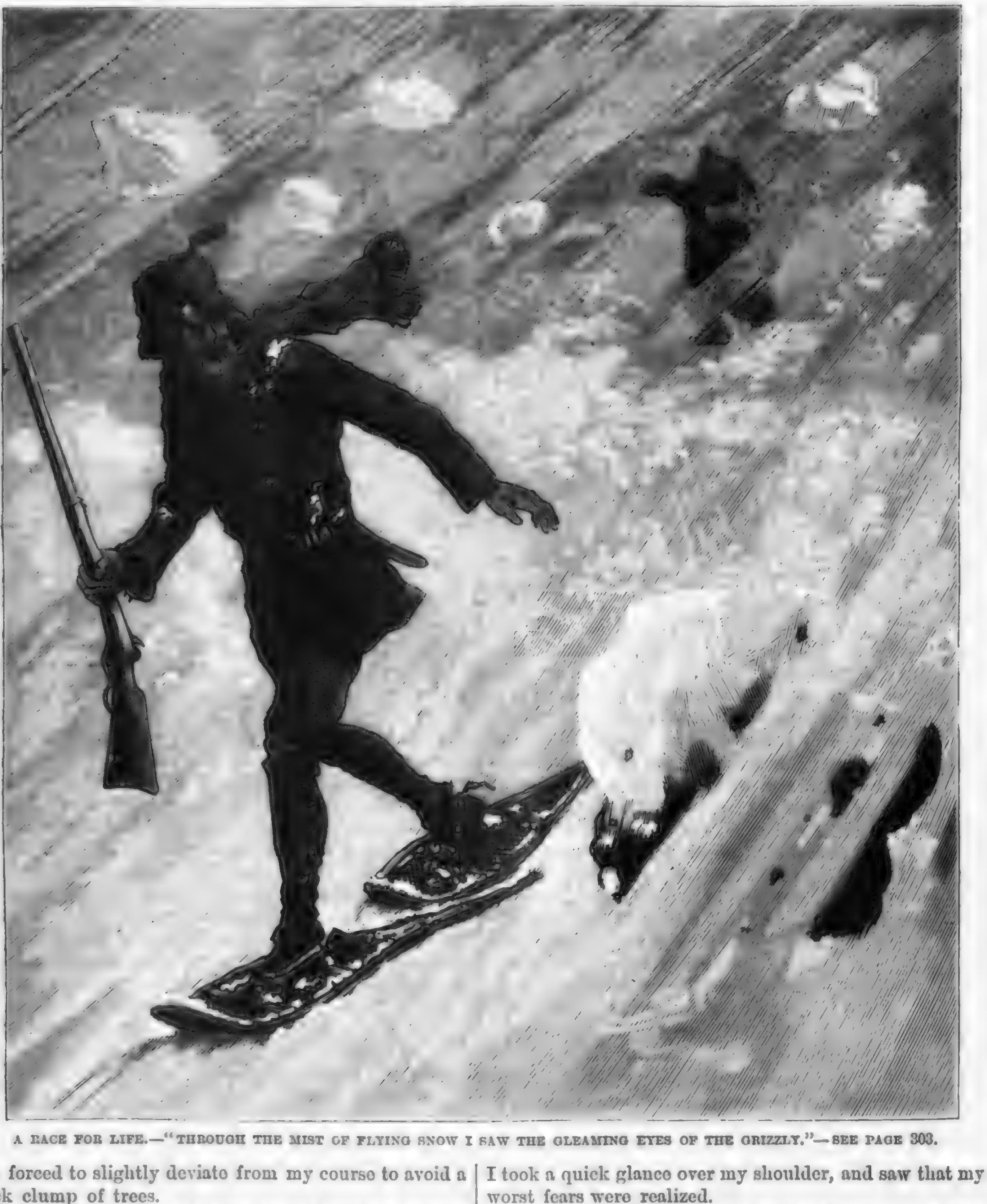
THRILLING and marvelous are the adventures of those who go up in the mountains in search of gold, and many are the hair-breadth escapes experienced; but it seldom happens that such a combination of terrors are met with as were encountered by George T. Clark, of Denver, Col., in his recent trip to Breckinridge, near which place he has some valuable mining-property. Mr. Clark has just returned from Breckinridge.

"I started out one morning," he said, "to visit a mountain located about six miles southeast of Breckinridge for the purpose of finding whether the assessment work had been done on some valuable property. I went on horseback to the base of the mountain, tied my horse and went up the side on snowshoes, carrying a rifle and staff. The snow was four feet deep.

"The walk was a good, stiff one of four and a half miles. I attended to the work I had in hand, and, as the day was fine, I determined on enjoying a somewhat more extended hunt than I had originally intended. I skirted around a clump of aspens on the northeast side of the mountain, keeping the location of my horse in sight, and passed over the range and struck up through some straggling pines for a mile or more, keeping close to the ridge. I got on to the fresh track of a bear, and followed this up close to timber line, and, finding that the game had crossed the ridge, I determined to follow.

"I again passed over the ridge, and for the first time discovered that I was much higher than I had any desire to be. Still, there was a good decline before me, nearly five miles over which I could skim on my snowshoes like a bird on the wing. It was very steep, however, and had I been less expert in the use of snowshoes, I should have hesitated to attempt the descent; but bracing my staff under my arm, setting my course for the direction of my horse, and slinging my rifle in such a manner that it could be brought readily into use in case I caught sight of the bear, which I observed had taken the route that I was about to follow, I started.

"The snow was just right for coasting, and I swept along like the wind down the mountain-side. I had only proceeded about a quarter of a mile, however, when I was forced to slightly deviate from my course to avoid a thick clump of trees.



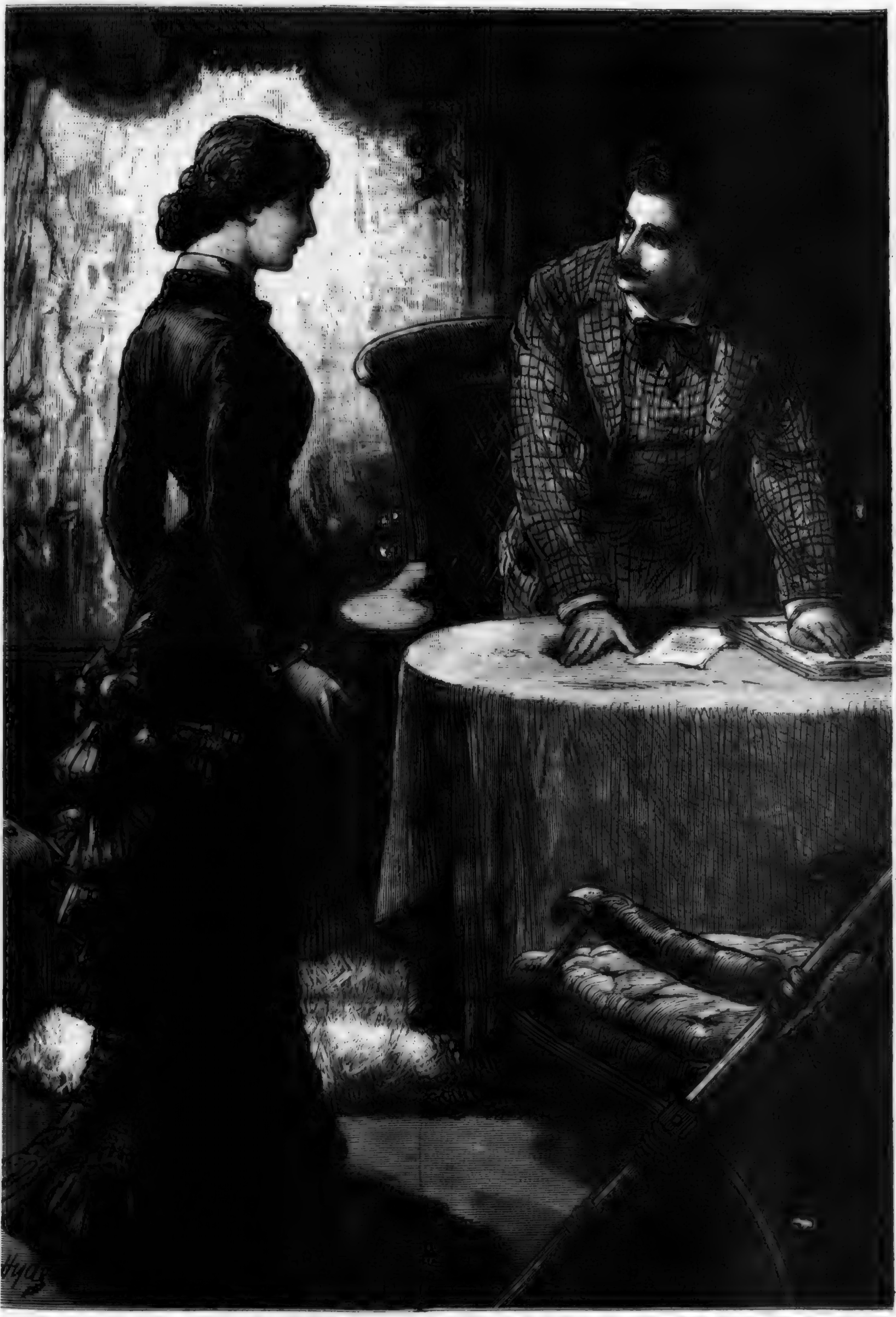
A RACE FOR LIFE.—"THROUGH THE MIST OF FLYING SNOW I SAW THE GLEAMING EYES OF THE GRIZZLY."—SEE PAGE 303.

"Suddenly the head of a huge grizzly bear was pushed out from under some wild-rose bushes—on the seeds of which bears feed—almost directly in front of me, and not more than ten rods ahead. Quick as a flash I brought my rifle to my shoulder and fired. I knew that I had struck the bear, for he gave a roar of pain and rushed after me. I went by like a flash.

"Settling back on his haunches, and placing his fore-paws in front of him, he started after me. I was not much alarmed at this, however, as I had frequently seen grizzly bears slide down mountains in this way, and felt certain that I could beat one of them. But in the rush he had made at me I noticed that he had loosened a lot of snow, and the fear of a snowslide shot across my mind. I took a quick glance over my shoulder, and saw that my worst fears were realized.

"I knew that nothing could stop the slide. If it were not for the pursuit of the bear, I could have stopped at the start, and allowed the comparatively light rush of snow to pass me; but it was already too late for this, and the bear was gaining on me.

"The bear roared with pain from the wound I had inflicted upon him, until his voice was gradually drowned



THE STORY OF A STORY.—"THE NEXT MOMENT CHRISTINE STOOD BEFORE HIM. 'YOU WILL NOT HAVE FAR TO LOOK FOR THE CULPRIT,' SHE SAID; 'SHE IS BEFORE YOU.'"—SEE PAGE 307.

out by the increasing roar of the snowslide, which was already an awful avalanche. I did not dare to look again for several moments, during which I shot through half a mile of clear space, and struck through a clump of heavy pines. Occasionally a boulder which had become disengaged from the main mass of snow and *débris* would come alongside of me, and then leave me in the race, carried on by its greater gravity.

"Entering the clump of pines, I again glanced momentarily, and through the mist of flying snow, not more than a rod behind, I saw the gleaming eyes of the grizzly. Then all my attention was required to steer my course safely, at the mad gait at which I was going, through the trees.

"In an instant I had whisked through this forest, the trees of which appeared to be flying up the mountain in a grand charge against the now overwhelming mass of snow and rocks, and in another instant they had joined the conquering avalanche and were engaged in hot pursuit of the bear and me.

"I could scarcely see on account of the blinding drift of loosened snow which had been aroused, and the speed at which I was sweeping down the mountain-side. Suddenly I found myself flying through the open air, and then again I struck the mountain. I had passed over a dreadful gully at least a hundred feet in the clear, and the thought flashed across me that I had at least got rid of the bear. But hot breath upon my neck convinced me of my error. The bear had also crossed the gully in safety, and was still gaining upon me. He evidently felt that he had me, and gave a savage roar of triumph, which sounded above the roar and din of the avalanche.

"I was saved by a miracle. I glanced over my head just in time to see a huge boulder crush the bear's skull and bound harmlessly over my head. But while the bear was out of the race the odds were largely in favor of a snowslide for a winner. Already the drifting snow was above my knees, and I expected momentarily to share the fate of the bear from some of the boulders hurled out of the terrible mass of moving matter so close behind him. I had still a mile and a half to go, and while I was sweeping along with almost lightning speed, the conviction was growing upon me that I would soon be a part of the snowslide.

"Suddenly, as if by inspiration, a thought flashed through my mind. It was that I could increase my speed by adding to my specific gravity. I cast my eye quickly to one side, and seeing a boulder bound out of the mass of matter, I grasped it in my arms. The effort almost cost me my life, for if the snow had not been piled up to my armpits I would doubtless have been carried off my feet. In an instant I saw that I had reasoned correctly, for my speed began to increase at a frightful rate. I fairly flew along, and before I had made half a mile more of the distance the snow around me scarcely covered my snowshoes, and boulders were quietly sailing along by my side, sometimes knocking against me, but doing me no harm.

"The speed was too great to keep my head, and for the moment I must have lost consciousness. When I came to myself I felt my speed greatly diminished. In an instant I realized the situation. I had struck the gulch, and was sweeping over it at a still frightful speed, but with the dreadful snowslide tumbling down upon my head.

"In an instant I threw the boulder away, and dropped my rifle and staff, and prepared myself for a dash up the opposite mountain, in the hope of getting above the tremendous torrent which was filling up the gulch.

"I seemed to bound into the air as I struck the mountain and swept up its side, carried on by the fearful impetus which I had attained. The great wave struck the mountain, too, and exhausted its fury in one wild dash, which raised a column of snow hundreds of feet in height and shook the hills with its deafening roar. The column fell and closed around me, burying me completely under it just where I had come to a standstill. I put up my hand, and I felt the open air above me, and knew that I was safe. I worked my shoes up as an incline, and soon found myself on top of the snow. I looked around me, and all was quiet again.

"I knew that there was no need to search for my horse, as he was buried beneath hundreds of feet of snow and rock; but protruding through the snow I saw the foot of a grizzly bear. I went over and pulled it out. It was the bone and foot, that was all, but it was evidently a portion of the cause of the trouble. I threw it over my shoulder and walked to Breckinridge, where I dined upon the bear's meat."

AMONG THE SAVAGES OF FORMOSA.

The hut in which I found myself, and it was a fair sample of the rest, was of the rudest possible description. The doorway was so small that it was a task to get in; the walls were composed of the branches of trees stuck into the ground a few inches apart, the interstices being filled with bits of chopped wood; the roof was thatched with grass. Three sides were occupied by raised bamboo sleeping-platforms, some fifteen inches above the ground; there were no windows. At one side was a slight depression in the ground, which served as a fireplace, logs of trees being laid over it, end to end, and constantly pushed further in as they gradually consumed away.

All the village crowded in—women, young girls, and children of all sizes; but the male savages, with a few exceptions, were all absent on a hunting expedition, having been gone several days.

From the roof were suspended various requisites of the chase—bows, arrows, and deerskins—besides sundry articles of domestic use, all of the rudest kind.

Having had something to eat, I strolled out amongst the other huts, and everywhere was well received. What particularly struck me was the fearlessness of the women and girls and the frankness of the children, who were most interesting. They came close up to me, examined my clothes with their large dark eyes, pulled my beard, and were never tired of looking at my watch. They are bright, and I should say intelligent, and incomparably more interesting than the Chinese children—so simple, natural, and unsophisticated. All smoke, from the youngest to the oldest of both sexes, and it was truly ludicrous to see tiny mites of certainly not three Summers—stark naked—with pipes in their mouths. The women and girls carry their pipes of tobacco stuck in their hair, somewhat in the style of the *liangpat'ou* head-dress of the Pekingese ladies, and keep the tobacco-bags hung round their necks. They at once offered me a smoke. Some of them were playing upon a curious kind of jew's-harp, made out of a slip of bamboo with threads at each end, whilst one girl, of about sixteen, danced. The dance was neither a fandango nor a bolero, nor yet a minuet, but had some resemblance to all three; it was so intensely grotesque that I laughed uncontrollably. No sooner had she finished than the girls came to me, and offering me a jew's-harp, made signs to me to dance.

The harp alone was a sufficient mystery to me, but when the minuet was added the tableau was complete; my audience threw themselves down and screamed with laughing.

From this performance I passed to a scene of somewhat different character: a few yards along a path, a step to one side, and I stood before a scaffold of camphor-branches, on which reposed a grinning row of human skulls, the heads of Chinese slain in raids.

LITTLE TIM.

I.

OVER the paling peeped little Tim,
With a roguish look in his bright black eyes;
He called to the children to come to him,
And help him catch the butterflies.
Browned and burned by the Summer's sun,
Under a hat of plaited straw,
Hopeful, healthy, and full of fun,
Was the cheerful face I saw.

II.

I heard the hum of the honey-bees,
The chirp of grasshoppers still and clear;
The robins singing amid the trees;
The clattering scythes in the meadows near;
The rustling wind through the apple boughs,
The murmuring sound of the hillside stream;
The tinkling bells on the distant cows,
While I sat in a sweet day-dream.

III.

I fashioned a future for my boy,
As only a hopeful mother can;
My soul seemed filled with a sense of joy—
I saw him grow to a goodly man:
The prop and stay of my feeble frame,
The pride and hope of my later day:
He mounted the splendid heights of fame—
Men uttered his honest praise!

IV.

To-day, while the Winter winds blew shrill
Through the moaning pines in the vale below,
We bore him sadly over the hill,
And laid him under the drifting snow,
Under the willows blank and bare,
Under the dark clouds cold and gray,
Under the snow-flakes white and fair,
We buried our hopes to-day.

V.

I dream again, while to-night I stand
By my window and gaze at the howling storm,
Of my little boy in the Better Land;
And I seem to see his shining form
Through a rift in the clouds, while I watch and wait
For the joyous summons to go to him.
Yes! Peeping over the golden gate,
I shall meet my little Tim!

THE STORY OF A STORY.

BY HELEN W. PIERSON.

"THE ruby and crystal and pale-emerald of the wine-glasses, the burnished gleam of the silver—all made a picture in the softened glow of innumerable wax-candles. The table groaned——"

The young girl who was writing groaned also very dismally.

"Dear me, I shall go wild if I go on describing that wedding-breakfast. I am so hungry. With a stroke of the pen I can give those people the rarest and most delicious cakes, and yet I can't get anything but dry bread myself. It's hard lines, so it is! My fancy will soon flag at this rate. I sha'n't be able even to *imagine* a beef-steak after a while. I don't get any brain-food or any other kind. My articles will soon be as weak as the tea and as dry as the crusts on which I live."

And with these thoughts the young girl laid down the pen, pushed it away with the slips of paper on which she had been writing, and turned to a dismal little stove that had long ceased to send out any heat into the desolate room.

"Why, the fire's out!" exclaimed the young lady, with considerable temper. "Who would not believe in the depravity of inanimate things. There's the element of fire, for instance. How sly and vicious it is! If it can get a chance at destruction, how it creeps along and feeds on nothing; when it bursts out, how it riots and triumphs and licks up everything with its flaming tongue as if it relished the banquet; but when you want it to burn, how you must coax and fan it and humor its whims, and if your back's turned and you forget it, bah! it is out in a moment!"

The girl threw herself in a great old-fashioned arm-chair, which was in reality the only comfortable thing in the room. She was a slender creature, with an essentially high-bred look about her. Her hair, of a golden-brown, was piled up with careless grace on her well-poised head. Her sombre eyes held golden gleams in their brown depths. She had a Greek face, a skin full of glow and bloom, and a mouth curved like Cupid's bow, and quite as able to "send the bitter arrows out."

"So, no supper to-night but water and a crust, for there's no kindling," she said, gloomily. "Now, if the *Gazette* had taken that last story I should have been rich to-night. I would have indulged in a wild revel—reed-birds, perhaps. I would——"

At this there was a knock at the door, and the person did not wait to be invited in.

There was a sound of puffing and blowing as if a small steam-tug had arrived; the door opened and a roly-poly little woman with the tint of an Autumn apple on her plump cheeks, with very round blue eyes, and an odd, old-fashioned cap under a queer poke-bonnet, entered the room.

She wore a wondrous shawl with strange palms straggling over it, and a cotton velvet dress, which had once been of a rich crimson, but had faded into the tint now known as crushed-strawberry.

This little woman rolled over to our heroine and clasped her in two very short arms.

"And how is my precious?" she said, kissing her again and again.

"Oh, grinding away!" the girl answered, with an effort at cheerfulness.

"That's what *he's* a-doin' from mornin' till night," said Mrs. Dod, looking at the manuscripts, "but a savage, my dear, when the fit's on, which I 'ears 'im often a-ravink like mad, a-pacink of his room, an' a-talkink to himself, as give me a most onpleasant turn at first, an' I sez to 'im, 'Wotever is it, Mr. Collamore?' sez I; 'if it's colic there's a little preparation of cardamus seeds an' gin as is quite 'armless, 'avin' tried it myself,' an' 'e larfs like a 'ouse a-fire, an' sez 'e, 'Dod, my good woman, them's the spasm of composition.' 'Well,' sez I, not being much on fits, though my sister, Mrs. Baldie's second darter, Sophonisba, had 'em dreadful as wos enough to 'ant a body for life a-turnin' of her eyes inside out; sez I, 'You did ought to see a doctor immediate, Mr. Collamore,' an' 'e larfed more and more, and went on a-h'explainin' as 'e was a-makin' up 'is romances as 'e calls 'em."

“Well, you like your place, do you, Dodkin?” asked the girl.

“Oh, yes. I'm quite the mistress of everythink, an' as snug as snag, only it's 'artbreakin' to 'ear 'im a-takin' 'is heroines through sich wales of misery. There was poor Polly last week, 'e butchered 'er reg'larly, an' I couldn't eat my dinner a-thinkin' uv the pretty dear all steepled in her gore; and there was Miranda who lived in a cave for weeks; but, my precious, no matter about them air flictitious characters. I want you to come home with me to-night for company. I've got the nicest little supper cookin'—a love of a chicken a-brilin' with a bit of sweetbread, an' coffee like h'amber, as I must say cook is a good creater, an' knows I'm pertickler about the romeo of my coffee. Come along with yer old nurse, my dear. To think of one of the Thorndykes a-grubbin' in this 'ere 'ole. We little thought of this, my pretty, in the old days when you 'ad your birthday-parties, an'——”

“OVER THE PALING PEEPED LITTLE TIM,
WITH A ROGUISH LOOK IN HIS BRIGHT BLACK EYES.”
—*See Poem on page* 307.

“I HEARD THE HUM OF THE HONEY-BEES,
WHILE I SAT IN A SWEET DAY-DREAM.”

“Never mind, Dodkin. I'm not going to be mournful to-night. How can I, when I think of that chicken? You extravagant creature, wasting your substance in riotous sweetbreads when you ought to be laying up for old age.”

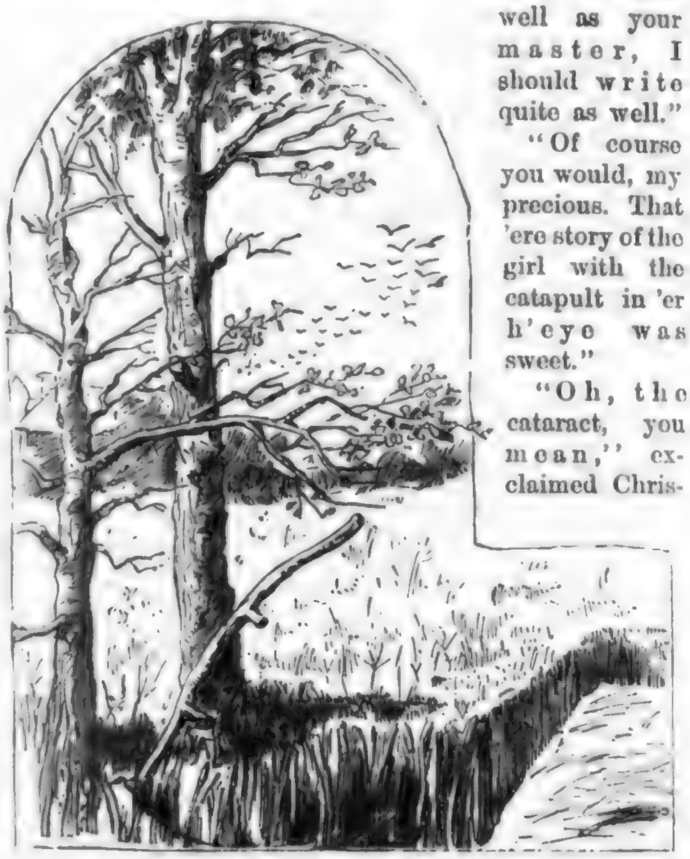
While talking Christine Thorndyke had assumed a long straight ulster of a dark-blue shade, and had crowned her shining braids with a broad-brimmed blue felt, decorated with a long plume of the same color.

So attired, with the sudden bloom that had come into her face, she was as dainty and lovable a young woman as one could see in a day's walk.

“It's wonderful what an inspiration is in the very thought of a good dinner,” she said, as they moved swiftly along over the crisp, frozen streets. “I dare say if I lived as well as your master, I should write quite as well.”

“Of course you would, my precious. That 'ere story of the girl with the catapult in 'er h'eye was sweet.”

“Oh, the cataract, you mean,” exclaimed Christine, with a merry laugh. “How I do delight in you, you dear old Dodkin.”



UNDER THE WILLOWS BLANK AND BARE,
UNDER THE DARK CLOUDS COLD AND GRAY.”

“Which I 'eered 'im a-talkin' about a man as 'ad the h'eye of an obelisk,” said Dod, returning the laugh with great good nature.

“The eye of a basilisk, my dear Dodkin, which you haven't.”

“No, nor don't want 'em,” exclaimed the good woman, “as is satisfied with natur's pervisions, not bein' magnifyin' glasses of h'extra power, but werry good h'eyes, nevertheless, notwithstanding; an' 'ere we are now, my pretty.”

They were standing before quite a handsome brownstone house in a wide street. The house was not very wide, but bay windows with rich curtains gave it a pleasanter aspect than its grander neighbors.

“Writing pays him well,” exclaimed Christine, with a sort of envy.

“Lor', yes, 'es on the 'igh road now; but your turn will come, my pretty. Why don't you try one of them reg'lar stunnin' ones, full of murderin' willin's sich as raises the very 'air on yer 'ed, and makes yer feel as if a ghost was a-pursuin' ye out of yer seat?”

Christine laughed a merry, silvery laugh.

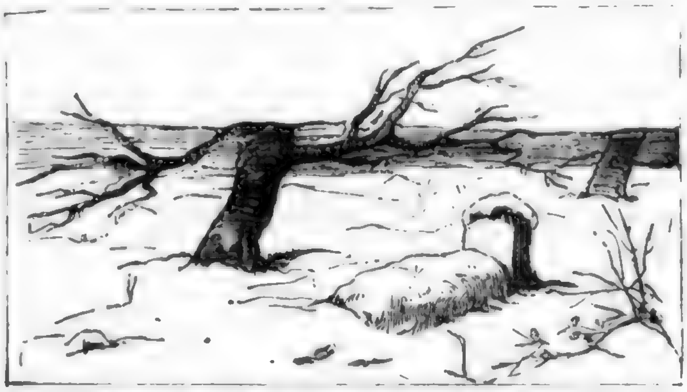
Those tones reached a man who was sitting alone in his study, belaboring his brains in order, like the Ephesians, to find out some new thing.

"Old Dod has company," he said ; "but what a strange echo of cultivation there was in that laugh."

In the meantime Dod has issued her charge into the snug little sanctum she called her own. There was a grate-fire of the clearest and rosiest kind. There were curtains of turkey-red that shut out stray breezes at the window. A cheery carpet of mossy tints, with scarlet berries half hidden here and there, covered the floor. There was a little round table already set, and Dod held up an odd little squat milk-jug, with a sort of mist in her eye.

"It used to be on your dear mamma's table," she said ; "but it was nicked, and I got it at the sale as made it within my means, which I believe is Japanese, as 'as a werry good style of their own, bein' 'eathens."

Christine was soon established in the comfortable cushioned chair in which Dod generally took her *siesta*, and from that coigne of vantage surveyed the delicious little repast that was speedily set upon the table. The "romeo" of the coffee was quite up to Dod's recommendations.



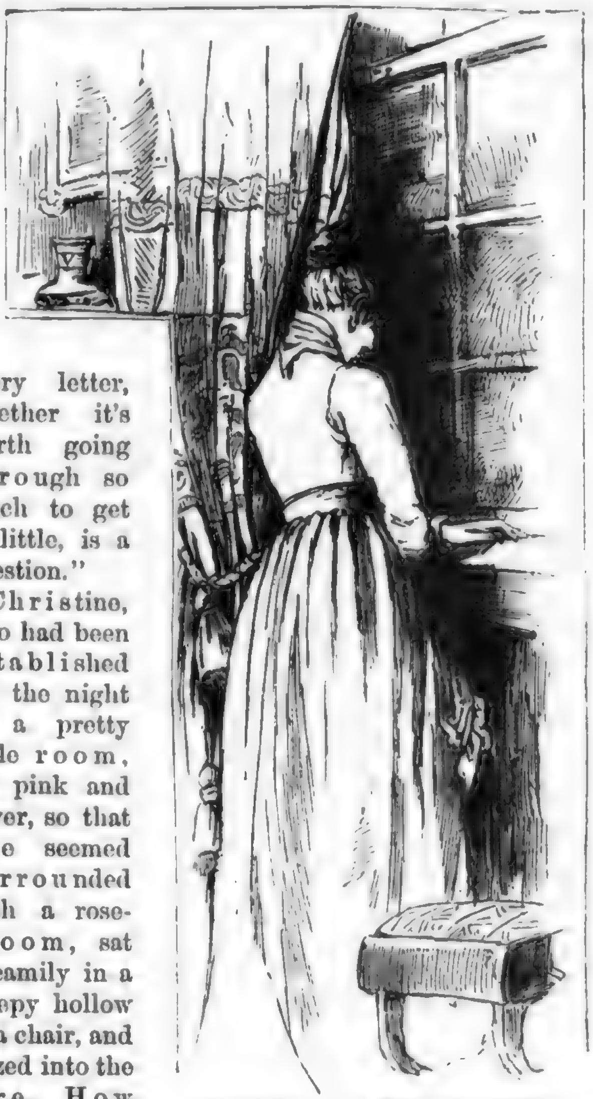
"UNDER THE SNOW-FLAKES WHITE AND FAIR,
WE BURIED OUR HOPES TO-DAY."
—*See Poem on page* 307.

"I think you are an enviable creature, my Dodkin," Christine said, as they sat together enjoying the meal. "I think I shall apply for a situation as housekeeper for a single gentleman myself."

"Which you ought to 'ave the werry best," answered Dod, "an' I 'opes soon to see the day as you'll set under yer own wine and fig-tree, as the sayin' is—though why fig-tree, sez I—which is that deadly sweet, as I tasted once a-visiting my cousin Sararann in the Carliny, as I can't abide 'em, and give me apples or pears, any day. But, my dear, I'll not deceive you—chicken and sweetbreads is not on the bill of fare for an 'ousekeeper's table."

The young man who sat alone at a writing-table not far off heard again a peal of merry laughter, and he was almost ready to go and have a look at his housekeeper's companion. His thoughts wandered considerably from the page he was writing.

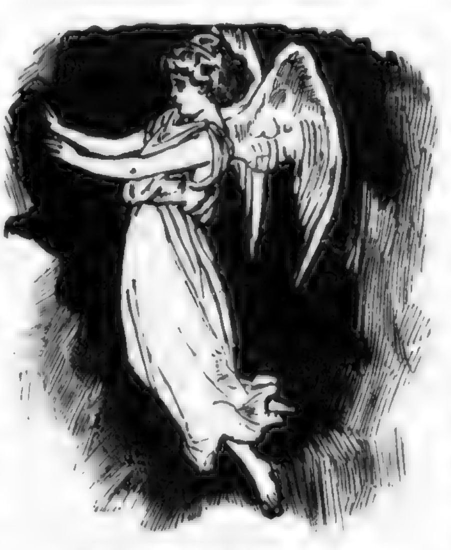
"There is a great want in my romances," he said, "and I wonder the public don't detect it. I have never had a real sorrow, and I have never been in love. Passing fancies I have had like the rest, but a great, genuine, overmastering passion is needed. This proposal has not a true ring about it. How would I do it ? I don't know. I really ought to fall in love if only to be able to portray it correctly, though"—with a laugh—"as the charity-boy said of the alphabet, when he got a whipping over every letter, whether it's worth going through so much to get so little, is a question."



"I DREAM AGAIN WHILE TO-NIGHT I STAND
BY MY WINDOW AND GAZE AT THE HOWLING STORM."

Christine, who had been established for the night in a pretty little room, all pink and silver, so that she seemed surrounded with a rose-bloom, sat dreamily in a sleepy hollow of a chair, and gazed into the fire. How pleasant and cheering it was to be really comfortable, and how drear and hard and flinty seemed the road that lay before her ; so lonely, too, for the girl had a loving heart, and there was no one in the wide world but Dod who seemed to belong to her ! Would the skies ever brighten—would the wilderness ever bloom ?

She was quite startled by hearing a clear voice that seemed to answer her thought : "Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again ; wisely improve the present, it is thine ; go forth to meet the dim and shadowy future without fear and with a steadfast heart."



"OF MY LITTLE BOY IN THE BETTER LAND ;
AND I SEEM TO SEE HIS SHINING FORM."

"It is the author," she said to herself, with a certain awe. "His room must be next to mine. How I would like to know him. What a clear, strong, expressive voice he has—no weakness in those tones. I can almost read his character in his voice."

If that were the case, Christine had time to read it, for the gentleman was reviewing aloud one of his own stories. He had quite forgotten the merry laugh which had touched him, and fancied himself alone in that part of the house.

So Christine heard him to the end with the greatest attention. She was quite thrilled with the story, and was therefore surprised to hear him say aloud at the end:

"Bah, I can make nothing of it! I'll throw it in the waste-basket to-morrow. I can make nothing of a mere love-story, because——"

Well, he did not state the reason, and Christine, who had begun a train of conjecture, lost it in dreams.

The next morning, before she went away, Dod threw open the study-door.

"Wouldn't you like to see the place he brews 'em in?" she asked, with a deprecating grunt. "Not as I can keep it h'orderly as I would wish, which ain't allowed to lay a 'and on a paper, and a pretty litter they is, to be sure, only the waste-basket as seems overflowin' this mornin'."

And Dod pounced upon that as if glad to be able to set something in order.

Christine saw the manuscript of a story half torn and lying amid the other scraps.

"It wouldn't be wrong for me to take this, would it?" she asked. "I'm curious to read it."

"Lor', no, child, you're welcome!" exclaimed Dod. "I throws 'em all into the h'ashes."

So Christine rolled up the manuscript and put it in one of the deep pockets of her ulster.

"Which it wrings my 'cart-strings to see you go," Dod said, with a tear in her eye, "but it won't be long, my precious, and don't worrit too much over them air stories."

Christine did not dream that she would not see that friendly face for months, or she would have gone away with a heavy heart.

But so it happened. Christopher Collamore went suddenly to Europe for the Winter, and Dod was called to the bedside of a sick aunt, from whom she had expectations. She had tried to see Christine, but the young girl happened to be out, and she left a misspelt note as follows:

"My Precious: It's aggorawatin' but can't be 'elped as Aunt Patience is a-dyin' this time, and I think it will probably be the last time, 'as 'ad a many false alarms—h'awakenin' the 'ouse-'old in the dead of night and makin' bequests as she took back reg'lar in the mornin', which 'appened to me an' a silver teapot called for after I 'ad it packed in my trunk as was onpleasant, to say the least. But, my pretty, keep up, and all will come right. My master is off to a German place that begins with 'Swine——,' not fit for a Christian, I should say, as is one, if h'ever there was, an' give me leave to stay till the last, an' wages the same. Your own nurse and friend, Hannah Dod."

Christine cried over the ill-spelt letter. She felt horribly alone in the world and very helpless.

Her privations were beginning to tell upon her powers. Her imagination flagged, and she found herself utterly unable to work.

She had steadily refused taking any of Dod's hard-earned money; but with famine staring her in the face, she would have laid aside her pride.

Her head ached and she could not think. Her landlady had dunned her for the rent of the miserable room. She had eaten nothing but a crust of bread all day. Dod had been away for a month, and there was no word. Hope seemed gone, and grim despair settled down on her young life.

She had even allowed the landlady to take away some of her clothing to pawn for her from time to time, and now there was nothing left to send, and Mrs. Cluppers was growing insolent.

Poor Christine, in all her misery she was haunted by memories of the days when life had been like a holiday to her.

"No shade had come between
Her and the sun—
Like some long childish dream
Her life had run."

On one dreary night in particular, she sat watching the sleet beat against her pane. The last candle burned in the socket, and her last cent was spent. She had nothing written—she was not able to write. She turned over her few belongings to see if she could find anything to pawn—she searched her papers to see if there were anything to sell, and found Chris Collamore's manuscript.

A sudden temptation assailed her. The writer was away, and he had cast this into the waste-basket. Having thus cast it away, it was the property of any one who found it. If it had gone into the "h'ashes," as Dod called them, some one might have picked it out.

So she reasoned, and a sort of fever of hope burned in her veins.

"I think a low diet must confuse one's notions of right and wrong," she said, as she sat down to copy the torn manuscript. "I suppose before I was so reduced I would have scorned this ignoble action, but now it is life or death, and that is a wonderfully strong argument. The public may like the story, though the author did not. I should not feel any scruple about selling a cast-off garment that he had thrown away, and this is exactly the same."

The young girl was indeed not wholly herself at this juncture. Her privations did affect her reasoning, and she took her way to the office of the *Mistletoe* with a beating heart.

She had sold things there before. She courageously asked more for this story than she had ever received, and begged the editor to read it before he answered her demand. She would wait for his verdict.

"'Checkmate.' That's a good title," the gentleman said, after he had cast his eye over it. "And it seems to me you have made a new departure. It is in a different style."

"Well, is it an improvement?" the girl asked, in a trembling voice.

"I will give you your price," replied the editor, and Christine considered her question answered.

She took the money, which seemed like the reprieve of one sentenced to death, but her heart was heavy.

She went out into the clear Winter sunshine. There seemed a blur over everything. Some subtle change had passed over the face of the world. She could not

"——lift her head
Serenely in the sunshine as before."

A slight thrill of pleasure came to her as she settled her landlady's bill, and there was of course some comfort in having invigorating food, but as her strength increased, conscience awoke to new life and tormented her horribly.

The story came out. Worse than that, it was a success. Every one who knew her *nom de plume* congratulated her. Invitations came from other magazines, and she found herself in a serious dilemma. There was nothing for her to do but to attempt an imitation of the style that had proved so successful.

As is usually the case, "Checkmate" had made enough mark for her to float a half-dozen inferior stories on the current of its favor.

She found matters improved for her in every way. She no longer wanted for anything save the approval of her own conscience, and wanting that, all else had lost its flavor.

In the midst of her work one day Dod suddenly burst in like a whirlwind, and smothered her with embraces.

"Which I thought the time would never come," she panted, "not wishin' anybody out of the way 'fore the appointed day, but when it comes to makin' wills and tearin' of 'em up once a week, and dyin' intestines after all, it's that aggerawatin' as flesh an' blood can't endure; but it's all right as I'm next of kin, my pretty, an' she went off like a lamb, as wasn't 'er disposition in life, I must say, though not one as would speak h'ill of the dead. Let 'em rest in peace, as is better off, say I, an' their friends, too; an' glad I am to see you're a picture of 'ealth, my dear. You're comin' 'ome with me."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Christine, feeling a horrible shame at the way she had betrayed such loving hospitality. "I—I am so busy."

"Now I ain't goin' without you!" exclaimed Dod, positively. "'E's away, you know, an' the 'ouse is like a grave."

"And when do you expect Mr. Collamore home?" Christine asked, with a slight tremor in her voice.

"Well, 'e did talk of stayin' for the carnival, as you've 'eered on, I suppose, where they rides mad 'orses, an' throws lime in each other's faces, as is ways I don't 'old with, but 'ighly entertainin' to some folks. So 'eres your 'at, an' you must mind yer old nurse as 'as bin gone from you so long."

Christine could not find it in her heart to refuse, and once domiciled with the old woman, she was coaxed to remain and spend a week with her.

So it happened that Mr. Collamore, who had been overtaken in foreign parts by a yearning for his home and his work once more, on letting himself into his own house one morning, was greeted by the sound of a merry laugh.

He had heard it before, and he had not forgotten it. This time he had an excuse for going directly to the housekeeper's room.

Dod was never taken by surprise, and greeted him effusively, but his eyes wandered to the graceful girl who had started to her feet, with a face at first suffused with blushes and then paling under his glance.

"My old master's daughter, Miss Thorndyke, Mr. Collamore," Dod was saying, "as I brought up, an' was born to affluence, with a silver spoon in 'er mouth, but the changes and chances of this mortal life 'as——"

Mr. Collamore saw the young girl's confusion, and to help her began on another topic.

"A curious thing has happened, Mrs. Dod," he said. "Do you know what becomes of the torn scraps from my waste-basket?"

"They goes into the h'ashes," she said, promptly.

"Oh, then you make me eat my own words!" he exclaimed, with a laugh; and as Dod stared in bewilderment he hastened to say: "The fact is, somehow a story of mine has been purloined and published. I would like to find the scoundrel and pull his nose for him. I'll unearth him yet—all things come round to those who wait. What do you think of such an action, Miss Thorndyke?"

"I think it was dishonest," she said, in a low tone, and her eyes dropped before Mr. Collamore's somewhat ardent gaze.

The young man carried the remembrance of that glance with him to his study, and something warm and sweet stirred in his heart. He was holding the magazine that contained "Checkmate" before him in a half-angry mood, when a low tap at the door startled him.

The next moment Christine stood before him.

"You will not have far to look for the culprit, Mr. Collamore," she said; "she is before you."

"What!"

"I mean that I am the dishonest person that stole the manuscript," Christine went on, determined not to spare herself by using mild terms. "I can make no other reparation now than to confess it all. In time I will give you back——"

"Hush!" exclaimed Collamore, with a strange throbbing in his heart; "do not speak of that."

"I picked up the story from the waste-basket," she went on, "and in a moment—of need——"

She hesitated, choked, and stopped utterly.

"It was justifiable," he began, hurriedly.

"No—no, do not defend it," the girl cried; "there is no temptation that can make wrong right. I despise myself! I am humiliated in my own eyes. But if you will tell me that you forgive me, I can have some heart to go on."

"So you are a writer also?" the young man asked, with a keen sympathy. "Of course I forgive it all. I had thrown the thing away, and it was mine no longer."

"But you were going to pull the recreant's nose," began Christine, with a gleam of fun.

"But I did not anticipate a little Greek nose, that is sculptured after an ancient gem," answered, the gentleman, laughing. "You must let me be of use to you, Miss Thorndyke; promise me that."

And he won the promise from her before she left.

* * * * * *

"There is only one true way of righting the matter," said Collamore, one evening in Spring, as he walked by Christine's side under the budding trees in Central Park; "are you willing to do it? You ought to make some reparation, you know."

"Of course I am willing," answered Christine, with a flush.

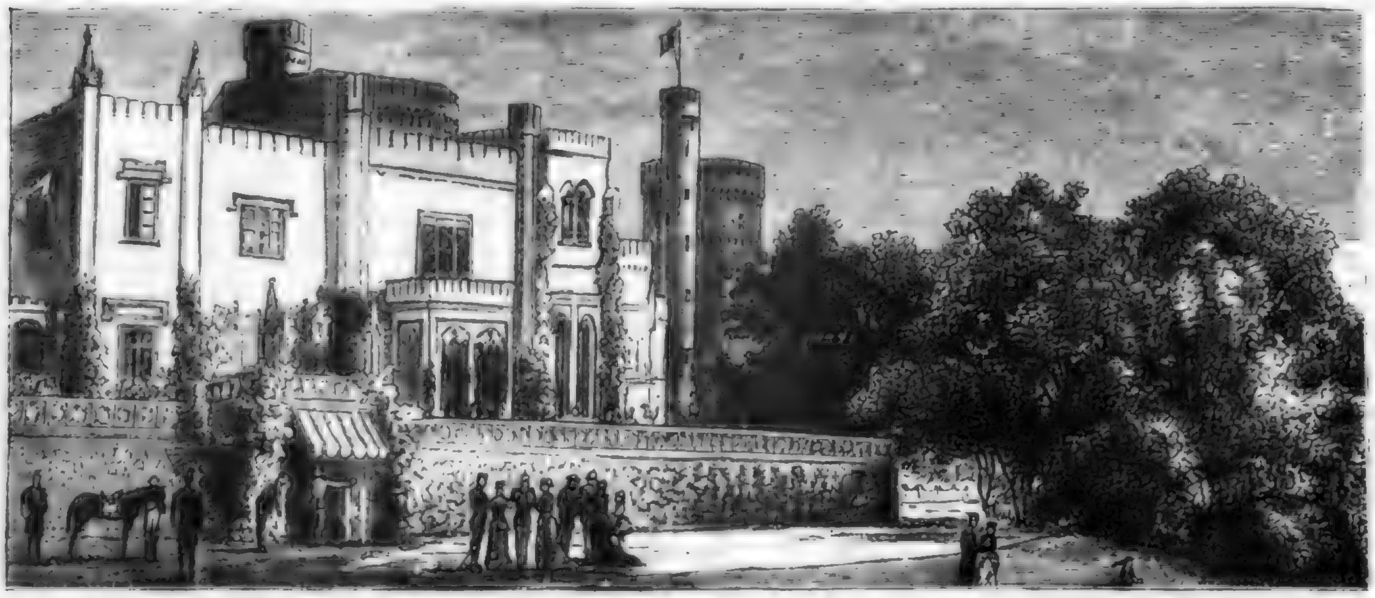
"Then you must agree to marry me. That will make you Chris Collamore, don't you see, and you can claim all his stories."

"But what confusion it will make," Christine, answered, with a smile; "only no one could mistake mine for yours."

"I shall not let you write except to me, so there will be no confusion," answered Collamore; and so all was settled in an amicable manner, and Dod heard it with great rejoicing.

A NEW PROTECTIVE AGAINST TORPEDOES.

When, some years ago, the masonry of the quays in the Seychelles Islands was found to be constantly needing repairs at great expense, in consequence of the deterioration due to violent seas, a plan was devised of protecting the portions exposed to the action of the waves by a palisade of bamboo-canes, the space between which and the structure of the quay itself was filled in with the fibre forming the husk of the cocoanut. This cellulose, or cofferdam, as it is called, was found to behave like a sponge, and offer the most effective shield to the masonry of the quays.

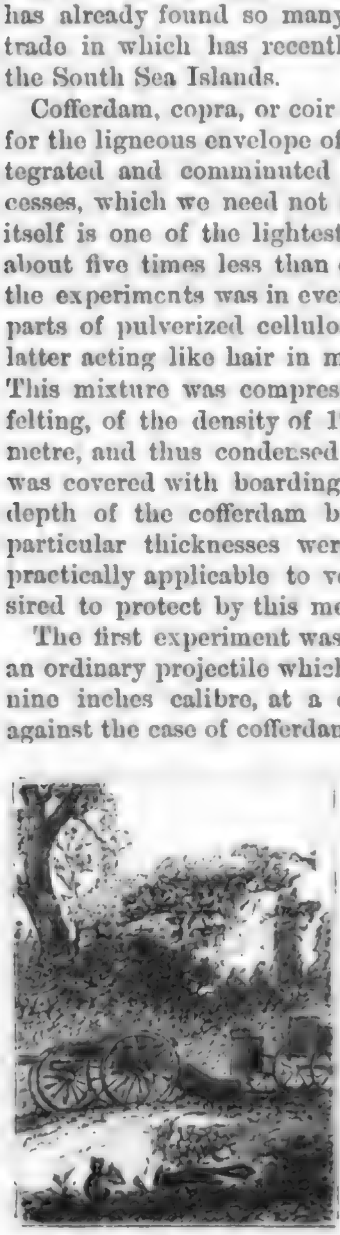


BABELSBERG, COUNTRY-SEAT OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

The great success of this expedient has led to some experiments, which have just been conducted at Toulon, with a view of utilizing cofferdam as a protective against projectiles, shells, and torpedoes in naval warfare, and with a result that seems to indicate what may become a very extensive employment for the cocoanut fibre, which has already found so many uses in commerce, and the trade in which has recently been largely developed in the South Sea Islands.

Cofferdam, copra, or coir are various commercial terms for the ligneous envelope of the cocoanut. This is disintegrated and comminuted by various mechanical processes, which we need not here describe. The cellulose itself is one of the lightest substances known, weighing about five times less than cork. The material used for the experiments was in every case a mixture of fourteen parts of pulverized cellulose and one part of fibres, the latter acting like hair in mortar or cement as a binder. This mixture was compressed so as to form a kind of felting, of the density of 120 kilogrammes to the cubic metre, and thus condensed was placed in a case, which was covered with boarding about five inches thick, the depth of the cofferdam being about two feet. These particular thicknesses were chosen as of dimensions practically applicable to vessels which it might be desired to protect by this means.

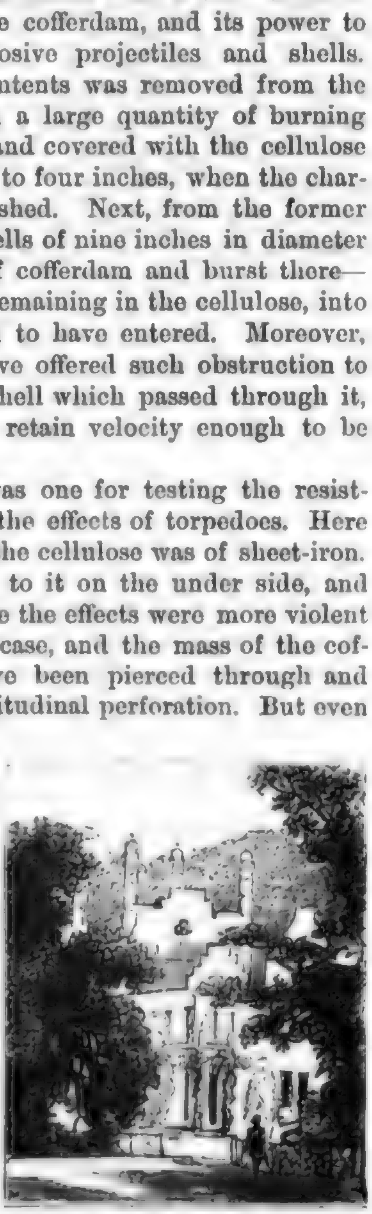
The first experiment was designed to test the effect of an ordinary projectile which was fired from a cannon of nine inches calibre, at a distance of only sixty yards, against the case of cofferdam above described. The projectile pierced the case through and through, carrying away a quantity of the cellulose, but a remarkably small quantity, when the cubic content of the projectile is considered. The most important feature, however, of this experiment was, that, immediately after the shot, the perforation was found to be filled up by the cofferdam, so that it was impossible for a man to thrust his arm through the place penetrated by the projectile. It was then attempted to force water through the place where the shot had passed; but even after several minutes, only drops were found to ooze through. In proportion as it absorbs liquid, the cellulose augments in volume and density, and tends thereby to withstand the further entrance of water.



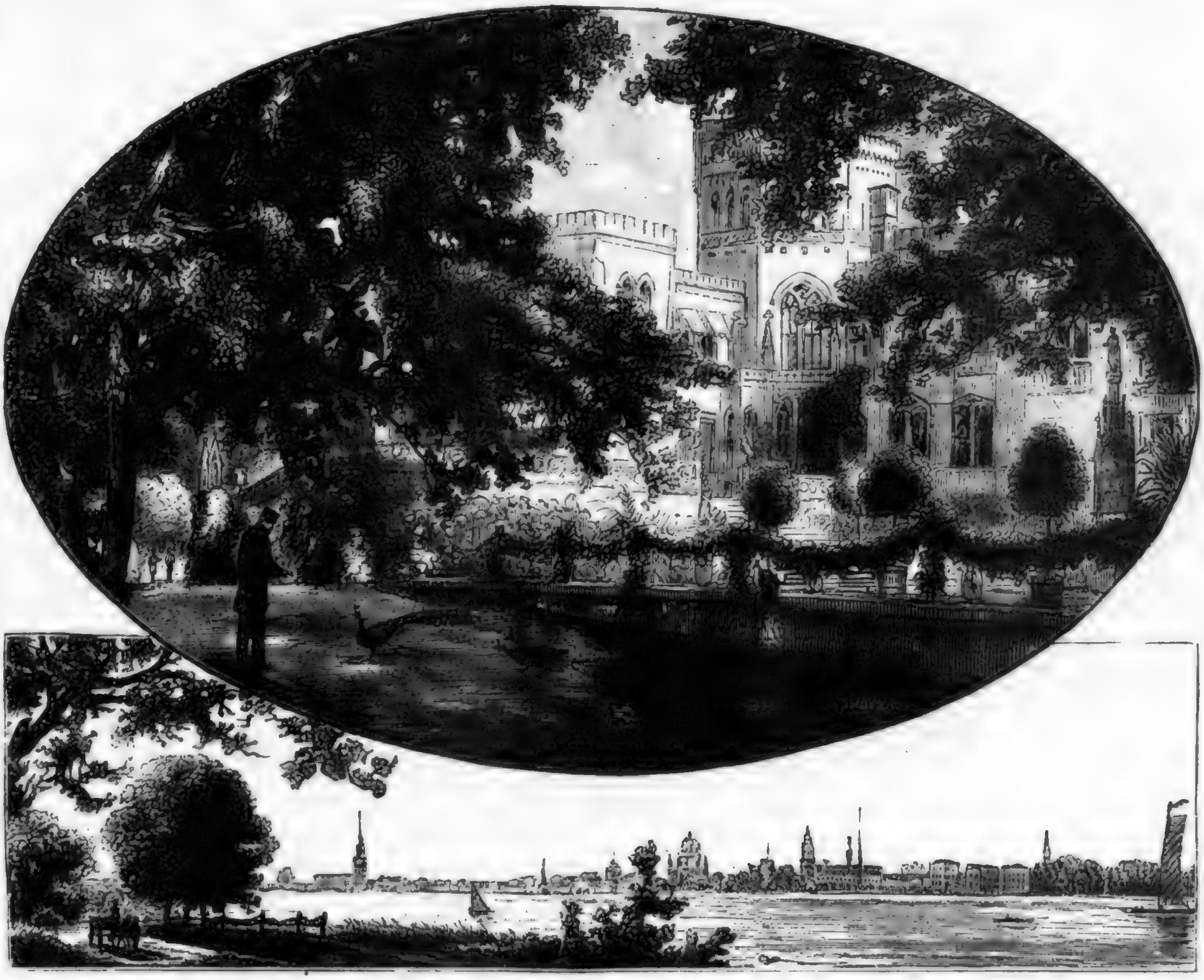
MODEL CANNON.

The next experiment was made with a view to show the incombustibility of the cofferdam, and its power to resist or extinguish explosive projectiles and shells. First, a portion of its contents was removed from the above-mentioned case, and a large quantity of burning charcoal was placed in it, and covered with the cellulose to the depth of from three to four inches, when the charcoal was speedily extinguished. Next, from the former distance of sixty yards, shells of nine inches in diameter were shot into the case of cofferdam and burst there—the fragments nearly all remaining in the cellulose, into which no water was found to have entered. Moreover, the material is said to have offered such obstruction to the few splinters of the shell which passed through it, that they would scarcely retain velocity enough to be dangerous.

The third experiment was one for testing the resistance of the cofferdam to the effects of torpedoes. Here the case used to contain the cellulose was of sheet-iron. The torpedo was attached to it on the under side, and exploded. In this instance the effects were more violent—a side was blown off the case, and the mass of the cofferdam was found to have been pierced through and through with a small longitudinal perforation. But even in this case it is considered that the force of the blow inflicted by the torpedo was considerably attenuated. The question is now under serious consideration, whether vessels of war should not have a protecting envelope of this cofferdam, which, in conjunction with water-tight compartments, would, it is thought, prove the best defense against all kinds of artillery.



THE CAVALIER HAUS.



BABELSBURG, WITH GENERAL VIEW OF POTSDAM.

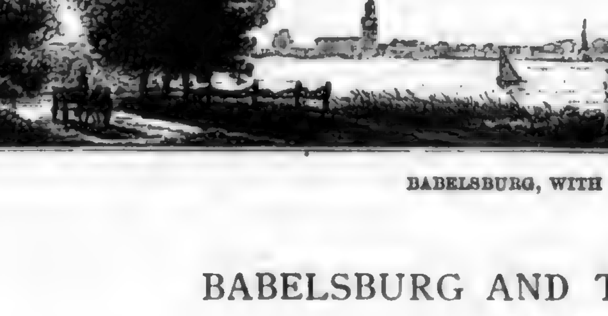
BABELSBURG AND THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

By Sarah K. Bolton.

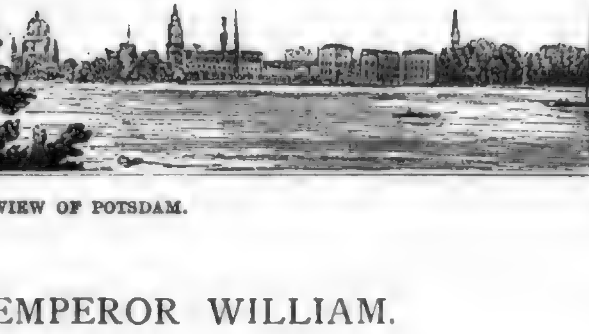
A half-hour from Berlin, through a lovely country, we reach Babelsburg, the Summer home of the Emperor. Sometimes he visits Ems and Gastein for the baths, but here he comes for rest and refreshment. Here he is the simple-hearted, home-loving man, watching his chickens and his peacocks, and enjoying his grandchildren.

The palace, of light brick, stands in the midst of ample and beautiful grounds, well filled with flowers and statues. The house has an air of comfort, as though nothing were too good for use. As you enter, two bear-skins, one white and the other black—the animals were shot by the Emperor—are on the floor of the hall. The living-rooms are mostly in blue, this being the Emperor's favorite color, while the rooms at the great palace in Berlin are in red-and-gold. The concert-hall has blue frescoes, blue curtains, and blue-velvet chairs with gold fringe. The dining-room has ceiling-panels of oak and walls of the same wood, along which are vases of glass engraved with coats-of-arms, the Prussian standing between those of England and America. The table is oak, with high chairs standing about it, richly embroidered.

A pretty suite of rooms is that in which the Crown-princess Adelaide lives, when she comes here with her children. These are furnished in blue-and-white plaid



THE FLATOW SPIRE.



THE ROUND TOWER, FROM THE PRINCE'S HEIGHT.

chintz, with a line of red, just as they were twenty years ago, when Frederick-William, the Emperor's only son, brought her a bride from the home of Queen Victoria. Fearing that the young girl, who had always been the idol of Prince Albert, would be lonely in her German home, these rooms were furnished just like her own in England.

Especially interesting is the study and workroom of the Emperor, who, though he comes here for rest, is never idle. As is his custom at Berlin, he rises at six, takes a cup of coffee, and usually at eleven a cup of bouillon and bread, dining with his family in the afternoon. Here the chairs and sofas are of yellow leather, with yellow curtains, making a pretty combination with the drab carpet sprinkled with red roses in green leaves.

Adjoining is the sleeping-room, furnished in chintz, with blue walls, the bed a plain and narrow one, not broad enough to turn over, for "when a man desires to turn over it is time to get up," says the hardy soldier. His desk shows the alert, active brain. All is in perfect order, and yet books and maps in abundance are close at hand for use. The two pens sticking in the ink-bottle are steel, one with a common cork handle, just like the one he uses at Berlin; the other of wood, costing, perhaps, a cent.

Everywhere are tokens of affection. Pictures of his children and grandchildren are always before him. Here is the exquisite hand of Helen, the sister of Alexander II., who sent it to him before her death. Here is another picture, and also a bust, always found near the Emperor—that of his mother, Louise of Prussia, the most beautiful and remarkable woman of the German nation. To her, Germany owes its union; to her, Emperor William turns with the adoration of his boyhood. Her love and her sorrows have been the central point of his life; her grave is his Mecca; her wishes, his law.

Married at Christmas, 1793, to Frederick-William III., she dazzled Prussia with her beauty and her loveliness. Her deep-blue eyes, auburn hair, dainty form usually in white, beaming face and melodious voice, charmed peasant and king alike. Goëthe said of her and her sister Frederika: "I could only compare them to two celestial beings, whose impressions on my mind could never be effaced." When Frederick met her he loved her at first sight, and said, in the words of Schiller, "'Tis she, or none on earth." "She was," says Bishop Eylert, "affable, cheerful, sympathetic, poetic, ideal, playful, tranquil, full of grace and love." At her triumphal entry into Berlin, the day before her wedding, little girls in white strewed flowers along the way, and one read a poem of welcome. Louise seized her in her arms, and, scarcely more than a child herself, kissed her several times. The hearts of the people were won by such spontaneous affection, and she at once became their idol.

On her eighteenth birthday her husband's father, the King, presented her with a beautiful castle. Seeing her surprise, he asked her if she had any other wish."

"Yes, a whole handful of gold for the poor," was her reply.

"And how large would the birthday-child like the handful to be?" asked the King.

"As large as the heart of the kindest of Kings," was the ready answer.

Of course the request was granted.

At twenty-one she was called the "Mother of her Country." She used all her spare moments in studying ancient and modern history, taking especial delight in old Greek tragedy, Goëthe, Schiller and Shakespeare. She encouraged men of letters, science and art, superintended charitable institutions, and was a devoted wife and mother. When she attended the Berlin yearly fair on foot she would buy baskets of cakes and distribute them among the poor, while young and old would cry out, "Give me some, Frau Queen."

But she was not long permitted to live this peaceful life. Frederick-William II. had left the country impoverished, and weak in men and money. Frederick-William III. was a good man, but not able to cope with a Bonaparte who was sweeping over Europe. In vain Louise urged that Prussia ally herself with the Great Powers against Napoleon. Frederick wanted to avoid war; Napoleon wanted nothing so much as war. Alexander came over from Russia to urge the dilatory King to action. Then Louise, with her heart beating for her nation, arranged that the two sovereigns should stand together at midnight, at the tomb of Frederick the Great, and form a sacred alliance against France.

At once Prussia raised 180,000 men, and with high hopes the King and Queen left Berlin at the head of the army. The beautiful young mother wore the uniform of her soldiers, and went among them to inspire courage and valor, saying to them, "My children, fight like Prussians."

Napoleon marched his whole army against them. The decisive battle of Jena was fought, when 40,000 Prussians were either killed or taken prisoners. The Royal family escaped first to Königsberg, and thence to Munich. Bonaparte entered Berlin in triumph, took possession of the beautiful home of Louise, and as an insult to the Queen, whom he shamefully libeled in his press, he slept in her bed of lilac satin. After the battle of Friedland, Prussia was prostrate. She was compelled to lose half her territory, have all her fortresses controlled by the French, support 20,000 French soldiers, and pay a war tax of $120,000,000.

In view of these humiliating conditions, Alexander of Russia urged that Louise visit Napoleon and obtain concessions, if possible, for her beloved country. She shrank from it, writing in her diary: "What this costs me God only knows; for, although I do not hate this man, I look on him as the cause of the King's and the nation's misery. To be courteous to him will be difficult, but this is required of me, and I am accustomed to make sacrifices."

Napoleon, to gratify his love of show, sent a magnificent state carriage, drawn by eight horses, with an escort of dragoon guards, to convey her, with the King, to his presence. Upon reaching him, at Tilsit, Napoleon addressed some complimentary words to her, of which, like a sensible woman, she took no notice, but kindly inquired after his health and that of Josephine. At the sumptuous banquet her manner and her beauty charmed him. He afterward said to Talleyrand, "I knew I was to see a beautiful Queen, but I have found at once the most beautiful of queens and the most interesting of women." He was inclined to yield to her requests, when one of his generals bluntly asked, "If he thought every tear shed by a woman was to efface the blood of hundreds of his soldiers!"

To Frederick-William III. Napoleon was contemptuous. "There shall be no King of Prussia—not even a Margrave of Brandenburg," he said; and "I will make the *noblesse* of Prussia so poor, they will have to beg their bread."

This became almost literally true. The gold service of Frederick the Great was melted down, and the Royal family were obliged to receive contributions for their support from the people. Louise lodged two of her six children with a merchant, because their own house was too small for them, and devoted herself to their education, not forgetting the interests of Prussia. She consulted with the great Minister, Stein, on all projects for the progress of her country, and helped as greatly by her brilliant mind as by her loveliness and tact. She wrote in her journal: "If posterity will not place my name among celebrated women, yet those who know what I have gone through will say, 'She suffered much, and endured with patience.'"

She loved her husband devotedly, writing to her father: "The King is more tender to me than ever; a great happiness and consolation after a fourteen years' union. We are always new and indispensable to each other." Not less was she indispensable to her children, as she animated them with patriotism in the midst of their sorrows and privation. "You see me weep," she said to her sons. "I weep for the downfall of my house and country. Recall these unhappy hours, when I am no more, and weep such tears for me as I now weep for my country. But do not be satisfied with tears; act, develop your powers. Perhaps you may be destined to deliver your nation. Do not be carried away by the degeneracy of the age. Be men, and strive for the name of soldiers and heroes. If, with all your efforts, you fail to raise your fallen state, then seek death." How well her noble William has "raised his fallen state" to a great nation!

The seeds of disease had been sown at the fatal Peace of Tilsit, and when, December 3d, 1809, the French having evacuated Berlin because of the Napoleonic disasters, the Royal family returned to the capital, death had already set its seal upon Louise. She was paler than when she entered the city sixteen years before, a bride, and more like an angel than ever. At her next birthday, she said, "I think this will be the last time I celebrate my birthday here." Going soon after to visit her father, the Duke of Mecklenberg, she was taken seriously ill. The King brought her two sons to her bedside, and, gazing long and wistfully at them, she said: "My Fritz! my William!" and then, as her husband placed his arm about her, she said, between her spasms, "Lord Jesus! make it short!" and, with a deep sigh, expired, July 19th, 1810, at thirty-four years of age.

All Germany was filled with mourning for their "Angel Queen," as they called her. Hospitals, asylums, and schools were built in her honor. The Order of the "Iron Cross," given to the brave, was established in her name. Rauch, the great sculptor, whom she had aided, built her an exquisite mausoleum at Charlottenburg. Her boy William grew to young manhood, brave and noble. At seventeen, in the war of the Allies with Napoleon, he won the "Iron Cross" for his bravery, and the Cross of St. George from Alexander of Russia. At eighteen, he wrote his "Life-principles": "I will never forget that a Prince is also a man, and before God, only a man, sharing with the meanest of his people the weakness and the wants of human nature, and that he, like others, will one day be judged according to his conduct. I will maintain an honest and hearty good will toward all men, even the humblest, for they are all my brethren. Flatterers I will firmly repel. I will hold those to be my best friends who tell me the truth, even when it may seem likely to displease me. For all good things that may fall to my share, I will look up gratefully to God, and in all misfortunes that may befall me I will submit myself to God, in the firm conviction that He will always do what is best for me."

When he was twenty, he journeyed to St. Petersburg with Charlotte, who had become the bride of Nicholas. When they reached Königsberg, whither the mother had fled from Napoleon, they found the room trimmed with blue corn-flowers, and when Charlotte crossed over into Russia she wore a wreath of these flowers upon her head. And why was this?

Years before, when Prussia was gloomiest, a young girl brought some of these flowers to Louise and asked her to buy them, as her mother was poor and ill. The Queen's heart was deeply moved with the sufferings of her people, as she purchased the flowers, and calling William and Charlotte, told them that in character, as in nature, plainness and simplicity coexist with beauty. Then she made a wreath and placed it upon her daughter's head. No wonder that the corn-flower is now ever upon the Emperor's desk, and painted on many pictures about his homes.

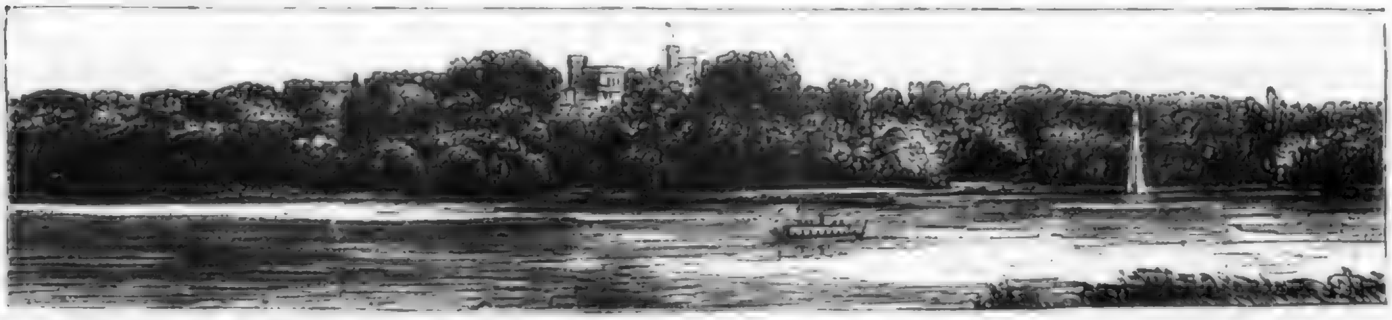
When William was thirty-two, he married Princess Augusta, of Saxe-Weimar, a lady who was selected for him by his father, an early disappointment, it is said, having disinclined him to matrimony. He had now become every inch a soldier. In the Revolution of 1848, when his brother Frederick-William IV. was upon the throne, and the Liberals demanded a Constitution, so bitter was the feeling against him, from his supposed conservatism, that he went to England. That he is less liberal than his son will be, is generally believed. When he became King, October 18th, 1861, when he was sixty-four years old, he put his crown on his own head, exclaiming, "I receive this from God's hand!" showing His belief in the right of kings. At once he greatly increased and disciplined the Prussian army. The Liberals had their fears at such a course, and refused the grants of money requested. The King took the needed funds, however, and finally overturned his Diet, with the aid of his kingly Bismarck, and made every Prussian enter the army for a term of years.

In 1866 it became evident that a bold measure must be attempted for the reconstruction of Germany, or Austria would become too powerful. The King had made the Prussian army ready for work; now he gave it work to do. In seven days a great revolution was effected: the small German provinces were conquered, and King William of Prussia was at the head of Northern Germany, making a treaty with the Southern part of the country.

At Königgrätz, where a decisive battle was fought, William was nine hours in the saddle, with only a crust of bread to eat. At once the tide was turned, and the King had become popular.

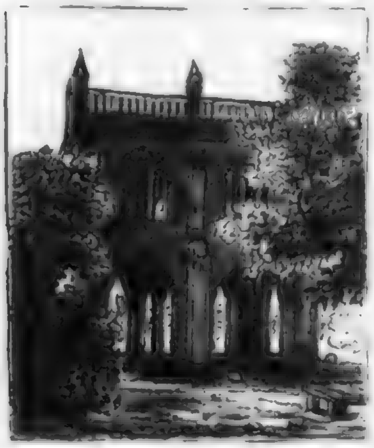
Although a year later he visited the Paris Exhibition, and was regally entertained by Napoleon III., the latter was jealous of the growing power of Germany. The attempt to place a Hohenzollern King on the Spanish throne was made the occasion of war. Von Moltke had studied the enemy's country, and was ready for the conflict. Just before King William left Berlin for battle, he visited the tomb of Louise, spending an hour there alone. Then, past seventy, he went out to avenge his beautiful and heroic mother.

He was present on every battlefield, to show his men how deeply he was in earnest. At Gravelotte he was under fire, and only sought a place of safety when General von Roon said to him that "he failed to apprehend why his Majesty deemed it desirable to risk his life." After the fall of Sédan, when the nephew of Napoleon I. laid his sword at the feet of Louise's son, Southern Germany sent a request that William be made Emperor of United Germany. In the Hall of Mirrors, January 18th, 1871, on the anniversary of the founding by Frederick I. of the Hohenzollern line of Kings, Emperor William I. was



VIEW OF BABELSBURG FROM THE GLIENICKER BRIDGE.

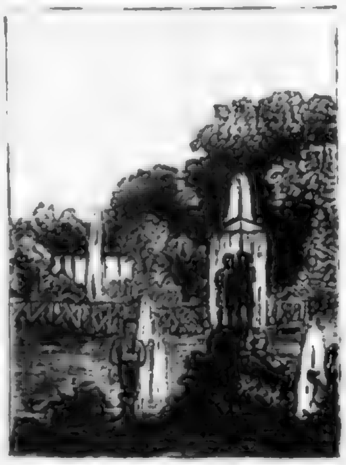
crowned. Then came the humiliation of France, when she surrendered Alsace and Lorraine, and paid fourteen hundred million dollars to Germany, nearly fourteen times as much as Napoleon I. demanded of Prussia. The Emperor came home the idol of his nation. His first act was to lay a laurel wreath upon the tomb of the "Angel Queen" who had asked him in his boyhood to "reconquer from France the glory of his ancestors." For seventy-five years he has visited her grave each July 19th. The grand old man, now eighty-eight years old, leads his people like a father. He lives a single, soldierly life, honest, upright, with his morality and honor untarnished. When his golden wedding was celebrated in 1879, it was intended to purchase for him a complete set of regalia—crown, sceptre, and coronation robes—but at his request the money was used for the poor.



THE GERICHTS LAUBE, OR BOWER OF JUSTICE.

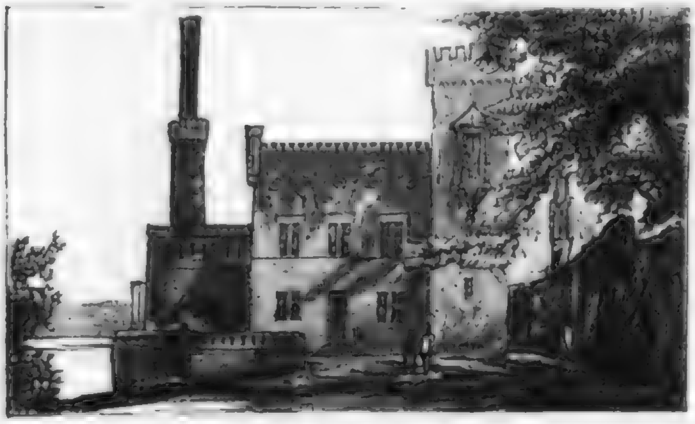
When in Berlin, he is often seen at his window looking out upon his loyal subjects. Sometimes he loosens a button of his soldier's coat when he is at his desk (dressing-gown and slippers are unknown to him), but when he hears a body of troops going by, he at once buttons it to his throat before letting any one see him. "I am bound to show my soldiers an irreproachable example," he says. "They have never seen me with my coat unbuttoned, and I do not intend they ever shall. It is the one button left unbuttoned that is the ruin of the army." Thus devoted is he to system, and to duty even in the smallest things.

His kind heart is shown in numberless ways. It is said that when his grandson, the heir to the throne, wished to marry a girl beneath his rank, against the wishes of his parents, the Emperor ordered that he marry where he loved. One day at Babelsberg a party came to look at the royal home. Not wishing to disappoint his people, Emperor William opened a narrow cupboard used for storing old glass, and squeezed himself into it, waiting for several minutes in the dark till the visitors had departed. At another time, one of his old servants had inadvertently removed a seat from before the mirror when he was being shaved. Not noticing the absence of the chair, he sat down, falling heavily to the floor. The servant burst into tears, asking forgiveness. "Do not be alarmed," said the kind man; "it is nothing. You were not to blame at all, but only my own carelessness in not looking behind me before I sat down." The world will hear with sorrow when the Summer home is in mourning for its honest and true-hearted royal occupant.

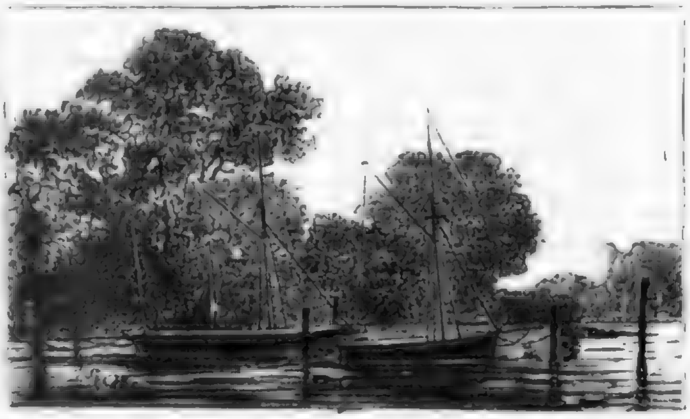


THE FOUNTAINS.

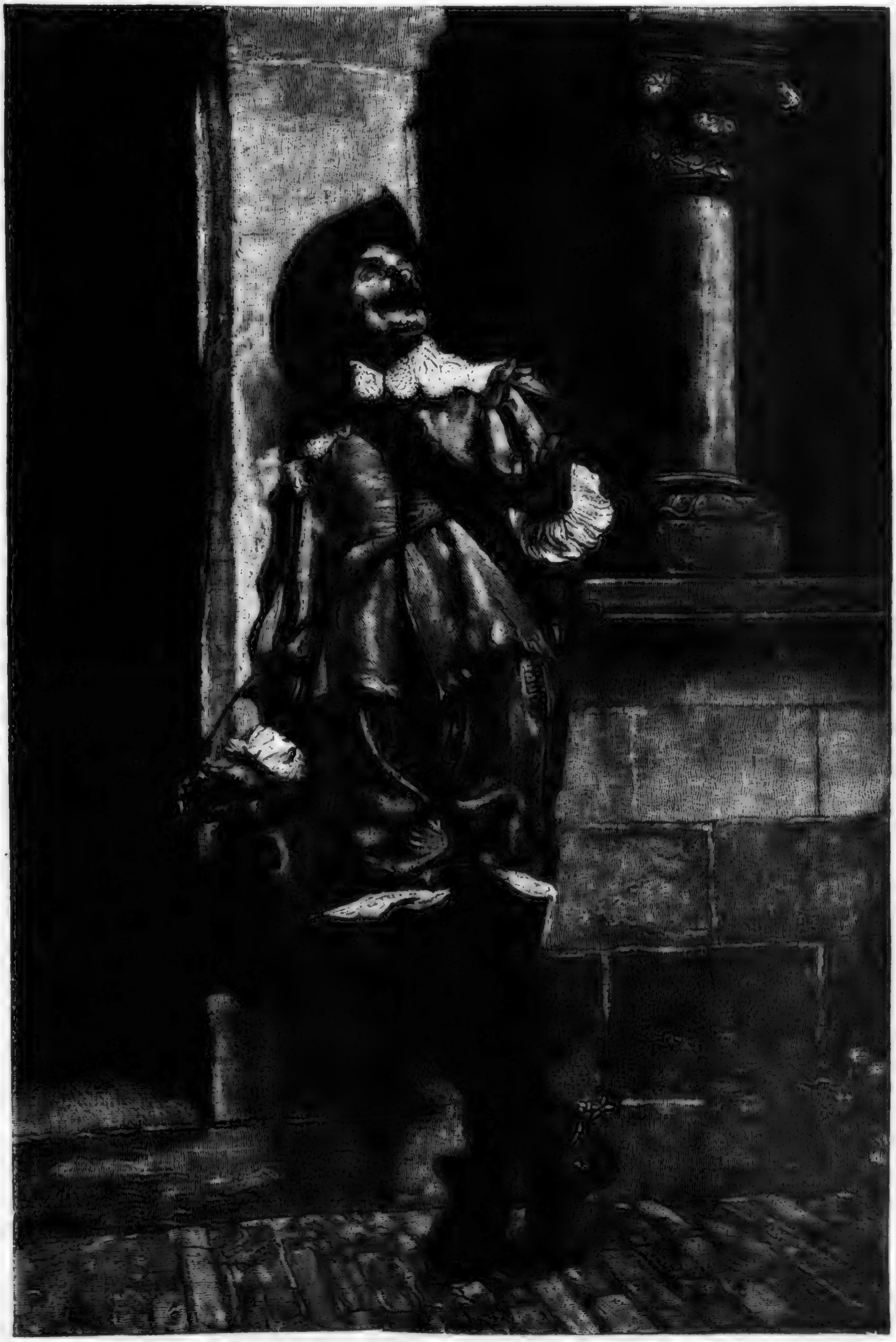
Let us take our last glance of this Imperial retreat from the Glienicker Bridge, where we entered the grounds, and look back on the scenes which have afforded us so much pleasure. There is the Havel flowing calmly in the foreground, the castle rising amid the masses of foliage, the distant spire of Flatow, and bear away the pleasant memories of the place, where every tree, every path, every view has a history, and the labyrinths and mementoes imprint themselves indelibly on the memory. The castle more intimately associates itself in the mind with reminiscences of the members of the Imperial house.



THE WATERWORKS.



IMPERIAL PLEASURE-BOATS.



UNDER THE GALLERY.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONNIER.

GRAY HAIR.

By A. A. G.

Olden! oh, yes;
  And my hair must grow old,
But one lock will ever be young.
  One lock—shall the secret be told!
The tress that you kissed, love,
  Will never grow old.

Gray-haired! Oh, yes;
  And white-haired some day,
But e'en in my coffin
  One lock, brown, will stay;
For the lock that you kissed, love,
  Will never grow gray.

THE PRAYER-CARPET.

By H. Schutz Wilson.

Osman was a merchant residing at Gaza, and from time to time his affairs compelled him to cross the desert from Gaza to Cairo. He could not always find a caravan starting at the period at which he had to make the journey, and he had learned from experience not to fear the great, terrible desert, but to traverse it alone. He allowed about ten days for his solitary journey, and had been taught to trust to Allah for protection and guidance across the pathless waste. He arranged with the Bedouins for a safe conduct, and when he wished to go to and return from Cairo, he bought a *heirie*, or swift dromedary, which he sold again when his journey was happily completed. He had many times traversed in perfect safety the huge sea of sand, and he had confidence in himself and in Allah; for Osman was a devout and pious Mussulman, who trusted, without a doubt, God and his prophet. He was sedulously observant of all the forms and obligations of his religion, and never failed at the hours of prayer to hobble his dromedary, to spread out his praying-carpet upon the arid sand, and to pray fervently as a good Mussulman should.

That which men have done often they do easily, and without dread, as sailors occupy their business in the great waters without much thought of fear; and Osman was neither daunted nor dismayed when, one day, his business compelled him to make another voyage across the desert.

He bought a fine young dromedary, very fleet and willing, though without as yet much experience. He packed upon the animal his provisions, as dates, beans, cakes of barley; and you may be sure that he did not forget his prayer-carpet.

So, on one early morning, before the heats had begun, Osman perched himself high upon the hump of his dromedary, and started with pious cheerfulness upon his long and lonely voyage on the "ship of the desert." His conscience was serene, his heart was calm, and he hoped to perform the journey as safely as he had so often made it before.

And then for three or four days he traveled steadily on. He had one oasis, that of Gatieh, to look forward to as a cool, restful break in the monotony of his long ride; and he exercised his fancy in picturing to himself the shade of palms, and the fair fountain of fresh, pure water. The desert is very lonely and very silent, and a man's voice, as he cheers on his dromedary, sounds strangely in the void waste. Himself the centre of a round horizon, with a flaming sky and a branding sun burning above and about him, Osman rode over the shifting sand-hills, blinding in their dazzling heat-glare, and stopped from time to time to allow his beast to graze upon the poor, prickly shrubs in which camels manage to find nourishment. The hot air was dry and fine, the utter silence was at times oppressive, but Osman was used to these things, and voyaged on, steadfast in his purpose and secure in his faith in the divine protection.

The hour of prayer! Osman descended from his high hump perch, hobbled his beast, and spread his praying-carpet in the shade thrown upon the sand by the lofty dromedary.

Then he prayed, and bowed his face to the earth as a good Mussulman should. He heard a soft sound of flat steps, and lo! when he looked up he saw the dromedary had got loose from his shackles, and was speeding away in long, shambling, rolling strides over the wide plains of glittering sand.

Osman's first wild impulse was to pursue the faithless animal; but he soon saw that pursuit was hopeless.

He was alone, and unprovisioned. All his stores of food, all the water, were being borne swiftly away from him by the fleet animal, which became every moment smaller and smaller in his aching sight. Should he—could he—try to walk homeward, or onward to the oasis? Could he walk in that heat? Could he subsist without food or water? His heart beat fast, his brain throbbed, his sight became dim. He was in sore stead, and succumbed to a burning delirium of horrible despair. He felt sick with dread. . . . He had absolutely nothing left with him—except the small prayer-carpet.

After a period—he never knew how long it lasted—of blank stupor, Osman awoke again vividly to the horrors of his position, and, in his anguish of spirit he uttered an exceeding bitter cry. To die alone of hunger and thirst in the sad desert seemed to the wretched man a terrible doom, and his soul sickened within him at the appalling prospect. The pitiless sun scorched his very brain; and there, beside him, on the burning sand, lay the little red carpet. Almost mechanically he knelt upon it and tried to pray. His thoughts were confused, and words would not come, but he repeated passages from the Koran which appealed to Allah, the compassionate, the merciful. His spirit fainted within him, and he fell into a kind of swoon. When consciousness returned the sun was sinking, his shadow fell upon the sand, and his mind was calmer. Suddenly, as he gazed over the far desert, he thought he saw, at a great distance, a little speck, which yet seemed to move, and to come slowly nearer to him. The speck was yet afar off when Osman fancied that he could discern a rapidly approaching dromedary on which sat a man. His heart beat violently, and he strained his eyes to gaze yet more intently. Soon he became certain that his impression was not mere fancy. Help was surely coming, and was coming swiftly. The rider seemed to see him, and the dromedary came directly toward him. Oh, the sense of aching relief in poor Osman's strained mind as he felt sure that the rider saw him and was steering toward him.

Soon he saw—and he thought that his eyes were playing him false—that the animal which was so swiftly swinging toward him had more than four legs. This perplexed his mind and occupied his excited thoughts. Nearer and nearer came the swiftly moving mass, and larger and larger grew the coming camel and his towering rider. Presently Osman noticed that the high heap which, with its attendant shadow, glided so swiftly over the smooth, noiseless sand, seemed to sunder into a second dromedary led by the Arab on that side which was hidden from Osman's eyes by the camel on which the rider sat. Then Osman fancied that the led camel resembled his own beast. Then at last the heap became quite distinct, and halted just by the kneeling Osman. On the one animal sat a swarthy Bedouin Arab, in the white burnoose of the desert; and the beast which he led was—Osman's own dromedary.

Silently the grave son of the desert descended and hobbled the two camels. Then he turned to Osman and said, "Osman of Gaza, son of Ahmed, thou art at peace with our tribe, and it is well with thee. Lo! I bring thee thy *heirie*, and I will guide thee to-morrow to Gatieh. Eat, drink, and rest. Allah hath been gracious to thee, for thou, verily, art one of his honored ones."

So all Osman's terror and dole turned to joy and gratitude, and joy was greater even than sorrow had been. The stars came out, large and lustrous, and night covered the desert. The Bedouin and Osman ate together, and lay down beside the camels. Then Osman looked up to the dark, soft, starry heavens, and repeated from the Koran, "He aideth whom He will; and He is the mighty, the merciful." And then Osman slept peacefully.

The next day the Bedouin brought Osman where he would be, to the green oasis of Gatieh; but as they journeyed on, the rescued man thought that no one thing that was laden upon his beast was of such value as "The Prayer-carpet."

A MOUSE STORY.

A GENTLEMAN who was exceedingly averse to that little animal denominated a mouse, was one day traveling in one of the northern counties of England, and, as night set in, put up at a country inn. After dinner, and the customary libations "for the good of the house," he retired to his room, carefully examining the corners and crevices to ascertain if there were any holes from which these little marauders might be likely to issue forth; but, finding none, he divested himself of his wearing apparel and consigned himself to the guardian care of Morpheus. After sleeping soundly for about three hours, he again became conscious of his existence in this world of transitory bliss, but, being still in a somewhat dreamy state, he had no clear perception as to what might disturb his disordered imagination.

As he was thus lying, midway between sleep and consciousness, he heard something going pit-pit-pit-pit upon the table, which was closely approximated to the head of the bedstead on which he was sleeping. He listened more attentively, and observed very softly to himself, "As I live, this house is beset with those abominable mice, and there is one now gnawing at something on the table." So saying, he slipped as noiselessly out of bed as possible, and feeling for his boot, took hold of the toe part of it, and, the heel upraised, very softly approached on tiptoe his intended victim.

When close enough to be within striking distance, he again listened, and to his delight found the noise still there; he then raised his arm, and, with unnerring precision, let fall the head of his boot upon—his own beautiful gold repeater, that he had placed upon the table on going to bed, that had made the noise, and that now lay smashed and destroyed.

BEE AND ANT PHENOMENA.

VERY important and highly interesting discoveries have been lately made on this subject, which enable us easily to account for hitherto unexplained phenomena in bee-life. It is well known that the honey of honey-bees when mixed with tincture of litmus acquires an unmistakably red tint, a fact no doubt owing to the subtilized formic acid it contains; the presence of which acid likewise imparts to the raw honey its power of "keeping" for a considerable length of time. Honey which has been clarified by means of water and exposure to heat—the so-called "syrup of honey"—spoils more easily than the ordinary kind, because the formic acid in it has in a great measure been expelled. The honey of very fierce tribes of bees has a peculiarly acrid taste and pungent smell; this is due to the excess of formic acid contained in such honey.

Till lately, complete ignorance prevailed as to the manner in which this so essential component of honey, formic acid, found its way into the substance secreted from the stomach or "honey-bag" of the busy workers; recent discoveries have, however, enlightened us on this point. These show us that the sting serves the bee not only as a means of defense, and sometimes of offense, but possesses likewise the almost more important power of infusing into the stored-up honey an antiseptic substance, not subject to fermentation. It has been lately observed that bees in hives, even when left undisturbed, from time to time rub off against the honeycomb, from the point of their sting, a tiny drop of "bee-poison"; in other words, formic acid. This excellent preservative is thus little by little introduced into the honey. The more irritable and vicious the bees are, the greater the quantity of formic acid conveyed into the honey by them; a sufficient admixture of which is essential to the production of good honey.

The praise, therefore, that has been so often lavished by adepts in such things on that indolent member of the bee-tribe, the Ligurian bee, which scarcely ever stings, is in point of fact misplaced. The observation just made above will explain, too, why the stingless honey-bee of South America collects but little honey; for it is notorious that when trees have been felled which have been inhabited by the stingless "Melipone," but little honey has been found in them. And indeed, what inducement have the bees to store up honey that will not keep, since it contains no formic acid? Of the eighteen different kinds of North Brazilian honey-bees known to the naturalist, only three possess a sting.

A very striking phenomenon in the habits of a certain species of ant is now amply accounted for. There exist, as is well known, various tribes of grain-collecting ants. The seeds of grasses and other plants remained stored up by them, often for years in their little granaries, without germinating. In India there is a very small red ant which drags into its cell grains of wheat and oats. But the creatures are so tiny, that, with their utmost efforts, it takes from eight to ten of them to carry off even one single grain. They move along in two separate rows, over smooth or rough ground, as the case may be, and even up and down-stairs, in steady regular progression. They have often to traverse more than a thousand metres to carry their booty into the common storehouse. The celebrated naturalist Moggridge repeatedly observed that when the ants were prevented from reaching their granaries, the seeds in the granaries began to sprout. The same thing happened in storehouses that had been abandoned by them. We must infer, then, that ants possess the means of suspending or arresting the action of germination without destroying or impairing the actual vitality of the grain, or without impairing the vital principle that lies latent in the grain.

The famous English scientist, Sir John Lubbock, in his work entitled "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," relates these

POINT JUDITH.—FROM THE PAINTING BY M. J. HEADE.

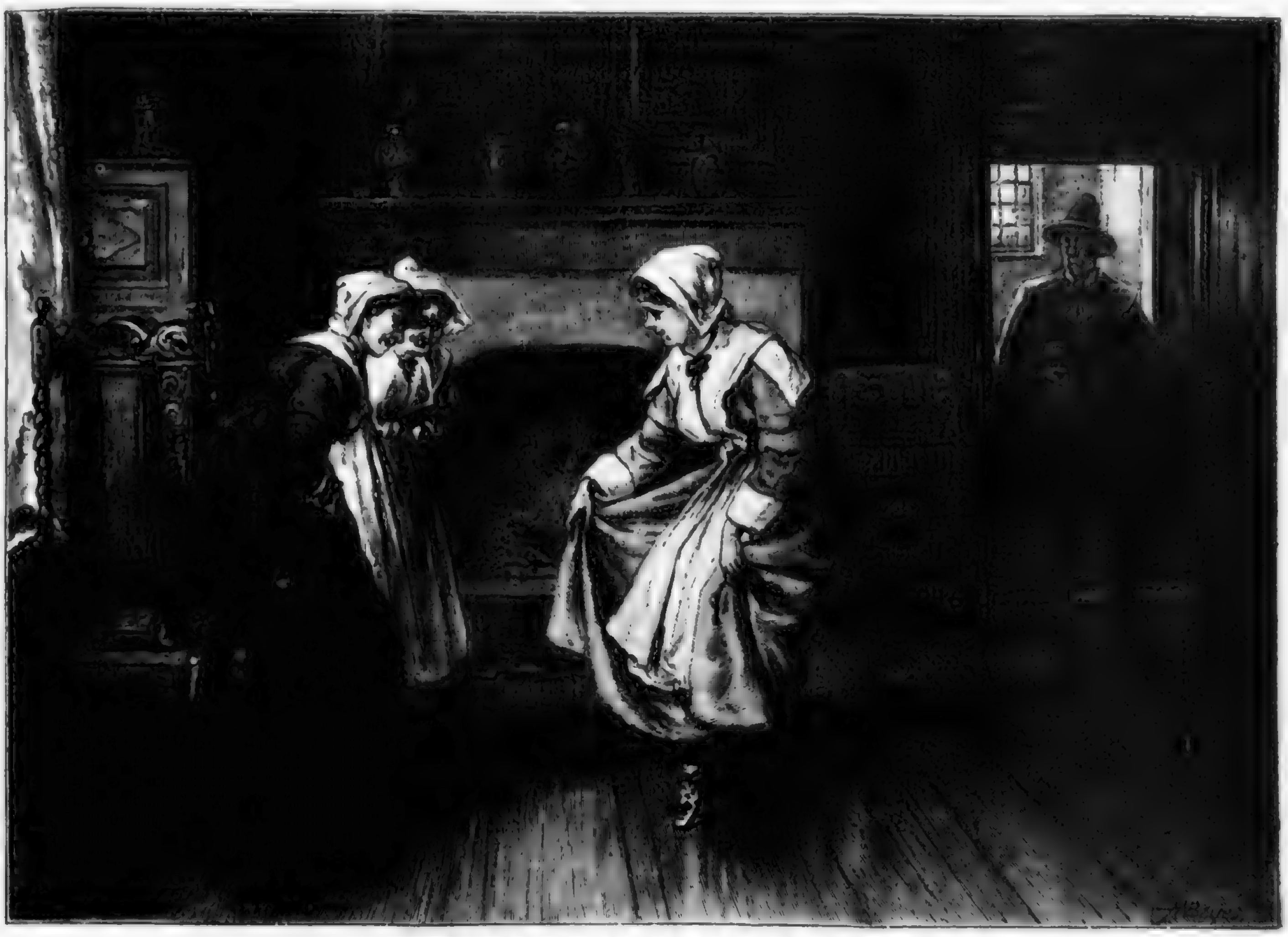
and similar facts, and adds that it was not yet known how the ants prevented their provision of grain from sprouting. But now it has been proved that this is due simply to the preservative power of the formic acid, the effect of which is so powerful that it can either arrest the process of germination, or destroy it altogether in the seed.

We will further mention that there exists among us a kind of ant that lives on seeds and stores them up. This is our *Lasius niger*, which, according to the statement made by Wittmack, at a meeting of naturalists, carries seeds of violets, and likewise of ground ivy *(Veronica hedœræfolia)*, into its cells. In his description of an Indian ant *(Pheidole providens)*, Sykes relates that the above-mentioned kind collects large stores of grass-seeds. He notices likewise that after a monsoon storm, the ants bring their stores of grain out of their granaries, in order to dry them. It seems, therefore, that excessive moisture destroys the preservative power of the formic acid; hence this drying process.

We see, then, that the Winter provision of honey for the bees, and the store of grain which serves as food for the ants, are preserved by means of one and the same fluid—namely, formic acid. The use of formic acid as a means of preserving fruit, and the like, was first suggested by Feierabend in the year 1877.

The woman who works in some honorable way to maintain herself loses none of the dignity nor refinement of true womanhood, and is just as much an ornament to her sex, or even more, than the woman whose days are passed in indolence and ease.

A free people must be a thoughtful people. The subjects of a despot may be reckless and gay if they can. A free people must be serious; for it has to do the greatest thing that ever was done in the world—to govern itself.



THE LITTLE PURITAN MAIDENS CAUGHT TRIPPING.

OF TWO EVILS.

BY

PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART III.—THE WOE OF THE BRAYNOR INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XIII.— (CONTINUED).

IT was midnight. Some clocks with a vicious tendency to be fast were already striking the hour. Some of those more ambitious of accuracy than of speed were waiting and pointing with steady hands to the fact that it was only fifty-nine minutes past eleven.

Ward Dellerton was dying. He had been dying for hours. The doctor had been by his side since nine o'clock; his face sad and quiet, his grief as purely professional as were the black garments he wore, and certain, under some other name, of course, to find a place in his his bill.

There wasn't a relative at Dellerton's bedside. He hadn't a friend there. The doctor was a most excellent one, and had done his best—because his success or failure made or marred his reputation. He cared nothing for Ward Dellerton; he rather despised him than otherwise. Sometimes he had thrown himself, body and soul, into some case where friendship or love or pity had been an element. Sometimes he had lain awake nights to think regretfully of failure. Sometimes he had mixed prayer with his pills and powders. He was a grand man, a good man, a man to be loved and honored.

But in Ward Dellerton's case he had been only a machine, a grand machine, a perfect machine, a thinking machine—but merely a machine, for all that. He had done his very best; he had been prompt; he had met every emergency with skill Had it been his own brother, he could have done no more. He had nothing in his treatment to regret. But Ward Dellerton was dying, and the doctor didn't care.

Nor did the servants care. They had done their duty, most of them; they meant to be paid well for it. Some had secured other places, and were to begin their new duties with another day. Others meant to remain, since some one must take care of the house and property. One or two believed that the law would let Mortimer go, under the pressure which Bluff & Bragg could bring to bear, and were his adherents and apologists already. It would not have been a pleasant deathbed, this, without love and without friends, had Ward Dellerton lain upon it with all his faculties alert. But up to fifty-nine minutes past eleven o'clock he had shown no trace of intelligence at all.

Suddenly, just at that moment, he sprang upright in bed, There was reason in his eyes for a second or two, reason which changed to a mad dread more fearful than the utter lack of anything had been. He stretched out his hands, as though to ward off an impending blow.

"Annette! Annette! Don't, don't! I—I——" and he sank back again into the place where he had lain for so many, many hours.

I cannot explain it. I will not try. A bloodclot may be responsible. Only the All Wise knows.

But the look on the dead man's face was so horrible that the doctor turned away his head and shuddered. He had never seen anything like it.

There was a quick and sudden ring at the doorbell.

* * * * * *

The man outside rang the bell.

The servant who answered it was in a very demoralized condition. Ordinarily it would have been a very difficult matter for a stranger to have gone into the Dellerton mansion, past the man whose business it was to meet all sorts and conditions of men at the door. In a sort of dim and vague way the midnight visitor had realized this, and he had said over and over to himself a few very plausible lies which he hoped would make his path easier than would otherwise be true. Then, as a sort of last resort, he had a keen friend up his sleeve, the hilt where he could grasp it easily, and the sheath so placed as to be but little in his way. For some reason, protection possibly, he had another and a noisier weapon in the side-pocket of his coat—a weapon with seven deaths in it, if the power to evolve its might were quick-eyed and steady-handed enough.

Once upon a time another person, a servant of a State, had stood before a door which this man meant to pass. And he had gone out through the door, because freedom was outside.

To-night, let him but know that the man he sought was beyond the door at which he had rung his summons, and he would go in. He would go in, though it condemned him to another twenty years of living death; he would go in, though it was the road to the gallows.

But the servant was, as I have said, in a very demoralized condition. His stupidity, caused by lack of sleep, or the recent nearness of death, or whatever else it might be, was of a peculiar and especial value to him that night. A man who is occasionally a fool has some advantages, sometimes, over the one who is always and for ever quick and clever. Sometimes he lives longer.

"Is Ward Dellerton in?" was the quick question.

"Is—is—— Yes, he is in," was the doubtful answer.

"I must see him."

"Yes, but—I—I think——"

He who hesitates is lost. The servant hesitated.

The man who had hunted over New York for half a night to find Ward Dellerton's house pushed his way into the hall. He took the servant roughly by the shoulders and turned him toward the inside of the house.

"Show me the way!" he commanded, as he kicked the front door shut.

"But, I——"

"Cut it short. Never mind announcing me. Show me the way."

"You're a—a friend——"

"Show me the way to where Ward Dellerton is, and do it now. Say another word, and I'll——"

He didn't have to say what he would do; he didn't have to do it. The servant grumbled a little to himself, under his breath, but he obeyed the man, and with remarkable alacrity. The more distant midnight bells were sounding through the night as they stood on the landing.

"He—he's in there," said the servant, pointing to a door.

"Ah, he is, is he? That is good, very good indeed," said the other, letting his hand fall carelessly into the side-pocket of his coat; "now, my good fellow, you can go down-stairs again; your master won't need you for ten minutes, perhaps."

You may call it animal magnetism or will-power, as you please, looking at it from the visitor's standpoint; and fear or foolishness or anything else, from the point of view of the servant. He turned and went down-stairs.

The man of the midnight stood with his hand on the knob of the door. Success is a strange thing; it unnerves many men to stand where they have only to stretch out a hand to grasp it; this man waited a little to let his riot heart slow its mad pace to something like a healthy rate. His eyes gleamed like those of some wild beast; his lips were drawn away from his white and cruel looking teeth, and they glittered in a ghastly way in the half-darkness. His white hair hung in a tangle about his neck and brow. His hat had not been removed.

Looking at him, one might have almost guessed his thoughts. Not thoughts of his boyhood's home, and of the mother who had loved him; no, not that. Not thoughts of the years when he had been a criminal, nor of those later ones when he had been a hardened vagabond, hiding from the eye of justice; no, no, not such thoughts as these. He remembered cruel words and cruel blows; he remembered the fate to which the easy hint of Ward Dellerton had sent him back; he remembered the tears which would almost have sufficed to wear away the stones which had shut him in; he recalled the nights when he had leaned against his iron door until it seemed as though his heart must melt the icy barrier away; he thought of the twenty years he had suffered. And he knew now, now that he stood so near the end and aim of all his ambition, that they had never been patient years—never—never—never.

He drew in his breath. It was a gasp.

He let it out. It was like the snarl of a starved wolf with his helpless prey in sight.

He opened the door.

He sprang, rather than walked, into the room.

He stood silent, first gazing from the doctor to the servants, then from the servants to the gaunt figure on the bed, and then back to the doctor again, for a minute or two.

Then he staggered forward to the side of the bed, and looked down into Ward Dellerton's face.

He took his hand from his pocket. His hand was empty.

"Dead! dead! dead!" he cried; "and I never thought of that. Dead! after all these years of horror! Dead! dead! dead!"

There are men who can ill endure any *finale* but the one they planned; men who will look on just the end they had hoped, and curse Providence that they cannot say, "*I did it.*" This man was one of these.

"Dead!" he wailed, as he turned away and left the room; "dead! I would have given a year of my life to have been an hour earlier!"

"Dead!" he moaned, as he opened the outside door, and stepped into the night again; "dead! And I would have given ten years of my life to have found him alive and well."

"Dead!" he groaned, as he stood irresolute and despairing on the sidewalk; "dead! I wonder when I can get a train to Pleanton. I shall die!—die! or be raving mad, *unless I can go fishing!*"

Chapter XIV.

John Braynor Ampstead, young, strong, full of ambition and its dreams, was a very happy man.

He was poor, as yet, but he saw honestly-earned gold in the future for him. He could afford to wait.

Love had not touched his heart yet. That experience was for his future, unless he should be fortunate enough to escape it. He had never yet seen a woman who had had power to make his heart gain—or lose—a single beat a minute. High above all others, his loyal heart exalted and enshrined his mo—that is, Mrs. Ampstead. The man he called father, less fortunate, perhaps, shared the father's portion of love with another man; young Ampstead loved the man whose name had been given him, and whose money had made much of his present possible and his future promising, with a love that was very like that which a son might have given.

John B. Ampstead had chosen his future. He would be a lawyer. He would be a good one. No pains nor money had been spared in making his past education as excellent as possible; none would be spared in the future—he had had that statement from John Braynor's own lips. In fact, John Braynor had himself selected the office in which his young friend was to read law. He was not willing that the chances his namesake had for fame and honor should be less than the best.

So John Ampstead was in the office of one of the most prosperous and successful law firms in New York.

Bluff & Bragg were among the best lawyers in the city.

Ampstead was the student of Bluff & Bragg.

Bluff & Bragg were already the hired defenders of Mortimer Dellerton. Ward Dellerton had fallen at Mortimer's hand. Ward Dellerton had deserted his unowned wife. His child, and hers, had been stolen from the Braynor mansion and changed for the little one born to the name of Ampstead.

Take it all in all, there was a fine sarcasm of fate in these things. Only those most interested knew nothing of it.

It is almost literally true to say that they know nothing. Mortimer Dellerton had undoubtedly never heard Mrs. Ampstead mentioned; he had never even heard of Annette; he did not know that there had ever been such a person as John Braynor; he did not know that Martin Glugg had ever darkened the earth with his presence; he had no more knowledge of the existence of such a place as Pleanton than he had of that of some nameless hamlet in the wilds of Africa. His knowledge of these many things which were of such great concern to him was narrow—narrow as the stone cell which had closed about him.

And John Ampstead knew but little more of those facts, so vital to his happiness, than did the other. Pleanton people were not in the habit of indulging in gossip about one they knew and loved as well as they did John Braynor.

Ampstead had heard of Annette, and of her sad story, but it was only a youthful memory now, vague and sad and indistinct; indistinct, because it had been of little interest to him; sad, because he felt in a troubled and uncertain way that John Braynor had not outlived and outgrown the pain which this evil past had brought him. He did not connect it with the name of Dellerton. That name meant nothing to him. Fate had woven well its net.

Will murder out? Is there no deed so hidden that the noonday sun will not some time shine down upon it, showing it as it is, in all its hideousness? I know not. But these things I do know. There was the Braynor confession—I say confession, for we may as well call things by their right names—in the hands of Seth Barcase. (Though neither Ampstead nor Dellerton knew it yet.) And—there was Martin Glugg. (Though no one knew, just yet, that he still lived—no one interested in the tale he could tell of a dark compact and an evil intent, I mean.)

When I think of the sealed package which went into the keeping of Seth Barcase, I am reminded of the hidden treasure of Captain Kidd. You know the tales they tell of weary search for it on moonless nights, and how the fleshless hands of devils would drag the old treasure-chests away from beneath the shovels of the searchers, while the gusty winds rolled the loose soil into the rude holes again, much faster than the toilers could throw it out.

A very Captain Kidd's treasure, it was, or a veritable Cup of Tantalus. But I must not get ahead of my story. We shall see. Let us wait.

When I think of Martin Glugg— But I don't like to think of him at all.

It was what I believe it is the fashion to call a "nasty" morning. New York seemed in a shroud. What wasn't rain, was fog; what wasn't fog, wasn't sunshine either. It seemed as though all nature was weeping sullenly, only half sorry, at the discomfort of last night. Last night, you remember, was an August night of almost preternatural heat.

John Ampstead arose early. He dressed quickly. He ran down-stairs to the breakfast-room of the house in which he boarded. He was early. Breakfast was not yet ready. Let us take a look at him as he stands looking at the morning paper while he waits.

Pale, strong, full of life. Muscles that might almost be an inheritance from the man whose name he bears. A good face, not a handsome one. Clear, honest, straight-looking gray eyes. Dark-brown hair, evidently undecided whether it had best curl, and so waving into graceful lines by way of compromise. A man for men to like; a man for women to love—when love comes to mean home, and a future reaching to death and beyond. This was John Ampstead.

He found a more than usually interesting item in the paper. But he read it with a leisurely grace that had nothing of excitement or sorrow or horror in it. Why should it mean anything to him? He knew not that the child of Ward Dellerton had been laid in the humble home where he had grown to manhood. Why should he weep or turn pale or faint? This was the item:

"Mr. Ward Dellerton died at midnight. He never really gained consciousness from the time he was found wounded, and consequently there is nothing in the way of a statement from him on which to base an opinion of his son's guilt or innocence. Just at the last, there was a change in his mental condition which gave the physician a momentary hope of something rational from his lips; there was only a minute of delirium, however, and then he was a dead man.

"A reporter visited the place of confinement of Mr. Mortimer Dellerton at two o'clock. He found on inquiry that Mr. Dellerton was restless and wakeful because of the heat, and on asking for an interview, he was surprised at having it granted. The young man manifested no emotion on being informed of the death of his father. He seemed unwilling to talk upon the subject of the murder, but conversed freely about other matters. His mind is evidently unaffected, and he seems to be in excellent health and good spirits.

"The only statement our reporter could draw from him was the assertion that the shooting was done in self-defense. It is probable that that will be the line of the defense. We understand that Bluff & Bragg are his lawyers in this unfortunate affair.

"One strangely pathetic circumstance connected with Mr. Ward

Dellerton's death deserves especial mention. He had scarcely ceased to breathe when a man who had forced his way past the servant who answered the doorbell rushed into the room. His grief was something terrible to witness, and his heartrending cries drew tears from all who heard them. He rushed from the house before he could be questioned, and search for him has been unavailing. He seemed a very common sort of man, and is not believed to have been a relative of Mr. Dellerton. He was probably one who had been befriended by Mr. Dellerton, and assisted by his generosity."

Probably!

Probably, there are two ways of telling a story!

Probably, men and nations sit on mines of explosives, while malice or madness with lighted torches runs riot through their secret avenues!

Probably, ignorance *is* bliss!

"It is more than probable that the "painstaking and accurate reporter" had a very vivid imagination; it is not probable that he enjoyed the acquaintance and confidence of Mr. Martin Glugg.

John Ampstead laid down the paper. What cared he for Ward Dellerton's death? There was a glow of pride at his heart as he thought of Bluff & Bragg, of the square and definite issue they and their client had now to meet, of the difficulties they must meet and overcome, and of the final triumph which would most likely be theirs.

Breakfast was brought in. The other boarders came down-stairs. There were pleasant greetings all around. They drew their chairs about the table.

There was a ring at the doorbell. A servant answered it. The message was for John Ampstead—a telegram.

There is a tingling thrill to electrical communication, much as though one had received a touch of the current itself. A telegram is so apt to mean death or financial ruin. I pity the man so worldly wise that a message by telegraph has no power to startle him; I pity the man who had not rather be by himself when he opens and reads it.

John Ampstead ran up to his room. His steps were not so rapid nor so light as they had been when he came down. His face was pale. His hands were nervous and unsteady. Was it from home? Was it mother?—or father? or—or——

He tore it open.

Brief, pointed, pitiless. Telegrams are likely to be all these. Possibly the wordier letter might cut deeper still.

This was what it said:

"PLEANTON, *August* —, 1880.

"JOHN B. AMPSTEAD—

"Care of Bluff & Bragg, New York.

"Braynor had accident. Died this morning. Come at once."

"SETH BARCASE."

Dead! The man who had made his past so easy, his present so pleasant, his future so hopeful! Dead! It was a terrible blow and a sickening one. The room seemed to whirl with him. The dark morning, with its drifting masses of fog and rain, grew darker yet. He sat down. He could not stand. Dead! It was too horrible for belief. He had loved him so, this good man Braynor, as he had known him. Had he known the truth——

It is a good Providence which keeps back some things from our weakness. Did you ever think of that?

Ampstead put a few things into a valise. He sent a few hastily written lines to the office of Bluff & Bragg explaining his absence. He caught the first train which would get him to Pleanton, not waiting for the express which would start several hours later and land him on the platform at Pleanton Station forty-five minutes after he would reach it by starting at once. He was willing to ride in a poorer car; willing to ride slowly; willing to change cars many times. The one thing he must do was to keep moving; the one thing to which he could not bring himself was waiting. Besides, forty-five minutes saved was much, very much, though the message said his friend was dead. And he said it over again and again—"Dead, dead, dead."

"Braynor had accident. Died this morning. Come at once." He said it over to himself many times. Then he would take out the slip of paper and read the message, as though there were something in it which he had not fathomed yet, and which fascinated and baffled him. What was the nature of the accident? When had it happened? Had all been done that might have been? Thus he tortured himself, as the hours went on, with the same questions that have crushed and numbed the sensibilities of men and women ever since telegrams have brought the brief vagueness of the story of irreparable loss.

"Can you tell me when we shall reach Pleanton?"

It was not a pleasant voice that asked the question; it was not a pleasant face toward which John Ampstead turned his eyes as he gave the desired information. A man with "*repression*" written in every wrinkle on his countenance; a man with repression stamped on his stooping shoulders, and signaled in his servile air; a man with something shining in his eyes which seemed a mockery and defiance of what his wrinkles, and his stooping posture, and his mean air, confessed.

He was a man to shock one's finer feelings; a man whose type was new to John Ampstead's experience. He looked the sort of man one would expect to find following the footsteps of the tyrant Czar, or flinging dynamite across the path of progress; the type of face one would have found behind the broken barricades when law's servants had driven back and crushed down the men whose lives had been given in service of the Paris Commune.

But this man had nothing more dangerous in sight than an elaborate outfit of fishing-tackle.

John Ampstead gave the facts regarding the time of arrival in Pleanton. He added that he was himself going to Pleanton. I don't know why he said it. He would have done nothing to encourage conversation with the man who had questioned him. But he said it; we have all of us, most likely, done a similar thing again and again.

"Ah," said the man, evidently much interested, "so you are going there too? Are you much acquainted there?"

"Pleanton is my home."

"Indeed? I used to know Pleanton people, long ago. What might your name be?"

"Ampstead—John Braynor Ampstead."

A terrible change came over the face of the other man. He turned as white as this sheet of paper on which I am writing. His head fell back against the back of the car-seat. His eyes closed. He gasped for breath.

Some one had brandy. It was brought quickly. But the man raised himself up in the seat, opened his eyes, and pushed the flask away.

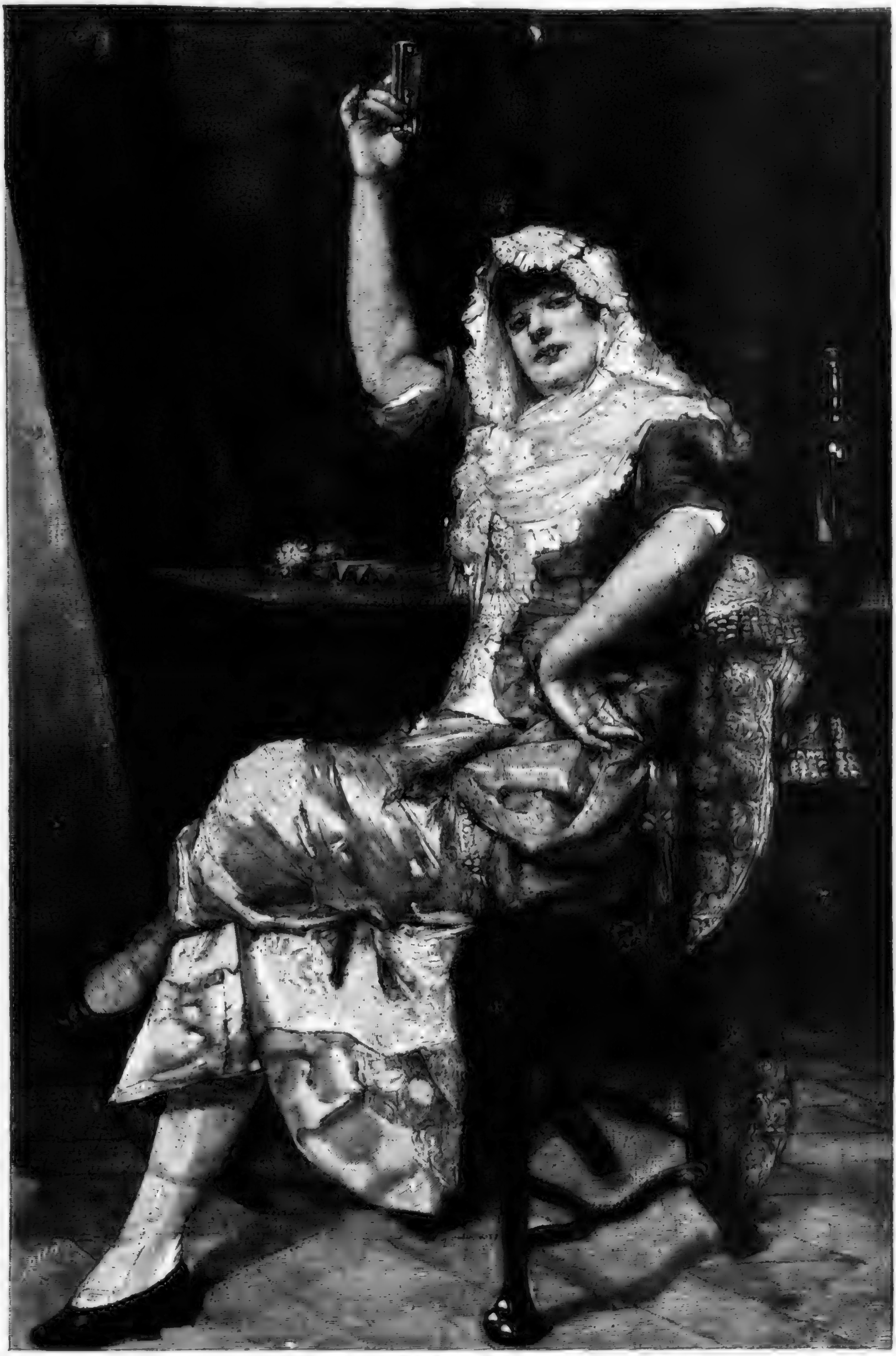
"I—I am all right now, I think," he said, huskily; "all right; all right. But I wouldn't touch a drop of that accursed stuff, not a drop, if I knew it stood between me and death."

"Don't you like it?" asked the half-offended owner of the flask, as he put it away again.

"Like it! Does a child like the air and the sunshine? Like it!"

"Then why——"

"Don't you see I must keep my head clear and my



"TO YOUR HEALTH."—FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANCISCO MASRIERA.

hand steady?" asked the man, fiercely; "how dare a man touch the wretched thing?"

There was silence then, for a time, and the other passengers gradually went back to their interrupted interest in their books and papers, in the scenery, in the weather, and (in one or two couple's cases) in each other.

But Ampstead, having been duly shocked at the vehemence with which his new acquaintance had refused that which it had seemed so natural for a man like him to take, could think of nothing but this strange person who had been so affected on learning his name.

He leaned across the aisle, after a little, and touched the man on the arm.

"Did you know my father?" he asked.

"I know—know——" said the man, seeming to be thoroughly startled and embarrassed; "I—I knew Mr. Ampstead. I knew Mr. Braynor, too."

The latter was said hesitatingly.

"Did you? He is dead."

"Indeed? When did he die?"

"This morning."

"This morning," cried the man, looking again as though brandy might be of use, if he could be induced to take it; "did he—he—did he say anything—about—about—*about anything?*"

John Ampstead handed his telegram to the man across the aisle.

"That is all I know about it," he said.

"Why do they send for you?" asked the other; "why is it that you have much interest in this man?"

"He has been my best friend all my life," said Ampstead, warmly, "and has spent money and time in making me what I am. I love him!—I love him!"

"Hm!" grunted the other; "and you have education, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And you're good, no doubt?"

"I try to be."

"Hm!"

And the man looked away out of the car-window for a long time without saying anything, while John Ampstead pulled his hat down over his eyes and wondered how it had happened that he had talked so freely of himself and his affairs with a stranger, and especially with such a man as the one opposite him. He wondered whether it had been quite prudent. He wondered whether, in his place, Mr. Bluff or Mr. Bragg would have done it.

The man turned from the window, suddenly, and asked him another question.

"Ever know Ward Dellerton?"

"No."

"Ever hear of him?"

"Yes."

"What?"

The tone was a little imperious and a trifle menacing. Ampstead remembered having heard Bluff cross-question a witness once, and use much the same tone as the one this man now used. Not liking the idea of being put upon the stand by this stranger, he nevertheless replied readily enough. He felt that he had little interest in this phase of the conversation.

"What have I heard? Not much. What little I do know has come to me in a professional way."

"A professional way! What do you mean by that?"

"I am a law-student. The gentlemen with whom I study are engaged to defend Mr. Dellerton's murderer."

"Indeed! I did not know he was killed."

"Oh, yes; he died last night."

"I—I knew—that is, I heard that he was dead. But I didn't know that any one killed—killed——"

"His son killed him."

"His son?" cried the man, his face ghastly again—"his—his son?"

"Certainly. His son, Mr. Mortimer Dellerton, who is in confinement in New York, and who confesses the deed."

"But you said something about defending him."

"Yes; he claims the murder was done in self-defense."

"Hm!" said the man, going back to the occupation of looking out at the window at the landscape which fast flew back behind them.

These two did not speak again during the journey. One was thinking of the telegram which had come to him, and wondering how much that was sad and sorrowful he had to learn before the day was done. The other was thinking of many things—many things.

At Pleanton Station there was a carriage waiting for John Ampstead. Dr. Pilleo and Mr. Barcase had come to meet him.

But no one came to meet Martin Glugg; no one knew him; and he tramped away alone, his bundle of fishing-tackle under his arm, up toward the hills where he had worked out the greatest problem of reform and self-renunciation that had ever come into his life—and where he had turned himself toward deeper wickedness than had before been his

CHAPTER XV.

It is not strange that hasty messages are sent from beside beds of sickness to distant friends, nor that there is many a hurried journey in answer.

But why "come at once" should be the burden of the request when death has really come, and all is over, is past finding out.

There was nothing for young Ampstead to do, in the interval between his arrival at Pleanton and the day set for the funeral; and, since those who had been by the bedside of the dying man had agreed to say nothing of the terms of the will until the time came for reading that document, there was little for him to learn. No one could tell more of the accident than that his horse had dragged John Braynor home, and that he was beyond hope when they found him.

So John Ampstead wandered between the humble home of his boyhood and the larger mansion of the Braynors', during the day or two of waiting, weary, wretched, disconsolate, and seeing little of brightness in either earth or sky.

But one day there came the end. There was the gathering of all the neighbors at the home of the one who was gone. There was the long, sad service. There was the dreary walk to the graveyard, dreary though the Summer sunshine lay hot and bright over all things. There was the fall of the heavy clods upon the coffin.

Then the throng came down through the winding paths, the tall grass reaching out as though to grasp their feet, down over the stile or through the gates, and there were those who talked aloud now who had conversed in hushed whispers before. And some child laughed; and some man made a remark to another regarding the crops; and one woman criticised another's bonnet; and the groups which came down the street and scattered to their homes were of the world worldly again, and John Braynor's place among them was already a thing of the past.

"The will will be read at the home of the deceased," said Mr. Barcase to young Ampstead, as they stood together in the street; "and you are interested in it. Will you be present in an hour?"

"I will."

It was not strange, when he came to think of it, that he should have been remembered in the will of this man, who had done so much for him while still alive, but he had not thought of it until Mr. Barcase spoke to him.

A man was lounging in the shade not far from the Braynor mansion as Mr. Barcase was about to go in; a strangely agitated man he appeared to be, and far from a prepossessing one.

He reached out and touched the arm of Barcase as he went by.

"I suppose the will is to be read soon, isn't it?" he asked, humbly.

"Certainly."

"I—I used to know Mr. Braynor quite well a good many years ago. Do you think there would be any objection to my—my——"

"It is customary for only those who are relatives, or who are invited, to be present, and I see no reason in this case to do otherwise than is usual. Who are you anyway? I don't remember you."

"Probably not. I remember you, though, quite well. Have you forgotten that there was once a man called Martin Glugg, who lived in Pleanton?"

The lawyer looked keenly at the man.

"You are Martin Glugg," he said, after a little; "and I wonder I did not recognize you at first. But aren't you afraid to come here?"

Glugg smothered a half-formed curse.

"No," he said, "I am not. I have a right to be here now. I have done for the law all it had to demand of me. I've been gone twenty years. It is a very long time, twenty years is."

"Twenty years!" said the lawyer; "twenty years. So it is. So it is. It scarcely seems possible. When you were here Mr. Dellerton struck——"

Glugg threw up his hands appealingly, almost as though he were trying to ward off a real blow. The curse was too quick for him this time; he spoke it, clear and loud and full.

"He called me a vagabond. He lied. But he is dead now."

"Dead! Is he? I hadn't heard it. So the unfortunate man——"

"Don't call him unfortunate; call him lucky," growled Glugg.

"Well, well," said the lawyer, lightly, "have it your own way. I cannot wait longer now. By-the-way, you are interested in the will after all; please be present." And he mentioned the time when the document would be read, four o'clock, and hurried away.

And Glugg staggered to a stone near by, sank down upon it, and covered his face with his hands. "I wonder what he said of me?" he repeated, over and over again to himself.

The hour came, and a number gathered in the parlor of the Braynor mansion. There were Dr. Pilleo, Mrs. Johnson, the clergyman, the lawyer, half a dozen very distant relatives of the deceased, John Ampstead and Martin Glugg.

The will was read. There were some whispered comments on its contents. But no one was surprised, unless Ampstead and Glugg were. Every one else except John Ampstead himself had expected that John Braynor would leave the bulk of his property as he had.

Mr. Barcase turned to Glugg as those who had listened to the reading of the document rose to depart.

"I computed the interest on the principal which the deceased left you, Mr. Glugg," he said, "and drew the full amount from the bank this afternoon. Will you please count the money, glance over my figures, and sign the receipt I have written?"

Glugg did so. He then moved across the room to the side of John Ampstead.

"I congratulate you on your good fortune," he said.

"Thank you. But please remember that John Braynor was my best friend, and that I cannot call that good fortune which has come to me only through his death."

"I—I suppose he was your best friend," said Glugg, slowly and hesitatingly; "I suppose he was."

"Indeed he was," said Ampstead. "But what was he to you?"

"A good friend, too. By-the-way, this will make you a beautiful home, this grand estate. You will scarcely think of studying for a profession now, will you?"

"Certainly I shall. Should I strangle my ambition because I find myself possessed of money? I shall go on with my study of the law."

Glugg took a step nearer to him. He bent forward until his face almost touched Ampstead's. He spoke in a harsh whisper, his eyes glittering like coals.

"And be married soon, too, I doubt not. Will that be true?"

Ampstead laughed, nervously.

"I hope so some time," he said, frankly, not seeing at the moment that he had better have said something else.

Glugg's head fell forward upon his breast.

"Yes; I suppose you will," he said, in a tone which was a puzzling thing, but well calculated to make the listener nervous and uneasy; "I suppose you will. Most men do—or hope to."

Ampstead suddenly awoke to the probable importance of what this man was saying to him.

"You were thinking of that package in the possession of Mr. Barcase, were you not?" he asked, and looked Glugg squarely in the face.

Glugg's eyes fell before the penetrating glance fixed upon him, and he turned and walked away without making any answer.

Ten minutes later Mr. Barcase asked Mr. Ampstead for a private interview, and they went together to the library.

"I don't like Glugg," were the first words the lawyer said when they were alone together."

"Nor I."

"I never did like him, in the past; he was taken from here, an escaped criminal, back to the punishment from which he had fled. There is nothing good in him—nothing. I distrust him. He is cunning and crafty and cruel."

"Exactly," said Ampstead; "I think I understand him now. It is very unfortunate I didn't gather my wits sooner."

"Why?" queried the lawyer, sharply.

Then Ampstead gave Mr. Barcase a description of the conversations he had had with Glugg, especially the most recent one, though he did not forget to inform him of what had taken place upon the cars.

"I don't like the looks of this," said the lawyer.

"Nor do I," replied Ampstead; "but what does it mean? What connection can there have been between a good and noble man like John Braynor and an outcast like Martin Glugg?"

"I cannot tell; I cannot guess. You have heard the story of Braynor's disappointment of twenty years ago, have you not?"

"Something of it; years ago. Of course I remember little of it now."

"Let me tell you——" began the lawyer.

But Ampstead shook his head and put up his hands, appealingly.

"Don't do it. It can have no bearing on this matter; the fact that the woman he loved was not true to him. Let us be loyal to the dead."

And so he put away from him much which it had been better for him to know. In this wise he let his loyalty to the dead stand between him and his loyalty to the living—between him and his loyalty to himself. Which facts go to show that John Braynor Ampstead was a very human young man.

"Very well," said the lawyer; "of course that has, as you say, nothing to do with this matter? The questions are these: Why did Mr. Braynor leave such a sum of money to Mr. Glugg, and what interest has Glugg in this?"

"*This*" was the package which Braynor had left in trust to Seth Barcase. The lawyer took it from his pocket as he spoke, and threw it upon the table before him.

John Ampstead took it up and turned it over, curiously.

Had the two not been so absorbed in their conversation, and in looking at the outside of the package, they might have noticed that a shadow fell across an open window behind them, and that there was a strange stir and rustle among the vines which clustered about it. Birds! Possibly. Only these men would have done well to have raised their eyes to the shadow, bent their ears to the rustle, and, taking nothing for granted, have put certainty of some sort in the face of possibility.

"Glugg wants that," said the lawyer, as the young man handed the package back to him.

"I know it. Why?"

"It is easy enough to find out. Do you think the dead would blame you for doing such a thing as that? You don't know what interest may be at stake. Open it." And the lawyer extended the package toward Ampstead.

The young man drew back.

"No," he said; "don't tempt me. I trust the dead man fully. I feel sure that his secret, whatever it may be, is not one of sin or shame. And how does it concern me? What have I to do with Glugg! or he with me? Keep it until the time comes when I have a right to it."

"You are right, Ampstead," said the lawyer as he put the package in his pocket again; "you are right, and brave, and true. Forgive what I suggested, and try to forget it."

He extended his hand. The young man took it and pressed it warmly.

"I will forget it," he said; "there is nothing to forgive."

"And now," said Barcase, "having gone far from the matters which I asked you to come here to talk about, let us return to business. I must be brief, for I have to ride twenty miles into the country this evening, and it is getting late and the night promises to be dark. You will return to New York, I suppose, and carry out your plans of professional study?"

"I shall."

"And what shall you do with the estate here?"

"Leave the management in your hands, if you will attend to it for me. I shall ask Mrs. Johnson to reside in the house and take care of it and the furniture."

"That is well. Now about money; there is enough to pay each legacy and all the debts, and to leave quite a little balance to your credit in the bank. Do you need money now?"

"Not at all. Let it remain where it is until we are both more at leisure than now."

"Agreed. When shall you return to New York?"

"Not for a day or two."

"I shall see you again, then. Good-evening."

"Good-evening."

The shadow went away from the open window as the lawyer took his leave, and not because the sunshine was gone, though it was true that the last lingering rays were turning the hilltops into glory. Some little birds which had been frightened away from the vines about the window, strangely enough, came flying back.

The lawyer hurried home to eat his supper and prepare for his drive into the country. There was a new matter (not connected with our narrative) to occupy his mind, and he let John Braynor and Martin Glugg drift out of his thoughts altogether.

John Ampstead, too, had other things to think of than the mystery of Martin Glugg, and no thought entered his mind of danger lying between him and the day when he would have a right to open and read the message which John Braynor had left behind him.

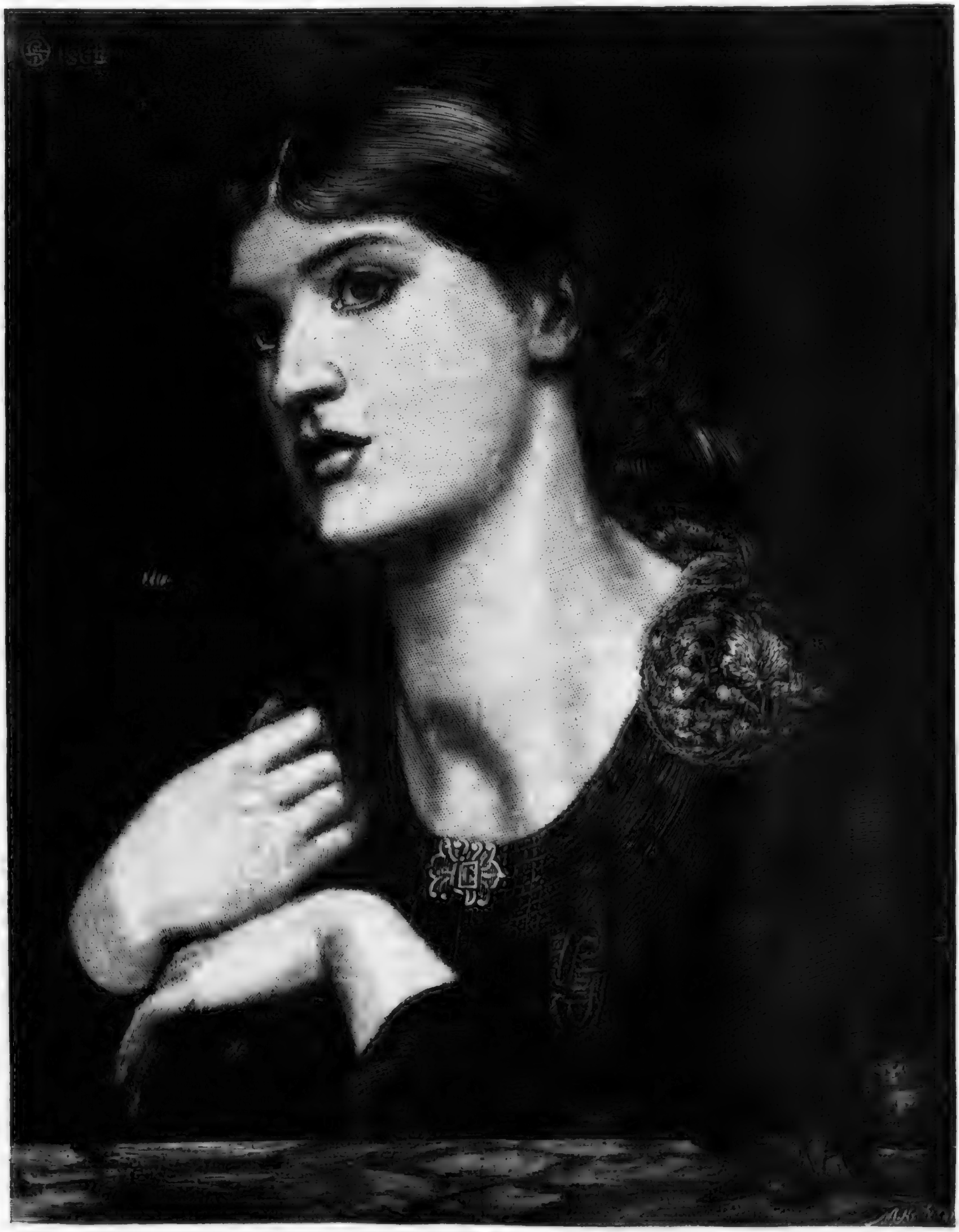
Thoughtless men! Careless and heedless, as men often are, they might well have pondered several startling truths; the truth that a guilty conscience shrinks from that which looks as though it might mean accusation; the truth that the one who would himself shift the burden of a great crime upon an accomplice is ready to believe no man above doing the same; the truth that there comes a time to the man who deliberately walks the downward path of sin when he no longer shrinks from crime, but only from detection and punishment; the truth that the utterly wicked—men who have known what it is to spend long terms of years in prison—will do anything and everything rather than risk a disclosure that would send them there again. They might have found it interesting to have considered the proposition that if Mr. Martin Glugg really wanted the package which was to go to John Ampstead—under certain conditions—he wanted it because he believed, or *feared*, it was important to him; they might have reasoned that he was a very dangerous man; they might have reached the conclusion that such a little thing as human life would not stand between him and his purpose.

But they didn't think of the matter.

Each ate a hearty supper, his enjoyment of it shaded by the past he knew and the future he expected. John Ampstead retired early, and the memory of the good and generous friend he felt he had lost was not strong enough to long keep the sleep he so much needed from his tired brain. And the lawyer got into his buggy, and started for his evening drive, as happy and contented a man as one is likely to find among those who add to the troubles incident to a residence in this world the cares and perplexities of the profession which finds its peace and pence in the over-reachings and shortcomings of others.

Chapter XVI.

It *was* a very dark night, just as Mr. Barcase had predicted. But that worthy gentleman was used to driving here and there at any and all hours, and at any and all seasons of the year, and he gave little heed to the darkness or the heat. In fact, he congratulated himself more than once that he drove when he pleased, and only then, instead of being at every person's beck and call, night and day, as he would have been if he had been so unfortunate as to have studied medicine instead of law. There is a great deal in Mr. Seth Barcase's philosophy, too; what one will is much easier and pleasanter than what one must. The fact remains that Mr. Barcase took more unseasonable rides than any man in Pleanton, the physicians not excepted. Why he went was a matter for wonder to many in Pleanton—and in the country round about. But we need make no mystery of that. I don't know that Mr. Barcase ever meant to do so himself, though *his* reason was almost always as general a one as "business." Mr. Barcase had never held a political office in his life; but many of his friends had. He had never run for office, though it was noticed that the men he supported usually won. He never made a stump speech; he



IL RAMOSCELLO.

was never a delegate to any convention. But his friends were almost always the ones to be put in nomination.

The fact was—he was a political *worker*. If he wanted to consult with a man he consulted with him, and some other person was liable to be late. He who would thrive sometimes sits up all night. The early man catches the ballot.

Mr. Barcase was on an expedition which he expected would yield fruit at the ballot-box. His purpose was entirely foreign to our story. His expectations were for nothing which need interest us.

But what happened—the unexpected—is important to consider.

Mr. Barcase was driving slowly through a dark bit of woods. He lighted a fresh cigar just as he turned an abrupt corner in the road, and taking out his watch, he looked at the time of night by the aid of the weed.

His horse stopped

Mr. Barcase looked up.

There had a shadowy form stepped out from the thicket in the darkness. Some one had his horse by the bridle-rein. It was exceedingly dark, but not so dark that he could not see that the man who had stopped him had a rude mask over his face.

I have stated that Mr. Barcase had driven long night trips all over the country about Pleanton, many a time and oft, and I have explained why it was true that he had done so. But never in his experience had such a thing as this happened. Never had he seen any one who had met with such an interruption. He had never actually known of anything like it. When he had read of outrages of this sort the hard truth had never come home to him; he had taken the items *cum grano salis*, fitted to fill up a lacking space in a newspaper, but unlikely to be found elsewhere.

But there was a man with a mask on, holding his horse by the head, all the same, and in spite of his belief that such a thing couldn't happen in a civilized community.

Mr. Barcase's first thought was of his pistol; every one in America has a pistol, you know. Show me the man who does not own a revolver, and I'll show you—— But no matter. You wouldn't find the man. The average American has his revolver as regularly as his watch or his dog. Mr. Barcase was the happy owner of an excellent specimen of the national weapon. His first thought was of that.

His revolver was in the hip-pocket of his pantaloons, the garment commonly known as his "Sunday pants," hanging on a hook in his bedroom-closet in the village of Pleanton, about sixteen miles, in a straight line, from the unpleasantly obtrusive individual who had his horse by the head. He could but admit that the pistol was out of the question.

His second thought was to wonder whether the man he meant to have seen before midnight would give his vote and influence to the right ticket (the ticket Barcase supported), when the November elections took place, if that disreputable rascal in the road should find it best to kill him. The "disreputable rascal" broke the embarrassing silence.

"You might as well give it up," he said.

"I—I suppose so," stammered Barcase. "I think I might. I haven't much money with me, thank Heaven—er—er—that is, I am sorry to say, but I've got a pretty fair watch and——"

"Never mind that. I don't want your money, nor your watch either. I want to make a bargain with you, and I want to pay you enough, so that you can afford to keep still about it."

"Exactly," said Mr. Barcase. "I see——"

But the masked man knew he didn't see, and he saved him from lying by a prompt interruption.

"I will give you——" he said, and paused.

"*Give*" is a pleasant word to a lawyer's ears, and it may be that Mr. Barcase half hoped the gentleman in the road might be an intending client. At any rate, he had his courage back, and an appreciation of the humorous side of the affair (most affairs have a humorous side!) had come with it. Besides, he meant to make the masked man laugh—if he could. The voice of the man was strange to him. It puzzled him. A voice may be disguised, but a laugh——

He smiled grimly to himself, this shrewd old lawyer. Let his enemy laugh once, only once, and he would find the mate to that laugh on some careless rascal's lips—he had an idea the search need not be either long or far—when there was neither mask nor night in crime's favor, and the two laughs should cost the luckless man his liberty, at least, and perhaps more. These things should happen, said the busy brain under the grizzled hair of the old lawyer, if the man could be made to laugh; they should happen, *if he lived!* We all have to let that condition stand over against every effort and every deed which we promise so bravely and cheerfully with our "*I will, to-morrow.*"

The masked man paused. But Barcase said never a word.

"I will give you—*two thousand dollars*——"

"Thank you," interrupted Barcase. "It is irregular, very; but, as a lawyer, I cannot refuse——"

The man didn't laugh. Perhaps he knew how much depended upon a thing like that as well as Barcase did. He came a step or two nearer, never loosening his hold on the rein; came enough nearer for Barcase to see that he had not left *his* revolver at home.

"Curse you!" hissed the man. "You make another remark like that and I'll shoot you through the head. I will give you—*two thousand dollars*—for the package—that John Braynor—left in your care—for young Ampstead."

The man seemed to lack for breath. He jerked out the terms of the bargain which he proposed, a few words at a time, and evidently with a great effort. He was undoubtedly thoroughly in earnest.

"I haven't the package with me," said Barcase.

"You lie!" said the masked man; "it is in the breast-pocket of your coat. Give it to me, and the money I've mentioned is yours."

"Never!" said Mr. Barcase, firmly; "never! I have lived to be an old man and I never gave up a trust to a foe. I never will."

"Seth Barcase," said the other, slowly, "I am going to have that package, here and now. I prefer to pay you for it, to the end that you may keep the same silence I shall preserve. But I shall have the package, whatever it costs; I will have it, if I have to kill you to get it; I will have it, if I have to go to the gallows for it. Do you understand?"

"I think I do," said the lawyer, gravely, thinking now of his wife and children; of how they would worry when he did not come at the expected time, and of how they would sorrow when he was brought home in the unexpected way; "I am sure I do. But you cannot have the package for money. You cannot have it while I live."

The man raised his pistol, and pointed it straight at the lawyer's heart.

"Think twice," he said, grimly; "you know I will have the documents. You cannot help that. Will you save your life to your family and friends ?"

"I will not give you the package. You shall never have it while I have strength enough left to keep it from you."

"Curse you then, take that !"

The hammer of the pistol came down with a sullen, wicked click, but for some reason which I cannot explain without recourse to certain debatable questions in theology and philosophy, and which I will therefore not attempt to explain at all, the cartridge failed to go off. It is quite probable that the pistol had been loaded a long time; it is possible that it had been exposed to dampness; I suppose cartridge-makers are sometimes careless or dishonest. It may not be necessary for me to say that my explanation of the escape of Mr. Barcase would not be in the direction of any of these considerations.

The man expressed himself in vigorous language, and let go the rein, taking the pistol in both hands and holding it up toward the sky in a vain attempt to see what could possibly ail it.

That was Barcase's chance.

He brought the whip down upon the flanks of his horse. The animal sprang forward, almost overturning the would-be murderer, and away they dashed through the night.

Bang ! Z-z-z-pp ! There was a clean bullet-hole right through the lawyer's hat. The fellow had some good cartridges, and was a marksman not to be despised.

Bang ! The splinters flew from the back of the buggy-seat, just where Barcase had been leaning a moment before, an inequality in the road having swung him to the other side just in season to save him from having a pistol-ball straight through his body.

A turn in the road hid his foe then, and shut off the danger of bullets. But for many minutes the remarks of the disappointed rascal could still be heard, a fitting rhetorical background to the lawyer's silent flight.

* * * * * *

It was noon the next day when Mr. Barcase drove into Pleanton. The gentleman on whom he had called had promised that his vote and his influence (the latter term meaning the votes of a large number of his free and untrammeled fellow-citizens) should be given to "save the country" in the November elections. That settled, he would see what could be done toward finding and punishing the one who had attempted bribery, robbery, and murder.

He drove to the railroad-station at once.

He pushed his way up to the ticket-window, after he had asked a lad outside to watch his horse, as he sprang from his buggy and ran into the building. There were many persons standing about, especially Pleanton's young people, as a large number of them were going to some sort of picnic festivities a few miles down the road. Some of them were talking and laughing; others were waiting to buy their tickets. But the old lawyer did not wait for them at all. He elbowed his way straight up to the ticket-window.

"Who went on your trains to New York last night, or this morning ?" he asked.

"No one," replied the agent; "no one took the cars here last night or this morning. It is a little remarkable, for though we haven't many passengers from here, we almost always have some. Why do you ask ?"

"There's a man I want to trace, and I supposed he got away on the train, or at least that it was possible he had. You are sure no one went from here ?"

"Perfectly sure. No one has left Pleanton on the cars, going in either direction or to any place, since dark last evening. The train will be here in a quarter of an hour, though. Suppose you watch for your man then ?"

"I will," said Barcase, turning for a moment to glance over those who were in the room, "though I don't think he's waited until now before getting away."

"He may have taken the cars at some other station, either up or down the road," said the agent; "if you can give a description of the man, or any particulars, I can find out for you. Write what you'd like to send, and I'll telegraph at once."

"Thank you," said the lawyer, turning to one side and moving a step away.

He took a pocket-book from his pocket, took a scrap of blank paper, and began to write.

A man came in from outside, hurried up to the ticket-window, and asked how soon the train would be due. He was a short, thick-set man, with a look of low and brutal force stamped by the hand of experience upon his face.

The agent answered his question.

"All right. Ticket to New York," said the man, throwing down a fifty-dollar bill."

The agent looked into his money-drawer.

"That's a little too large for me to-day," he said; then turning to the lawyer: "Here, Mr. Barcase, can you give me change for a fifty-dollar bill ?" he asked.

"I think so," was the answer, as the lawyer stepped back to his place in front of the ticket-window, and looked down at the bill.

A strange change came over his face as he stood there.

"Where did you get that bill ?" he demanded, turning to the stranger who had presented it.

It's good, isn't it ?" demanded the stranger, in his turn.

"Good ? Of course it's good. But that isn't the question. Where did you get it ?"

"I don't know that that is any concern of yours."

"I'll make it my concern."

"Perhaps you will; perhaps you won't. I may look like a man who hasn't money. Very well, looks are deceptive. It is no very unusual thing for me to have fifty dollars at one time."

"That may all be true. I want to know how you got this fifty dollars."

"I earned it."

"When ?"

"A month ago.'

"Where ?"

"That's none of your business, sir."

"How ?"

"That's none of your business either."

"James," said the lawyer, gravely, turning to Pleanton's only day policeman, who had heard the words between Mr. Barcase and the stranger, and who had pushed his way nearer; "James, arrest this man !"

The distant whistle of the coming train was heard.

"Arrest me ?" blustered the man; "arrest me ? What am I to be arrested for ? It will be a serious day's work for you, sir," turning to Barcase; "and for any officer who lays his hands on me."

"Arrest him !" commanded the lawyer.

"My train has come. I have a sick wife in New York. It is an outrage to detain me," said the man.

"Poor fellow !" said some one; "see how sad and worn he is. And a sick wife waiting for him. It is an outrage."

Quite a number of those who were present, too youn and tender-hearted to understand fully the pitiless logic of justice, decided that it certainly was an outrage. They were surprised and grieved at the conduct of a man who usually stood so high, and deservedly so, in the estimation of his townspeople, as did Mr. Seth Barcase. They waited a little, partly out of curiosity to see what would happen, and partly with a determination to see that the unknown whose cause they had taken upon themselves to champion should be allowed to board the train with them, free to go to his destination. You have all seen the fellows of these well-meaning and amiable young fools, I doubt not, in your journeys to and fro in this very humdrum and human and humbug sort of world.

"Arrest the man!" shouted Barcase.

"Stand out of my way," shouted the man, "and let me go home to my dying wife. I appeal to you all—all. Should I not be let go?"

"Certainly," said a half-dozen, in a breath. And one young fellow laid his hand on Barcase's arm, saying: "Come, Mr. Barcase, this sort of thing won't do, you know, don't you know?"

"All aboard!" said the conductor.

"Arrest the man at once," said Barcase, "or I shall do it myself."

And the reluctant and wavering officer, anxious to do his duty, did it at last. He put his hand on the stranger's shoulder and pushed him down into a seat.

"Here," said Barcase, tearing a leaf out of his pocket-book and handing it to the station-agent; "will you kindly check off what you happen to find on that list that corresponds with what we find here? We'll search this fellow at once."

"What for? What is there in your infernal list?"

"The numbers of a few bank-bills," said the lawyer; "only that and nothing more."

And the bystanders knew in a moment, as they looked into the face of the now thoroughly frightened and passive prisoner, that they had made fools of themselves. The final "All aboard!" from the conductor was a welcome relief.

The search did not last long. In five minutes it had been determined that the prisoner had about two thousand dollars in his possession, and that fully fifteen hundred of it had the letters and numbers which were on the leaf which had been torn from the pocket-book which Mr. Barcase had taken from his pocket. Most of the remainder was gold. Only two or three bills, not more than twenty-five dollars in all, of the list which Mr. Barcase had handed to the station-agent, were missing from the sum found on the person of the stranger.

The man looked up, white and shivering, into the face of Mr. Barcase.

"Wh—what's the charge against me?" he asked.

"I don't know yet myself," said Mr. Barcase; "but it is enough to lock you up for to find all this money in your possession which I paid out to another man only yesterday."

"You don't know? Then he isn't dead yet?"

"Isn't dead? Who isn't dead? What do you mean?" The stranger stared at the lawyer.

"Haven't they found him? How did you know, if he hadn't been found?"

"What do you mean?" cried the lawyer. "Speak out at once. What have you done?"

"Robbed Mart Glugg," he said, burying his face in his hands, and rocking himself to and fro.

"And stole my horse, too, perhaps," said the hotel-keeper, sharply, from the doorway, about which a crowd of men was gathering.

The man raised his head. He spoke in a voice of weary sarcasm.

"Oh, yes, I stole your horse; of course I stole your horse."

"And where can I find——"

"Come, come!" interrupted the lawyer; "never mind your horse now. There are more important things to think of than horses." Then, turning to the prisoner, he said: "You robbed Mr. Glugg?"

"Yes, I robbed Mart Glugg, and—and——"

"And what?"

"Oh, sir, will they hang me for it? I didn't mean to do it. He struggled with me, and I thought he was going to get away from me after all, and I suppose I hit him harder than I meant to. I've been a bad man all my life, but I never killed any one before; indeed, I never, never did."

"Where is he? Where will we find him?" asked the lawyer.

"By a stream, away up in the hills. Can I—I—go—too?"

"No. James, lock this man up at once. And now let us all hurry away to hunt for the dead body of Martin Glugg."

Chapter XVII.

They found Martin Glugg among the hills, as the other had said. He lay upon his back, cold and white and silent, his legs in the pool of stagnant water near which he must have been resting when the cruel attack upon him had come. There were fallen and decayed trees about the pool. There was a green scum upon the surface of the water. There were rank weeds, poisonous and evil-looking, growing everywhere. A snake or two wound away into the dark shadows among the ferns and creepers, darting venomous looks from their evil eyes. A big black bird looked down upon the human intruders from his place of vantage, high up in a tree, and he flew lazily away when they came too near, with a cry which would have been harsh and discordant anywhere else.

The ground all about was crushed and trampled, as though an awful conflict had raged there; and there was blood on the leaves, blood on the trees, as high as a man's head; blood in the tracks in the beaten soil; blood, blood, blood; blood tingeing the green horror of the dreadful pool; blood everywhere.

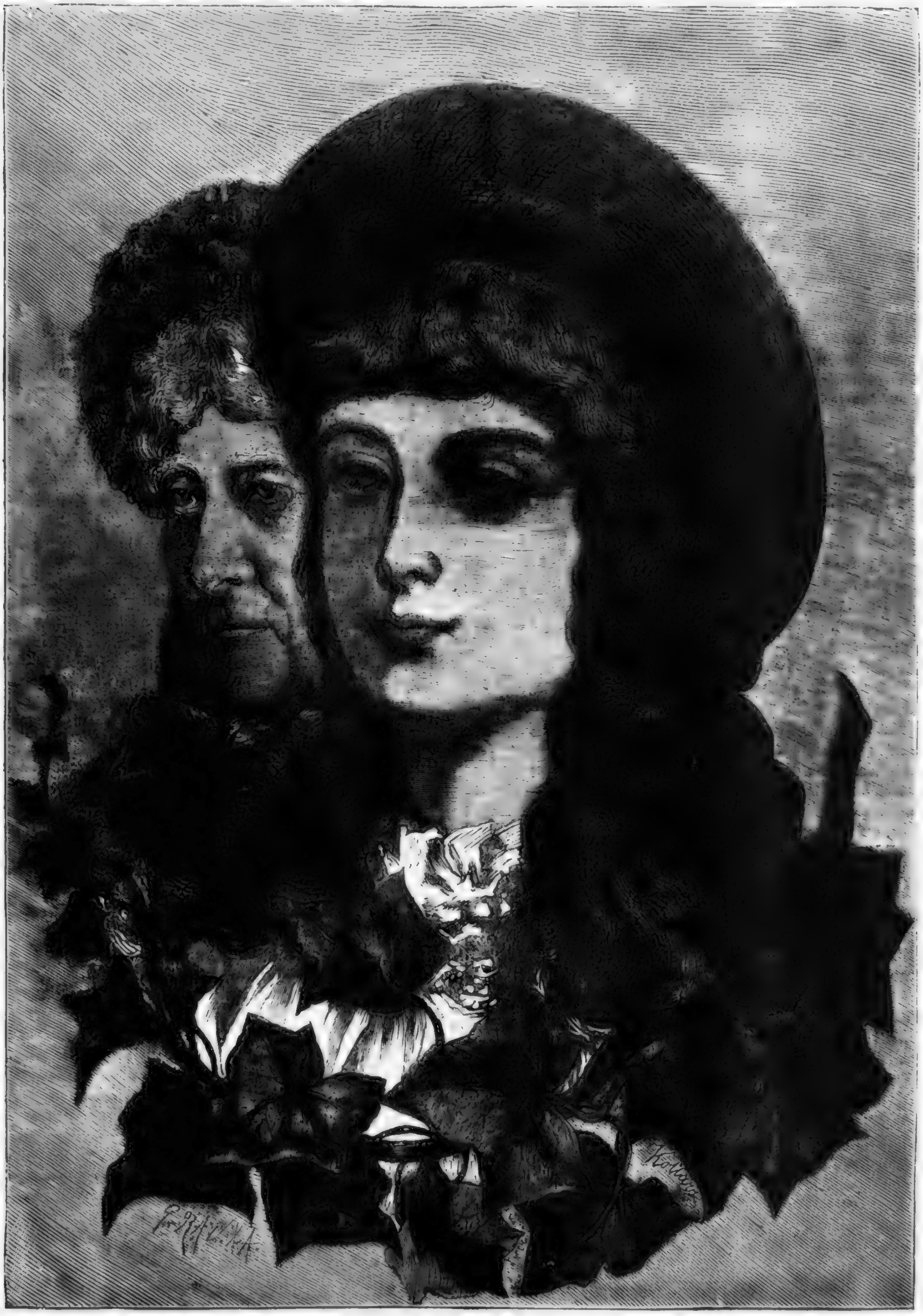
The stolen horse stood not far away, tied to a sapling, but his owner had forgotten him by this time. None of all those who had hurried to this scene of horror had any thought of anything else.

They picked Glugg up tenderly and bore him to the top of a little hill, where the breezes blew and the sunlight fell. They laid him down there, ghastly and senseless, a bruised and broken man, appealing to the better feelings of those about him only by what they could see now, not at all by what he had been—sinner, wretch, outcast, with nothing in him to warrant the thought that there had ever been an innocent and loving boyhood in his life.

Dr. Pilleo bent over him. He felt of the cruel wounds which the hand of murderous greed had left upon him. He laid his hand over his heart for a minute; then stooped lower and placed his ear there.

He sprang to his feet, his face aglow.

"Quick, quick!" he cried. "Get the easiest carriage which came up here, as near as you can manage to drive. And four of you strongest and most careful fellows pick him up and carry him to it. There's a chance he may live."



YOUTH AND AGE.—FROM A PAINTING BY KOLLARZ.

A chance for his life! How they worked! It was Barcase's buggy in which he was placed. It was Barcase who held him against his shoulder, supporting him by means of one arm, while he used the other hand for driving. It was Dr. Pilleo who supported him on the other side, as tenderly as if he had been his own flesh and blood. It was John Ampstead who rode behind the seat and sheltered the man's face from the sun.

A chance for his life! How swiftly Mr. Barcase drove, and with what consummate skill he avoided every rock and rut in his way.

A chance for his life! And Dr. Pilleo knew the man well enough to distrust and fear him.

A chance for his life! And John Ampstead believed that his life was a curse and a menace to him.

A chance for his life! And Seth Barcase had believed that this wounded ruffian had deliberately attempted to murder him only last night, and while he wondered at the place where they had found him, and at the train of circumstances which had led to finding him at all, he had not given up that belief yet, nor the hungry craving for the justice which is vengeance.

A chance for his life! Ah, me! Humanity is a strange, strange thing! One day an army murders hundreds of their fellow-men, and maims and cripples thousands; the next day the surgeons risk life and health to save the lives and alleviate the sufferings of the wounded foes; in a month a victorious government hangs the prisoners which untold care and boundless patience have healed; in a year love and pity scatter bright flowers over the senseless dust of the dead foemen who suffered battle and surgeon's knife, and—and all the rest; and poets sing and orators praise, and priests and preachers pray.

Will it ever be otherwise?

Is the one who advanced the theory that this world is a great madhouse, the mighty insane asylum for all the unsound minds of all the universe of worlds, much madder than the rest of us?

A chance for his life! Those who battled bravely for that chance did well. But anywhere, everywhere, in all places where civilized men live, it would have been the same. But what of the civilization which had made it possible for his life to be a perpetual danger to it?

Honor to the hand that heals! Honor to the flowers and garlands! Honor to the songs and tales which tell of the good and the brave. But what of war and battle and wholesale murder?

They took the wounded man speedily to Pleanton. Young Ampstead said he would have taken him to the Braynor mansion, had it not been for the fact that he was himself to return very soon to New York; but both he and his father insisted that to them should fall the privilege (they called it that) of offering a place of refuge to the outcast, though it should be only a place to die in.

Martin Glugg, therefore, was taken to the blacksmith's house, and was placed, strangely enough, in the very room from which John Braynor had stolen a child twenty years before; the room from which Martin Glugg himself, as guilty in intent as John Braynor was, had promised to take an innocent infant with his own wicked hands.

John Ampstead insisted that all expenses for medicine and attendance should be charged to him. And Dr. Pilleo and Mr. Barcase were as painstaking and as attentive as two men could be.

Sitting, that evening, in the blacksmith's house, after Glugg had been conscious for a little time, and had fallen into a natural sleep, which Dr. Pilleo felt would be the saving of him if it could only last long enough—say for five or six hours—the good doctor and the worthy lawyer looked one another gravely in the face. Each had evidently some questions to ask of the other.

"Well, doctor," said the lawyer, "what is it?"

The doctor started. He had not known, probably, that he was showing his thought and perplexity in his face. Then he smiled.

"I might ask you the same question, friend Barcase. But I will ask my own question first. How did it happen that you marked down the numbers of the bills that you paid to Martin Glugg?"

"Because I distrust and dislike him, and because I thought it possible it might be interesting to know sometime where his money went to. I never thought of the possibility of such a horrible thing as has really happened."

"I see. You thought of the money going in evil ways, and meant to have it in your power to know. You are very shrewd and far-seeing, very."

Mr. Barcase shook his head.

"I don't know. Sometimes I hope I am, and then I find all my theories and beliefs suddenly overthrown. I don't know."

"Well, you have some questions on your own mind. Let us hear them."

The lawyer hesitated a moment. Then he spoke, slowly and doubtingly:

"Do you ever get ideas in your mind, doctor—ideas without any reason for them that you can hunt out in your thoughts or feelings or memory; ideas that seem utterly at variance with facts of which you are certain, but in which you believe all the same?"

"Certainly I do. Every one does, I think. To-day, for instance, I felt that we should find Glugg alive, and——"

"So did I, and——"

The men sat and looked at each other for a little.

"And that it might be better otherwise," said the doctor.

"And that it might be better otherwise," echoed the lawyer.

"Who do you think stole the horse?" asked Mr. Barcase.

The doctor looked up in surprise; evidently he hadn't any ideas on that subject which were not in accord with other facts.

"Why, the man who was arrested at the station said that he did, didn't he?"

"Hm! Yes, yes, I believe he did. How long do you think Glugg had been lying where we found him?"

"That's a hard question to answer. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, for no very particular reason. He'd been there ever since daylight, perhaps. Do you think he had?"

"Since daylight? I think that doesn't cover the case by any means. I feel almost certain he had been there since midnight, perhaps longer."

"You feel certain of this, you say. Why do you? Is this a case in which the unreasoning and unreasonable ideas have part, or do you base your opinion on your medical experience and your observation of Glugg's condition?"

"On the latter, most decidedly. I feel so sure that, if Glugg were to say otherwise, when he has recovered, I should believe that his memory was at fault, and that he was mistaken."

The lawyer rose to his feet.

"I must go home now," he said.

He went at once. He seemed suddenly to be in a great hurry. And he was in as great a hurry as he seemed. He went into the little room, clustered with books and papers and manuscripts, which his clients knew as "the office," which his wife dignified by the name of "library," but which he himself called his "den."

He took down a map of the county. He spread it upon the table. He took a huge pencil with a red lead and marked two crosses on the map. One stood for the place where they had found Glugg, the other for the place where he had stood so near his death last night.

He cut a slender strip of paper and copied the "scale of miles" of his map upon it. He applied it to the map in an effort to determine the distance between the two places.

"One couldn't go in a straight line, of course," he said, musingly; "and I don't just know what would be the shortest and quickest route across, nor the least time one would go it in with a good horse."

He paused from his talk and busied himself with some calculations for a little.

"The horse was a good one, a mighty good one. With fair luck one might make the distance in an hour, I think. Let me see. It is almost certain that the man who stopped me had two thousand dollars; if it was Glugg, he did it before he was himself attacked. It was half-past eleven when I looked at my watch. An hour later might fit Glugg's case almost exactly; half-past twelve would be near enough twelve for a guess like the one Pilleo made. On the other hand, if the other man did it, he had already used up Glugg, at perhaps half-past ten. 'Since midnight; perhaps longer'; that was what the doctor said. I know what I'll do. I'll go and see."

He rose from his chair as quietly and calmly as though he was about to do the most ordinary thing in the world. He went down to his stable; he saddled his horse; he sprang into the saddle. He was going over the country to the place where he was attacked the night before, to make an examination of the route between there and the place where Glugg was found.

"I can watch Glugg," he said to himself, "for I think I understand him pretty well. But if there is any one else who wants that package I would like to know it, and to have a chance to guess why."

(To be continued.)

THE OLD MAN'S LOVE.

A CENTURY ago, in the North of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light striking through a slanted window revealed its matchless features.

And ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illumined, crowds came, and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history.

When the cathedral was being built, an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work among the shadows of the vaulted roof.

One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to the other marvelous face which he had wrought—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face, they said: "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this!"

A SUMMER SONG.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

WELCOME, welcome, green leaves, so discreetly hiding
Neighbors' prying glances, curious gossips sidling;
Once more come to screen me with your sunny arras,
Shut out idle pryings, peeps that fret and harass!

Welcome, welcome, green leaves, Nature's airy curtain!
Now, indeed, I feel alone, privacy is certain,
Vailed my study-window, from keen looks pursuing,
None but little birds to peer and see what I am doing!

All day long they flutter round this upper story,
Where my neighbors' chestnuts make a July glory.
Let them peep and welcome, harmless their espying,
Little wiser are they, certes, for their prying.

Welcome, welcome, green leaves, best gift of the Summer
Hid from quizzing neighbors, now I'm in good-humor,
Now the pen moves freely till October scatters
All these green defenses, rends my curtain into tatters!

ANAHITA.

BY E. M. DE JARNETTE.

CHAPTER I.

"OH, the vampire wings! The woman's face! Oh, the horrible bat's claws!"

I hide my face and tremble. Long, long ago, miles and miles away, I had seen it all before, in the dead of night, as plainly as I do now.

It seems a hundred years ago that everybody in the wide world died and left me alone.

I was a tiny mite of a creature; but I will know him in heaven, I think, the white-haired lovely old gentleman who came and took care of me. He found me staring, half-crazed with terror, alone in a great house, my dead all around me.

I held baby-boy's curly head in my lap and thought him fast asleep; but they were dead, all dead. Father, mother, and pretty little baby-boy who had just learned to call my name.

The kind old gentleman carried me in his arms to a place filled and running over with children. Pale, thin children; chubby, rosy-faced ones; sad, silent children; weeping, sobbing children; some who loudly screamed "Mamma! mamma!" others utterly listless and apathetic.

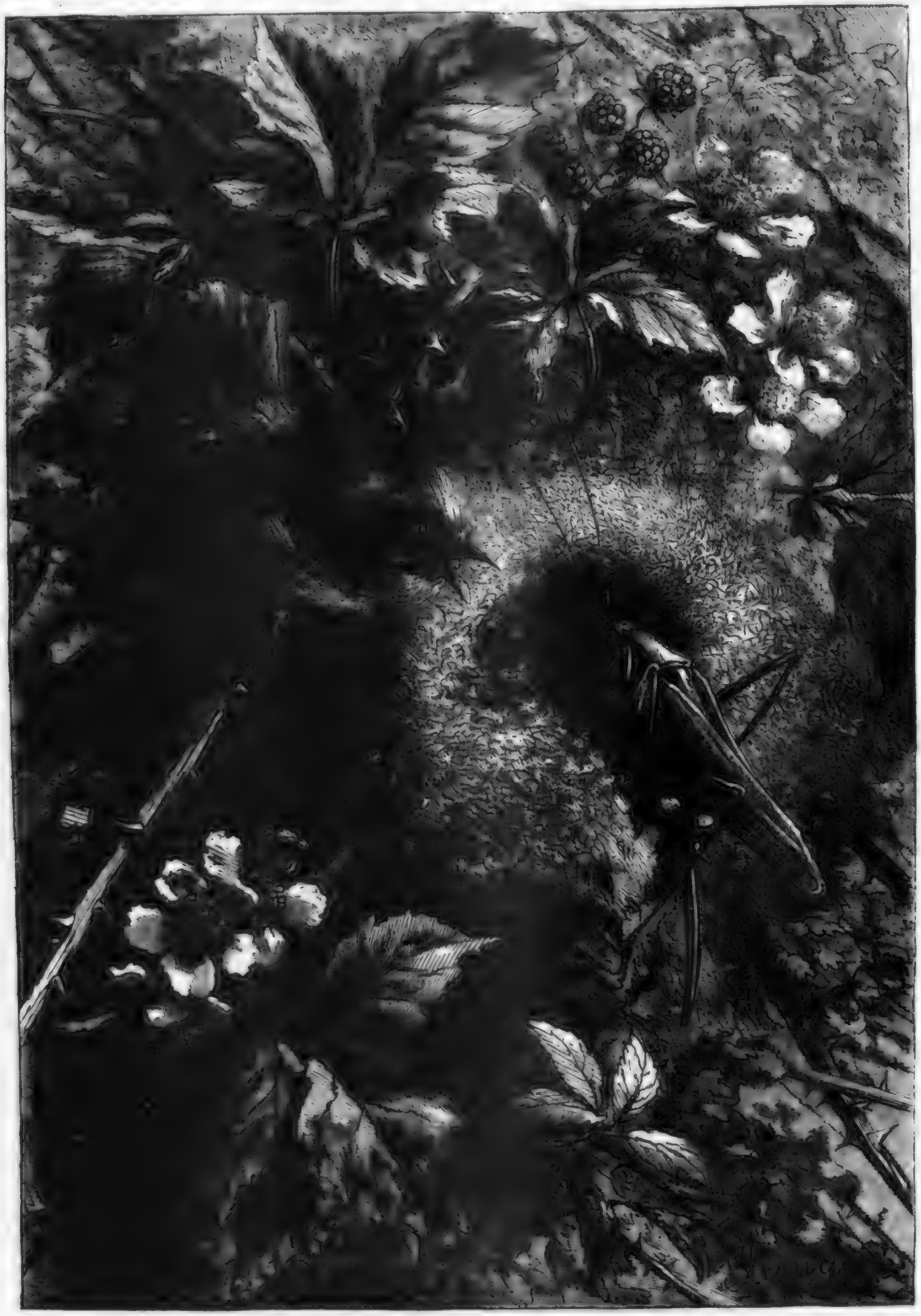
How it was I escaped the plague, I know not. Many of the little ones died around me; some, of sorrow and heart-sickness, I think, but everything in those days assumed the type of yellow fever.

When the wild, scared look had gone from my eyes, and I had come to resemble a human, living child again, they put me in the cars with a number of others to be taken Eastward.

Oh, how generously aid and assistance poured in from our brothers of the North, when Memphis was under the curse. Political squabbles, old war-feuds, all was forgotten save that we were of one blood and of one nation. Some of us were taken by relations, and Good Samaritans placed others of us in the different schools and institutions, there to remain until it was presumable we would have become self-supporting.

My destination was so far along the road that when

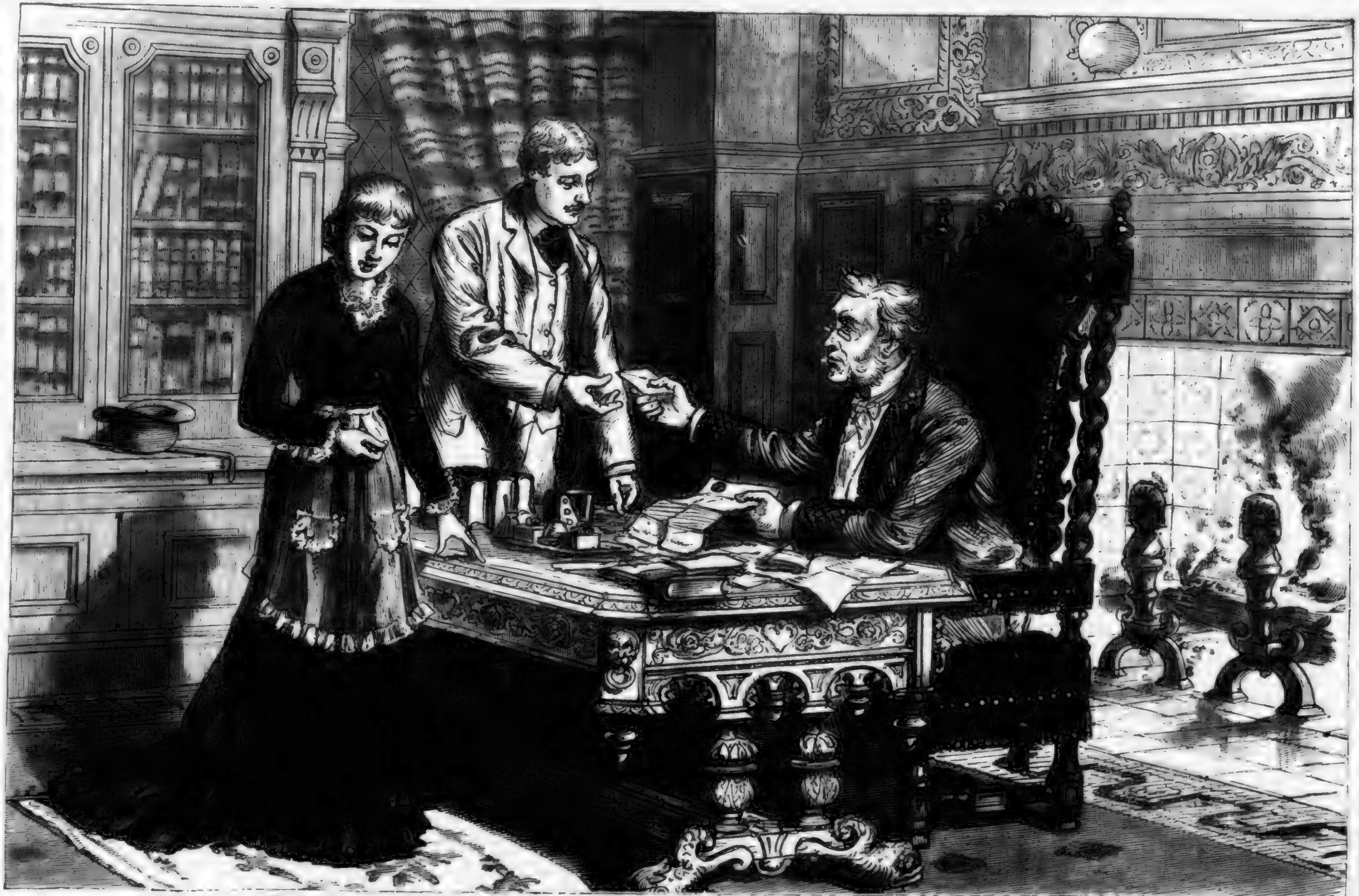
Number Sixty-seven, which was I, was called for, there remained behind only one little bit of a thing sleeping on my shoulder, who, when they waked her, cried out, piteously, "Oh, mamma, come back to me! I'll be so good, mamma!"



AN INTRUDER.

"But, on the whole, we had behaved very well, the conductor said. Not much crying; our tears had been exhausted long before.

How good everybody was to me at dear Mrs. Jennifer's! I was so little, so thin and elfish, that I was not treated as one of the young ladies at all. My lessons were, like the girls' "bangs," very short; like angels' visits, "few and



ANAHITA.—"I CONGRATULATE YOU, MY DEAR NEPHEW, UPON THE 'GREATNESS SUDDENLY THRUST UPON YOU.'"—SEE PAGE 335.

far between." I was allowed the perfect freedom of the house, and went in and out like the "necessary cat," when and where I chose.

I did not begin to grow for years ; the terror and fright of the old days had left their mark, I suppose, upon my constitution.

The girls made a pet of me, and shortened my name, Sarah Nixon, into "Nixie"; and "Nix," "Trix" and "Vix"; anything that rhymed with it, and to all of which I readily answered. When birthday-boxes came, they said the little Vixen must be at the opening.

Mrs. Trimmer, the housekeeper, tried to make me grow fat by giving me more nuts and dainties than fell to my share, and the cook saved nice brown cakes for my especial lunch. But, like the Dutchman's "leedle hog dot woot never grow pig," all this extra stuffing was utterly wasted—I kept on being thin.

I knew all that went on in the house among the teachers, the girls, the servants. I carried their notes for them when they squabbled—as all schoolgirls do and will ; I made friendly advances from haughty spirits, and threw myself boldly into many a breach.

When Beauty, detected in a scrape with Love, had to give up the elegant box of French candies to be confiscated, and was taken by Mrs. Jennifer into the awful *sanctum sanctorum* of the principal himself, none of the parties cared a whit that I was curled up on a sofa, over a big-pictured encyclopedia, during the interview.

Poor Beauty was made to yield the badly-spelled pink note, which love had indited without the assistance of the dictionary, for he spelled heart "bleedin' hart," and called our Beauty his "bossom's queen."

A portion of the sweets was actually conferred upon me, every candy of which had a loving motto or device, —oh, they did !—but, though sorely tempted, I knew my duty—though my wish was contrary—to my country demanded that I should return the last juicy red heart of them back at Beauty's feet.

When Mrs. Trimmer dismissed the cook who ate the cake and sold the pies she should have served, it was I to whom Mrs. Trimmer appealed to know what would become of the constitution that George Washington had won at the battle of Waterloo, if such goings-on went on under our noses.

And she thought none the worse of me when I clung with tears to cook, who had given me cake *galore*, and besought that she might be forgiven.

Little "Nixie Trixie," was sent to ask favors of the terrible Herr von Reiter, who rode roughshod over the German and music scholars ; and Miss Tita Steel, who presided over the art department, manners and crocheting, had been known to cancel demerits and accept apologies when carried by the "sprite's" brown hand.

I was a tough, healthy little thing, never an ache or a pain, except sometimes the nightmare from an overdose of birthday goodies, and once a long attack of the earache. For this once "roasted onions" were of no avail, and in vain was hot molasses with laudanum poured down.

It had now settled into a sullen, dull aching, which can be suffered but not described. With any book I liked, I lounged about the house, seeking ease but finding none.

Curled up in the deep window-seat of Mrs. Jennifer's room, I fell to thinking what a bad thing it would be for a girl to have the doctor open her head to get at the root of the earache.

How ugly a sewed-up wound would look, and the ear not grown together ! And how I would have to wear a cap pulled down, as King Midas, who had an ass's ears, used to wear a crown.

Between sleeping and waking, I was thinking such things, when my well ear pricked up at the sound of my own name. I had often heard myself discussed, sometimes under my own eyes, sitting on the lap of the narrator

Once I had nearly cried my eyes out at hearing Mrs. Trimmer tell my pitiful tale to the new housemaid.

Colored folks dote on funerals and melancholy. Their notion of Paradise is a place

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And funerals have no end."

My story so wrought upon Jane Crow, who was as black as the bird whose name she bore, that she incontinently presented me with green glass beads from her own neck, and, whenever the opportunity presented itself, showed the sympathy she felt by handing me the hot biscuits first of all the girls.

Now Mrs. Jennifer is telling it over to Miss Watkins, her aunt's second cousin, who has come to make her a month's visit.

"*Fat* to what she *was !*" Mrs. Jennifer is saying. "Why, she looked unearthly, poor little thing !"

"I shouldn't wonder if her eyes caused that meagerness," remarked Miss Watkins, meditatively. "There was a cousin of ours whose nose reduced his body to a perfect *atomy*. Everything went to nose."

Miss Watkins held physiological views of her own, and was accountable to no man.

"The child is no trouble," Mrs. Jennifer went on to say ; "missed having the measles and whooping-cough, when the whole house was down."

"That indicates her system to be still under influence of those atoms, or yellow fever germs, which——"

Mrs. Jennifer nipped Miss Watkins's little theory in the bud by opening the mail-bag and distributing letters.

"Here is one postmarked 'Hawthorne.' And now, Theresa, you can give us the town news."

The letter contained a circumstantial account of the wedding and *trousseau* of a fourteenth cousin, and I dozed a while. When I awoke with a start Miss Theresa was still reading, while Mrs. Jennifer's knitting-needles rattled, keeping time :

"'Our old town is under deep concern for the illness of that noble gentleman, Ellsworth Marye. He lies very ill ; prayers are offered in all the churches for his recovery, for it is feared that he is at death's door. He sees no one except his younger son, who nurses him devotedly. The elder son, with whom there was a misunderstanding years ago, was refused admittance. It would be a public loss to the town should we lose Ellsworth Marye.'"

Ellsworth Marye ! Had I ever heard the name before ? I think not ; but I fell asleep repeating it.

Then a strange thing happened. The clicking of the knitting-needles ; Miss Theresa's monotonous voice passed far, far away ; the light grew dim and dimmer ; finally it seemed to be emitted from a little silver night-lamp in the corner of a strange room.

A large, handsome room, with hard-polished floor, and here and there rich Turkish rugs, forming oases of safe standing-ground. A curious fireplace, with sphinx-headed brass andirons half bedded in ashes, like drifts of desert sand, guarding a half-dead fire.

I could hear the clinking of the bits of fire-coal as they dropped down. Over the mantel hung the ugly Virgin of the Renaissance, the blessed palm branches nodding above her.

There was an old-fashioned bed, with its faded red curtains, and I heard the heavy breathing of some one within its deep recess. There was a watcher in an arm-chair, whose face I could not see. But my whole attention became riveted upon the picture opposite the bed.

There was a cloudy throne supported in air by the wings of all night-roving creatures. Bats stretched their skinny arms ; vampires' wings, the spotted feathers of the whip-poor-will, owls' eyes peered out amid strange birds' claws, glow-worms, brilliant phosphorescent insects, beetles, gauzy-winged katydids—all things that delight in darkness were there.

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep," and her twin-brother, Death, floated recumbent, with children folded in their arms.

Upon that shadowy, dusky throne sat a woman, the horn of the crescent moon hanging high over her head. It is *Anahita*, sweet *Mother of the Night*, whom the Persians, not knowing the true "light of the world," have worshiped.

The *chiaro-oscuro* throws out the lovely woman's face, as purely, clearly as a star.

As I gazed entranced upon the picture, a voice whispered from the bed, "Help me, Sarah !" The eyes of the woman seemed to glow with human light ; she raised her queenly arm, threw back the floating hair from her star-crowned brow, pointed upward to the crescent, smiling down upon me. Yes ; I am sure she smiled. "Help me, Sarah !" sounded again in agonized accents from the bed, and I sprang up with a bound, crying out, "I will ; I will !"

My eyes were blazing, my cheeks on fire. I was perfectly free from pain.

They look at me in astonishment.

"Mercy on us ! Nixie, what is the matter ? I only asked you to help me wind this hank of wool !"

I held Mrs. Jennifer's yarn, but no one can persuade me that I had not seen a vision. It came back to me in the dead of night, and "thrice ere the cock crew I saw it again"; the lovely woman pointing upward, the eager entreaty.

At the last time I turned my head I saw distinctly the form of the gray-haired gentleman who had taken care of me in Memphis. His lips tried to form other words ; he pointed to the picture, then fell back upon the bed ; and I knew that Ellsworth Marye was dead. My loud screams awakened the house. They took me to Mrs. Jennifer's own room, who soothed me as she would an infant.

But I could not be comforted, and wept as I had not done before since Baby-boy was taken from my arms.

Chapter II.

TICK ! TICK ! went the old grandfatherly school-clock—tick ! tick ! tick !—measuring off the seconds and minutes, until the great hands came together at midnight like a huge pair of scissors, and clipped off another day into Old Time's waste-basket.

Calmly ticking, while our joys and griefs, our hopes and fears, are coming, going, ebbing, flowing, drifting, drifting away.

Busy as he must have been with the great affairs of the universe, the old Gentleman of the Forelock put down his scythe and hour-glass long enough to straighten my teeth nicely during the years I spent at Mrs. Jennifer's.

He pulled me up a few inches, and made my hair grow as long and thick as any slip of a girl seventeen years old could desire.

The terrible Herr von Reiter had taught me to *sprechen* the most guttural of *Deutsch.* I was able *souhaiter un très bon jour à monsieur ou madame* with a fair pronunciation, or even desire them *prenez un siège et asseyez vous.* If necessary, I could continue the conversation so far as to inquire, *A quelle heure est-ce que, monsieur à l'intention de faire raccommoder le chapeau de velours bleu du cousin de ma tante?* with great credit to the phrase-book.

Even "Our Beauty," who had graduated with all the honors and three gold medals, could not have spoken you much fairer than that.

But I couldn't graduate. When those awful examination questions were propounded, I had always missed them. My heart had a way of beating and thumping in my head and ears ; my hands would tremble ; I could scarcely repeat the multiplication-table correctly.

The "Beauty" had no difficulty in securing a good place in a regularly "high - toned" family, while I was obliged to be content with a position as nursery-governess for two little creatures of six and seven, at little more than servants' wages.

It comforts me, even now, to think how everybody cried when they told me Good-by. All the dear girls, Mrs. Jennifer, the housekeeper, cook and Jane Crow. Miss Tita Steel herself for once relaxed, and used her handkerchief instead of the crochet-needle. As for myself, I had the whole house to go over, and had been saying farewell for a week to the old clock, the dogs, the kittens, the big books I had loved so well. But I was whisked away on the cars, miles and miles from them all at last.

My destination was a handsome residence, a little out of the town. I was taken to a large room, somewhere about the back of the house, where a hobby-horse in a corner, some doll's tea-things and a little straw hat on the floor, gave a hint as to the regular occupants.

The family were at dinner, and I was glad to fan my hot face at the window, and take a long breath before facing the terrible ordeal of strangers.

I could see a row of outhouses, and the man watering his horses at the pump, talking with a big, long-legged schoolboy, who had lounged up with a strapful of books. I knew that they were talking about me. "Not that I was listening," as Mrs. Chippins would say, "but the voices were loud and forced themselves on my ear."

"Is she pretty, Solomon ?"

"Well, Marse Phil, not to say as she is zackly pretty—kind o' furrin-lookin' like. Too much eyes and har and eyelashes. She'd make a fair to do lookin' young ooman, too, ef she were fatter-like—not so narrer-jawed. 'Tain't in my speer to judicate sech matters, but"—in a burst of impartial criticism—"Marse Phil, boy, she air not pretty; I'm afeard she's ugly !"

"Humph !" from the young man, as he patted the chestnut's flowing mane. "The governor is at dinner, I suppose ?"

"He air ; and you'll ketch it agin, I'm afeard."

Both laughed, a little dismally, I thought ; and the boy lounged around to the door.

Of course I could not tell what "ketching it" meant then, though I did later.

Just as I had always known all about everybody's business at school, I soon knew all there was to know at Eagle's Nest. That Mr. Bernard Marye was a severe, captious, grinding man my eyes told me ; also, that Mrs. Marye, poor, gentle, meek-eyed woman, was dreadfully in fear of him. His nephew, Philip, dodged him whenever it was possible.

My two charges, Bobbie and Bess, alone, stood in no awe of him, but crawled over his knees and back, pulled his hair, and committed rudenesses which made my hair almost stand on end.

I had lived in his house for months before I had ever dared say more than, "Yes, sir," "No, sir," or looked him full in the face.

He made poor Phil's life a long-drawn misery to him, whenever he was unfortunate or stupid enough to be caught near him. "Trifling vagabond!" "Idle dog!" "A blight upon the name he bore!" were some of his favorite expressions.

With the cunning of an experienced old lawyer he would enveigle Phil into some discussion, and then storm out at him, as if he were a criminal deserving of hanging.

The table was a favorite field of battle, and therefore Phil went as often without dinner as he could stand the hunger.

My seat being opposite his, I would always have the full benefit.

Snarling out a blessing, which sounded more like a curse, we would drop silently into our seats; all except the two irrepressibles, who kept up a continual skirmish on each side of their mother throughout the meal. Phil would come sidling in when we were half through our meal.

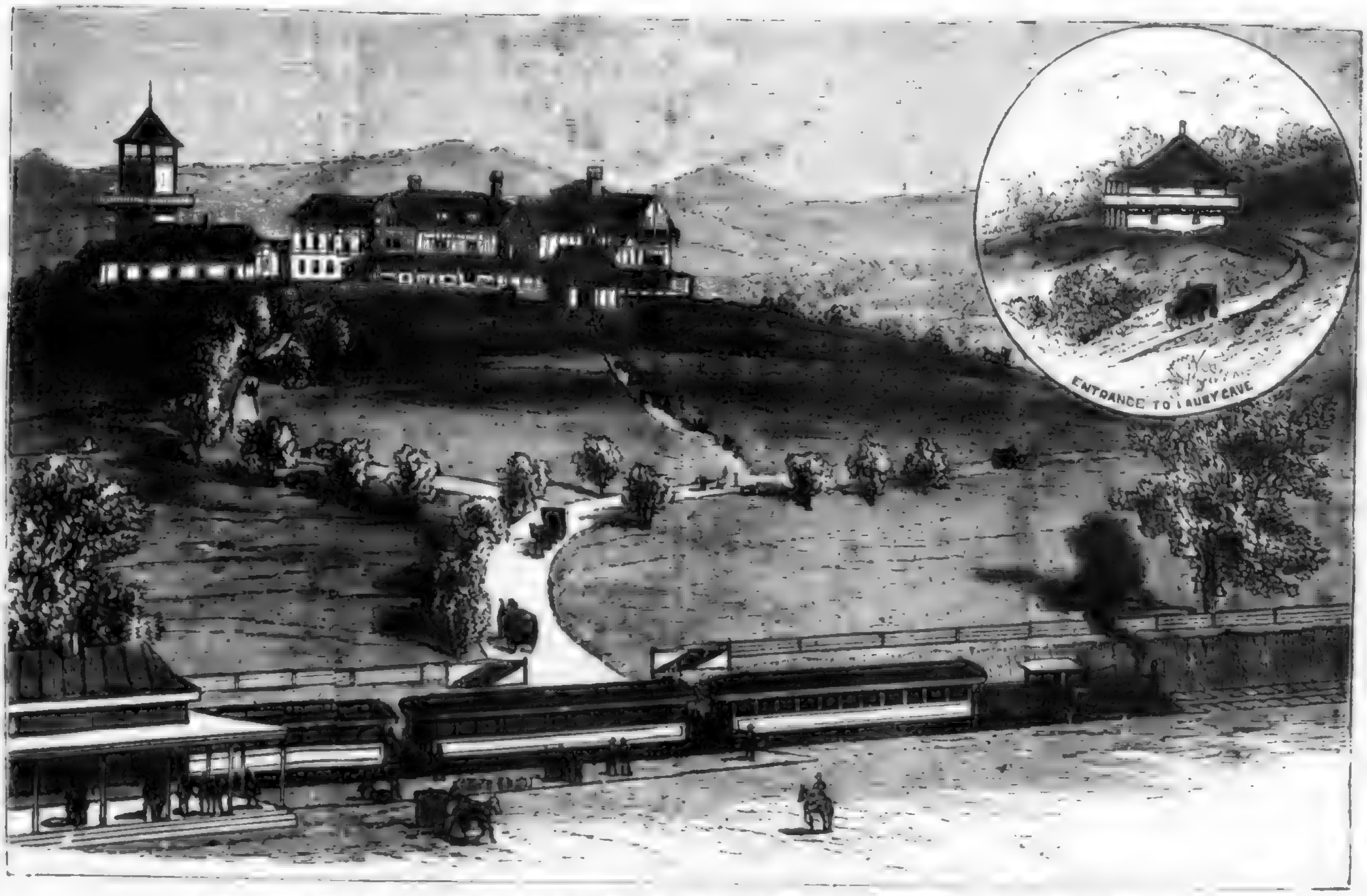
"What is the meaning of this, sir, that you cannot be punctual at meals, sir? If you are not here at the proper time again, sir, you shall have no dinner. Do you hear, Louisa? He shall have no dinner!"

A faint "Yes, my dear," from his wife, when the irrepressibles put in:

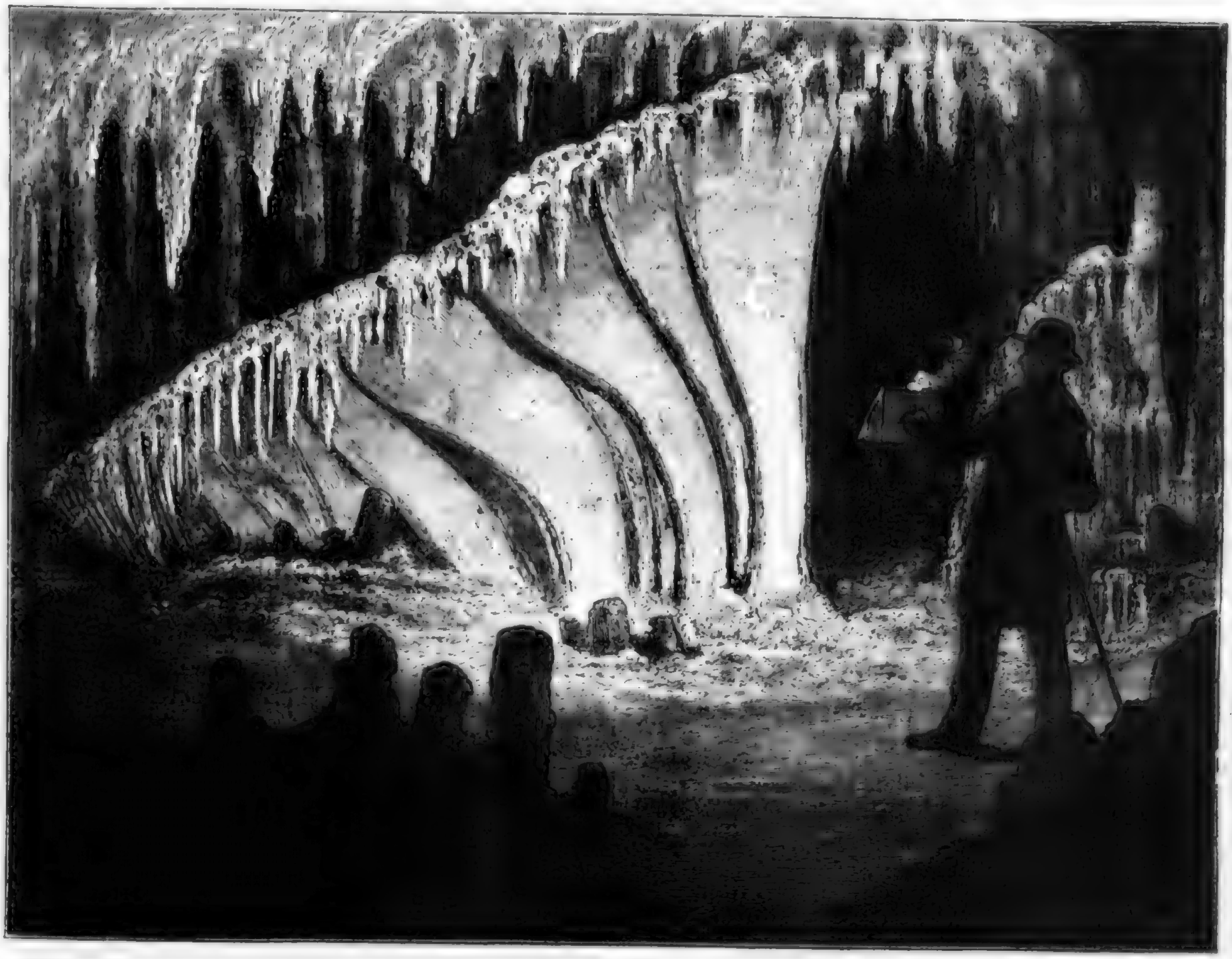
"Lor', pa, ain't you 'shamed?" from Bobby; and, "You sh'n't have no dinner yourself, sir, ef Phil don't have no dinner," from Bessie, his sworn friend.

"Louisa, cannot you make your children behave themselves?"

OUR DARLING.


ENTRANCE TO LURAY CAVE

THE CAVERNS OF LURAY.—ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE—THE RAILROAD AND HOTEL.—SEE PAGE 343.



A CURIOUS FORMATION.

"Bobby, do hush! Bessie, I am surprised at you!" from Mrs. Marye, who must have been in a chronic state of surprise ever since her infants have been able to use their organs of speech.

Phil himself is seized with a nervous desire to laugh, and splutters over a spoonful of hot soup in his shirt-bosom, till I think he is about to have a fit or burst wide open.

"Philip, what was the subject of the lecture on literature, this morning?"

Mr. Marye knows he has him in a tight place now, and looks a trifle less angry and red and violent.

"I—I believe it was about the comparative merits of the Italian and German poets—Dante, Schiller and Goethe" (he pronounced it Geeth, to rhyme with teeth).

If he had only known when to stop talking!

"What's that you say, sir?" roars out Mr. Marye, "'Geeth'; and pray who is he when he is at home, sir!"

"Girth (he pronounced it this time to rhyme with birth), if you like that any better. He's a foreigner, and I don't care what you call him," answers Philip, sullenly.

"*Ig-no-ra-mus!*" sneers his uncle. "I really don't know, in your case, whether it would be preferable to be a bigger fool than you look to be, or look to be a bigger one than you are. I believe it is impossible for you to do either."

"Uncle! I won't stand this any longer, sir!" cries Philip, wrathfully springing up from his seat.

Bessie and Bob burst out crying loudly, and I am bidden to take them to the nursery, which I do with great thankfulness.

Phil is in a window-seat, gloomily looking out. As I pass him, I cannot for the life of me help saying, while the tears stand in my eyes, "Oh, Mr. Philip, you don't mean to go away?"

Bessie and Bob leave me, rush at him, and overwhelm him with affectionate demonstrations.

"Not this time, Miss Nixie"—he called me what the children did; "but I tell you what, I *came mighty near it, though!*"

We had grown to be old friends in a very short while, living as we did so near. My room was on the second floor, exactly over his on the first. Phil had a way of getting his lessons—one eye on the book and one out of the window.

"Hello, Solomon!" he would call out, as that functionary passed by on his way to the stables. "How do you spell *achievement?*"

"'Tain't in my speer, Marse Phil, boy—spellin' ain't; and ef you take a pusson out of his speer, he's like a water-turcle on dry land!" And the old man plodded on, chuckling over his own wit.

Hearing me laugh at the window above, Phil's head is out in a minute, addressing me:

"Now, Miss Nixie, don't you know a fist like *that,*" and he pounded it down like a sledge-hammer, "was not meant to pinch a pen? Nature has given us a broad grasp to grip a sword or gun."

I draw down my window hastily, for what would Miss Tita say?

But my children—I could fill a volume about them. With all their badness, I think they were the sweetest in the world. If Baby-boy had lived, I think he would have been just like Bobby.

Had Baby-boy been a girl, he would have resembled Bess.

I treasured their sweet sayings in my heart as, many centuries ago, a certain Mother treasured those of a most royal and kingly Babe in far Galilee.

"Miss Nixie," said Bess, solemnly, "I specks de stars are God's lamps, where de angels lights up when dey gives a party."

And then Bob, not to be behindhand, rushes up.

"Miss Nixie, Bess orter min' every word I tell her, 'cause, Miss Nixie, I saved Bess's life, I did; 'cause I see a snake, and I sed, 'Bess, don't tread on that snake,' and der snake like ter bit Bess, and then Bess 'ud be laying in the lonesome churchyard."

"And, Miss Nixie," shouts Bess, catching the word, "I'm had a heap more things than Bob am, 'cause I'm had the stung-up ake, and pepper got in my eye—and none never got in his—and teethin', and the ole hookin'-cork, and——"

"Humph! I don't call them things nothin', Miss Nixie. I had a yeast-jug stopper flewed out and hit me on de nose, and 'most chopped my toe off, but not quite. And—and a bug flewed in my eye and like ter put 'tout——"

But I have to stop their busy tongues, hear their prayers and put them to bed.

I sit by the open window a long time, singing to them, and sorrowing in my heart for poor, dear Philip.

I had heard it somewhere that Ellsworth Marye had quarreled with his elder son, Philip's father, because he fought on the Northern side; but that before his death he made a will, dividing his vast fortune between the grandson Philip and son Bernard.

Old Solomon, who had been his butler, swore that he had witnessed it with his cross-mark, "readin' and writin' bein' out o' his speer, an' he kin prove every blessed word, 'cause old master was tuk wid de apperplexy de followin' day arterward, and dat individual will disappeared den, and for ever arter hold your peace."

Poor dear Phil! Who could help of being fond of such a merry-hearted, kindly, genial old boy as he was, when his uncle's back was turned?

The two could not get on together; somehow, each jarred and rubbed the other exactly the wrong way.

But the climax was fast approaching. It came in the shape of a—*fiddle!* How it came into Phil's head that he was a musical genius I cannot imagine—for of all the singing—and I had the full benefit of all his songs—*his* was the *worst.*

But nothing would do but he must get a fiddle. He picked a night for his first practice when, unfortunately, his uncle was suffering with a violent headache.

Mr. Marye had nearly distracted his big, helpless wife with his moans and complaints, and had actually settled into a sweet doze, when Phil began fiddling—not only *fiddling,* but also *singing.*

"Good heavens, Louisa! what is that infernal noise?"

"I think all the cats must be having it out with Towser," responds his helpmeet, meekly.

"Dogs! Cats! It's that rascally scoundrel!"

And stalking wrathfully along in his stocking feet like a vengeful apparition, he broke in upon Phil's midnight warbling. The violent scene that ensued Philip described to me long afterward.

It sufficeth to say that the fiddle flew into a thousand pieces, and for a long time it sounded to me like Bedlam broke lose; then *silence.* I knelt down, sobbing and trembling, praying that he might not have killed him in his wrath.

I threw up the window and listened. No sound. I could bear it no longer.

"Philip!" I cried; "Philip, are you *dead?*"

He thrust a bushy head out and looked up at me.

"No; but I'm writing a letter. How do you spell *acheeve?*"

Next morning I saw that letter. Stupid old goose! he had put it under my plate.

Mr. Marye ceremoniously invited me "to walk into the library," the moment that meal was concluded. It was a room newly furnished in the most modern style; but as I moved across the velvety carpet toward the great table covered with books and red-tape documents, I had a curious sensation of having been there before.

"Miss Nixon," he said to me, after he had shut the door, "of course your sense of propriety will suggest to you to give me that letter."

My letter that Phil had written me, and I had never even read! But he held out that hard right hand, and I dropped it in. My poor little letter! How he sneered as he read it!

> "DARLING," it said, "Bess says you love me, and that child knows everything worth knowing. Uncle makes my life a *purgitory*, and I'm going to run away. I saw in the *almanack* that 'some are born great, some *acheave*'"—he would spell it wrong, after all—"'greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.' You must wait for me, my love, till I *acheeve anough* to support two. Your devoted lover, PHIL MARYE."

Mr. Marye looked at me, and I burst out crying.

He arose with an impatient frown.

"No heroics, miss! Instead, you will answer that nonsensical production with the contempt it deserves, and I will myself see it delivered!"

He drew the writing-materials before me and left the room. Then I read my first, my only love-letter. Impulsively I caught up the pen and wrote down two words. What next? I sprang up, and paced the floor! The room seemed dark and shadowy; I must have more light. I seized the tassel of the curtain before me, and it rolled swiftly up, disclosing——

Great heavens! It was the picture—the vampire wings! the bats' claws! the lovely woman!

I hid my face and trembled. I heard footsteps approaching. Jerking the cord violently, it snapped, and a yellow paper fell at my feet.

At that moment, reader, *I could swear to it*—Anahita smiled.

"Come here!" said Mr. Marye, sternly. Mechanically I picked up the paper and handed it to him. He thought it was my answer to the love-letter. How the old lawyer winced as he read the instrument, for it was to divide his riches. But he was an honorable man, and this was the *genuine lost will.*

When angry Philip had been summoned before him, he tried to smile as he said:

"I congratulate you, my dear nephew, upon the 'greatness suddenly thrust upon you,' as you remarked in that document of yours, to which this highly meritorious young woman has written a reply."

The words I had written were "*Dear Philip.*" They were enough.

THE CAVERNS OF LURAY.

By Ralph S. Tarr.

For many years it had been known that the limestone rock underlying Page County was furrowed by crevices, and in places worn into small caverns; but previous to 1878 no one thought of such a thing as finding a cavern excelling in beauty of design and ornamentation all the other known caves in the world.

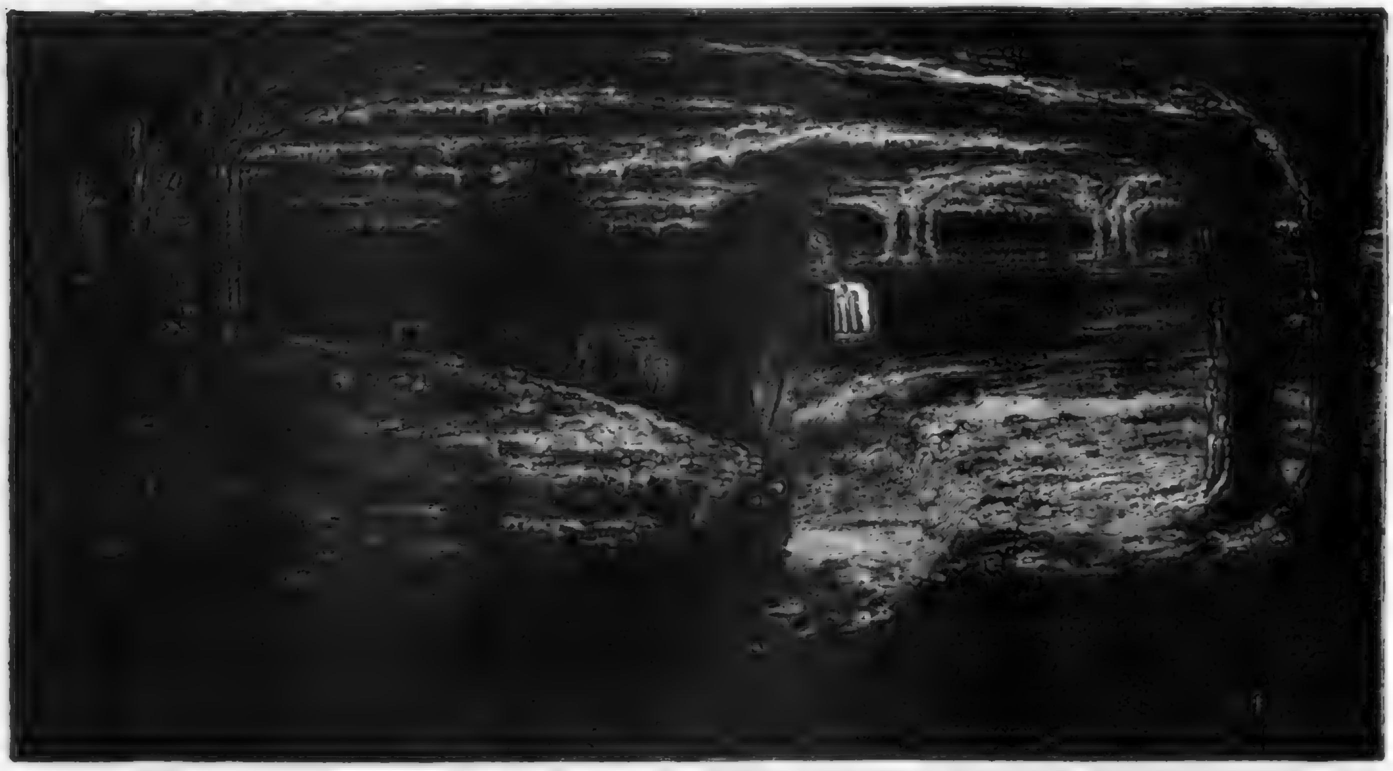
In the Summer of 1878, Mr. B. P. Stebbins conceived the idea of a more complete exploration of one of the caves, with a view of making it an object of interest to tourists, and he invited the co-operation of the brothers William and Andrew Campbell. They were unwilling to do this, but agreed to search for a new cave, and accordingly the trio went ranging over the neighboring hills, exploring every depression and peering into all the dark corners.

But they met with poor success until one day, returning tired and almost discouraged, they came across a sink-hole which they deemed worth exploring. It was in the cleared land on the northern slope, a few hundred yards from the mouth of the old cave, and had long been used by the farmers as a convenient place to toss stones and rubbish, until it was completely choked up. Upon clearing away some of the rubbish, they fancied that they felt a cold, uprising current of air, and thus encouraged, redoubled their exertions and laboriously tumbled away the huge stones until they were able to descend to the bottom by means of a rope.

The two brothers went down and staid for some time, and when they came up looked pleased, but said nothing. How pleased they would have been had they been able to tell the amused spectators what they had seen! What a relief it would have been could they have turned the tables upon the village people, who considered the entire scheme a good joke! But that would not do; they must keep perfect silence, and await their day. They went home and dreamed; and how glorious must have been their dreams! The wonderful trip of Aladdin was no longer a myth; it had been a reality, and they were the ones to prove it to the world. Every pendent stalactite, every freak of nature, was to them a gem of priceless value, bringing both fame and wealth.

But, alas! their dreams, so grand and wild, were destined to be but dreams still. The cruel law came to the relief of the farmer who had almost given his land away without knowing of its underground value. During the two years of litigation the price of the land swelled to $40,000, the early vision of wealth had correspondingly dwindled, and the three discoverers gave up their claims to a party of Northern gentlemen who had formed a company to buy up the underground wonder. This is its history. Now we may prepare to enter.

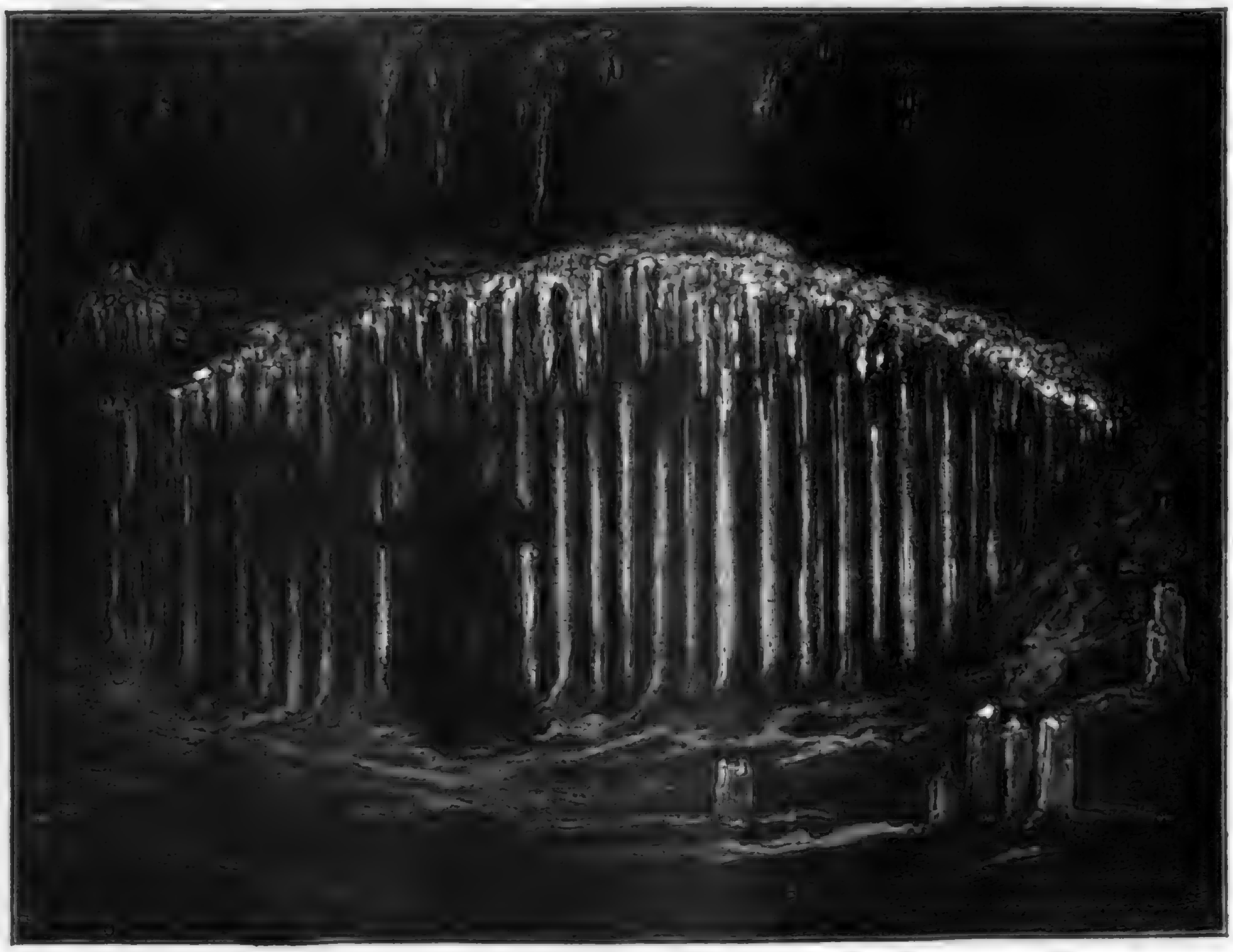
The scenery of the valley is very diversified and quite pretty. Instead of being in the side of the mountains, as one might expect, the cave is four or five miles from the mountains on either side, having no obvious relation with them, except that its origin is partly coincident with their origin and with the excavation of the valley by erosion. This gnawing away of material has produced not only the valley, but the mountains themselves, as they now exist. The rock out of which Luray Cavern has been excavated is a compact, bluish limestone, not very evenly bedded, and the few fossils discovered indicate that their stratum is of Lower Silurian. The rocks throughout the whole of this region have been much displaced, having been flexed into great folds, the direction of which coincides with that of the Appalachian Mountains. The way in which geologists arrive at conclusions can no better be shown than in the present case. From the official report of a trip to Luray we quote as follows: "The position of the cave, in the middle of an open valley, distant from the mountains, and so much below their crests, shows that it was hollowed out toward the close of the epoch within which the formation of the valley took place. The character of the erosion leads to the conviction that the excavation was effected subsequently to the formation of the great folds (referred to



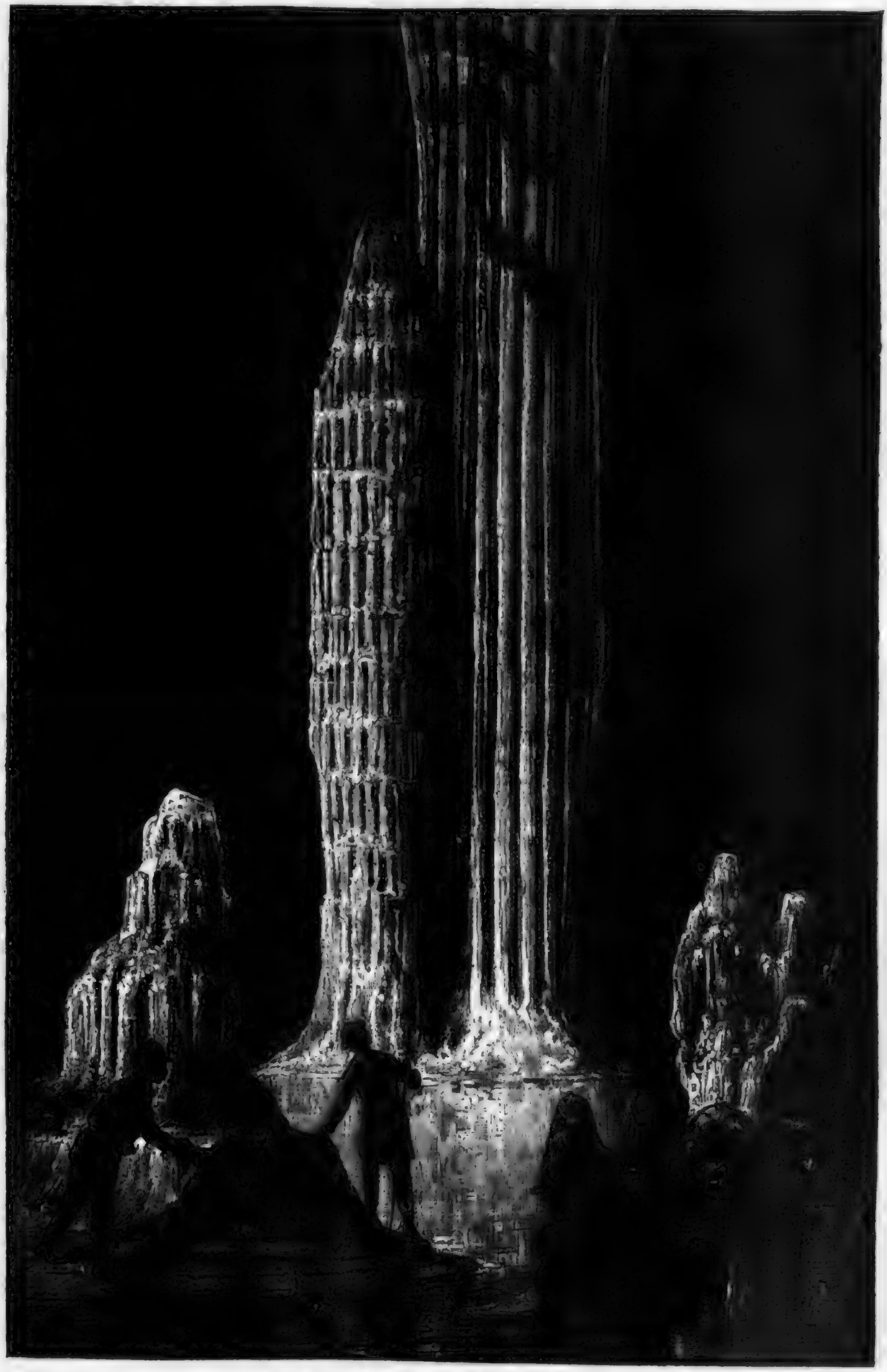
THE CAVERNS OF LURAY.—IN THE LABYRINTH.

above). It is also plain that the foldings took place after the close of the Carboniferous Period, because the strata of that period and those of later date are known to have been involved. It is thus evident that the geological date of the origination of Luray Cave, although it is carved out of Silurian limestone, is considerably later than the close of the Carboniferous Period."

The history of the production of the cave is of course divided into two periods, its excavation and ornamentation. During the vastly extensive foldings which took place at



THE ORGAN.



THE CAVERNS OF LURAY.—THE DOUBLE COLUMN.

the time the Appalachian range was formed, great rents were formed in the heterogeneous limestone rock. A solution of carbonic-acid gas in water has a strong affinity for limy matter, and will fast dissolve away any limestone through which it may pass. This carbonic-acid gas is continually being produced by the decay of vegetable matter, and is constantly present in the surface soil. Rain descending upon the earth takes up large quantities of this gas and carries it along with it in its subterranean wanderings. This was the condition of the water when it first entered the crevices in Luray Valley, and thus acidulated, it began its work. Slowly but surely it went on, and the more it did the more it was able to do, for as it worked, a larger surface was exposed for the water to erode. Thus the process went on for ages—ages that we cannot estimate, so numerous were they. Then through some cause the flow of water decreased, and from that time the ornamentation has been going on in a more or less uninterrupted manner. The Mammoth Cave is now in the condition that Luray was before the second period began.

The ornamentation of the cave, composed of lime carbonates, in the form of stalactite, stalagmite, calcareous tufa, travertine, cave pearls and calcite crystals, has been produced by the slow deposition of that mineral from solution. The acid water dissolves more lime when under pressure than when free in the air, and as water is always slightly under pressure when percolating through the soil, it becomes overcharged, and as soon as it becomes free in the cave air, the extra amount is deposited; and as the water flows down, more is deposited by the evaporation.

Let us now enter this wonderful cave. As you approach the low rolling hill where the entrance is situated, you will see a house having a decidedly public look. In this case, however, the interest is centred in an unusual part of the house, its cellar. We first descend a broad flight of stone steps to a landing 50 feet below the surface, and the sudden change from 96° to 56° Fahrenheit reminds us that our heavy coat need no longer be carried on our arm. The air is pure, but it is damp, and its freedom from dust and water produces a most peculiar effect. The light is not nearly as well diffused as it would be at the surface, hence dark shadows are formed, and an altogether weird effect produced.

A short walk along a narrow passage leads to the Vestibule, or entrance-chamber, an irregularly shaped room 35 feet high and nearly 200 feet in diameter in the widest portion, the walls descending and contracting in an erratic and picturesque manner. As this was my first cave experience, the unexpected magnitude of the chambers, the almost tangible darkness, the great variety of massive and curious forms, the ghastly shadows flitting about with their feeble candles, filled up the measure of expectancy. Indeed, had there been no room beyond surpassing this one, in every respect all would have been perfectly satisfied. A very remarkable object in this chamber is Washington's Column, a monster pillar, nearly twenty-five feet in diameter, and very handsomely fluted.

A long arched irregular space beyond the Vestibule, studded with fungoid and stalactites, has received the name of Vegetable Garden, from the exquisite varieties of the incrustations. The botryoidal stalactites especially excited my admiration. Wandering through this space, we descended a well-built wooden staircase to Muddy Lake. It was here that the first explorers were checked in their exploration by the waters of the lake, which were then much higher than now. On the shores of this lake they found bear, fox and wolf prints, thousands in number, where they may have remained unchanged for ages in the undisturbed tenacious mud. Small bones were also found.

But we must not attempt to follow each step in the passage—this number of the MONTHLY is not large enough to contain even the individual mention of all the wonderful points of interest in the vast underground passages. I will try and give some idea of the character of the ornamental formations which make Luray the most wonderful of caves. The Mammoth is a cave of vast vaults, unornamented and changeless. There is a sense of vacancy, of awful silence, of dreadful lonely darkness, which strikes the heart with awe, and impresses the mind by its utter intangibility. Here at Luray there is nothing of the sort. Objects are near at hand which suggest familiar forms, and instead of vague terror, you feel a comfortable and lively entertainment.

Whenever the proper conditions are present, stalactites and stalagmites will form. Whenever, through some of the minute crevices in the limestone rock, a drop of water trickles down, it is sure to deposit some limestone. This deposition takes place on the circumference of the drop rather than in its centre, and we have a ring of limestone. This ring becomes the support of other drops, and the process continues until a tube from one inch to three feet long, having the diameter of the drop, is formed, when it begins to fill up, and the water to trickle down exteriorly, and to enlarge the column. The process is analagous to the formation of an icicle, except that one is formed by solidification, the other by deposition. They are larger at the top because the larger part of the lime is deposited before the end is reached; but there is a never-ceasing endeavor to reach the bottom.

This is a typical stalactite; but in Luray the typical ones are the exception, nature having reveled in the production of odd forms in these caverns. As a rule, more water flows down a stalactite than can be evaporated, and so it drops upon the floor, forming a stalagmite which continually endeavors to meet its mother above. In time the upward reach of the one and the downward stretching of the other may unite them both into one column, thick or slender, single or double, reaching from floor to ceiling. There are many such pillars, seeming to support the roof, in this cave, hundreds of them, from the size of a fishing-rod (and wonderfully resembling a bamboo stick with every node perfect) to that great column in Giant's Hall which is from fifteen to twenty feet in circumference, and is ribbed like an ancient oak; pillars representing all sorts of architectural style in base and capital, for the sculpture-like growth and commingling of these stalactites and crystallizations lend themselves easily to every odd design and fantastic embellishment, which yet never seem inharmonious.

The many and extraordinary monuments of aqueous energy include massive columns wrenched from their place in the ceiling and prostrate on the floor: the Hollow Column, 40 feet high and 30 feet in diameter, standing erect, but pierced by a tubular passage from top to bottom; the Leaning Column, nearly as large, undermined and tilting like Pisa's; the Organ, a cluster of stalactites dropped points downward and standing thus in the room known as the Cathedral; besides vast beds of disintegrated carbonates left by the whirling floods that have swept through the galleries. Some exclaim as they pass through the halls, "What mighty convulsions there must have been to have produced all this." Not so! it has been a process of quiet slowness, interrupted only by the occasional falling of a vast column no longer stable. No better example of this can be found than the Fallen Column. Once it hung from the lofty ceiling above, in company with the others, a ponderous mass 50 feet long, 11 feet in its greatest diameter, and weighing about 400 tons. Magnificent stalactites hang from the roof on all sides, like an inverted forest of blasted trunks. The only spot in all the abyss where a sense of danger and utter helplessness seizes the explorer is when he stands beneath these huge pendent tons of rocks adhering to the roof only by their own cohesion, and capable of falling, as evinced by the prostrate giant before them. This feeling quickly subsides, however, when, upon closer inspection, one sees the secondary stalactites adhering to the surface of the old one, which indicate that perhaps ages have elapsed since the crash of its downfall reverberated through the lonely halls.

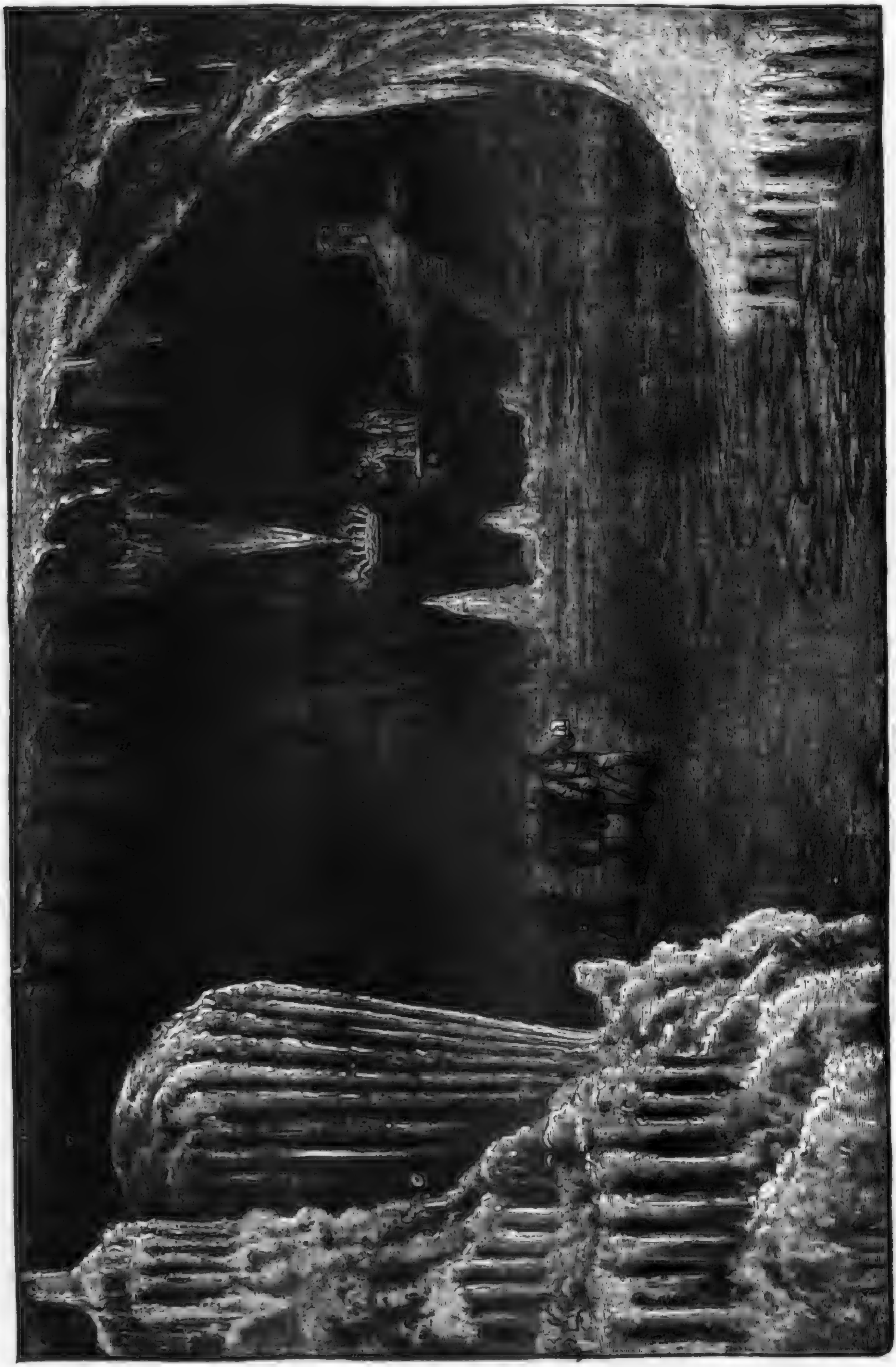
The stalactic display exceeds that of any other cavern, scarcely a yard being unornamented. The old material is yellow, brown or red; and its wavy surface often shows layers like the gnarled grain of costly woods. The new stalactites are made of hard carbonates that have been used once before, and are usually white or snowy, though often pink, blue or amber-colored. Here in this dark studio of nature are reproductions of all the objects which are wont to fill the mind with pleasure, wonder or alarm—crystal fountains, spouting geysers and flower-gardens transformed to rock, cathedrals gorgeously sculptured and frescoed, chimes and deep-toned organs, thrones; spectral beings, terrestrial, celestial and infernal—objects whose multiplicity, variety and splendor would exhaust the whole literature of mythic and fairy lore in providing names for their infinite diversity of beauty. The size of some is something startling. The Empress Column is a stalagmite 35 feet high, rose-colored and elaborately draped. The double column called the Henry-Baird Column, after the two Secretaries of the Smithsonian Institution, is made of two fluted pillars side by side, the one 25 and the other 60 feet high, a mass of snowy alabaster. All the names are more or less suggestive, but this has a peculiar fitness. There is the one, the Henry, huge and full-grown, a monument of acquired and lasting fame; the other, the Baird, a younger one, still growing and ever pointing upward, acquiring new height and resting upon the same broad base as the other. Nothing could be more fit.

The smaller pendants are innumerable; in the canopy above Imperial Spring, it is estimated that fully 40,000 are visible at once. The Cascades, pointed out by the guides, are wonderful formations like foaming cataracts caught in mid-air and transformed into milk-white or amber alabaster. The Chalcedony Cascade displays a variety of colors. Brand's Cascade, which is the finest of all, being 40 feet high and 30 wide, is unsullied and wax-like white, each ripple and braided rill seeming to have been polished. A most remarkable resemblance to a geyser in action is seen in the Grand Gulch and Geyser.

At times the plain stalactite has become transformed to a pendent flower-basket by some curious freak; again, a natural chandelier is produced, and a variety of most curious forms is found everywhere. Where ledges and table-surfaces are abundant, there the drapery is sure to be found. In the Market it crowds the terraced walls in short, thick, whitish fringes, like so many fishes hung up by the gills—"rock-fish," the guide will tell you as his little joke. As they glisten in the half-lighted chamber, they have a slimy, fishy look peculiarly suggestive. The Saracen Tent is formed by these great, flat, sharply tipped and gently curving plates, rich brown in color, depending from a square canopy, so that they reach the floor, save on one side, where you may enter as through a conveniently parted canvas. The Bridal Chamber is curtained from curious gaze with massive and carelessly graceful folds; the walls of Pluto's Chasm are hung with them as in a mighty wardrobe; Diana's Bath is concealed under their protecting shelter; Titania's Vail is but a more delicate texture of the same; Cinderella Leaving the Ball becomes lost in their folds as she glides, lace-white, away; and a Sleeping Beauty has wrapped there abundant blankets about her motionless form; while the Ballroom has its spacious walls hung as with tapestries. The Swords of Titan are monstrous blades, eight in number, 50 feet long, 3 to 8 feet wide, hollow, 1 to 2 feet thick, but drawn down to an extremely thin edge, and filling the cavern with tones like tolling bells when struck with the hand. Their origin, and also that of certain so-called scarfs and blankets exhibited, is from carbonates deposited by water trickling down a sloping and corrugated surface. Sixteen of these alabaster scarfs hang side by side in Hovey's Balcony, three white and five crape shawls, and thirteen striated like agate with every shade of brown, and all perfectly translucent. Down the edge of each a tiny rill glistens like silver, and this is the ever-plying shuttle that weaves the fairy fabric. The best example of—"drapery formation" is to be found in the Wet Blanket, "a name calculated to dampen your enthusiasm beforehand so as to give the eye a fresh surprise." Suspended in a recess is this curious stalactite which so perfectly simulates a wet blanket, every wrinkle natural to a piece of dangling heavy woolen cloth being represented, with the water yet draining out of it.

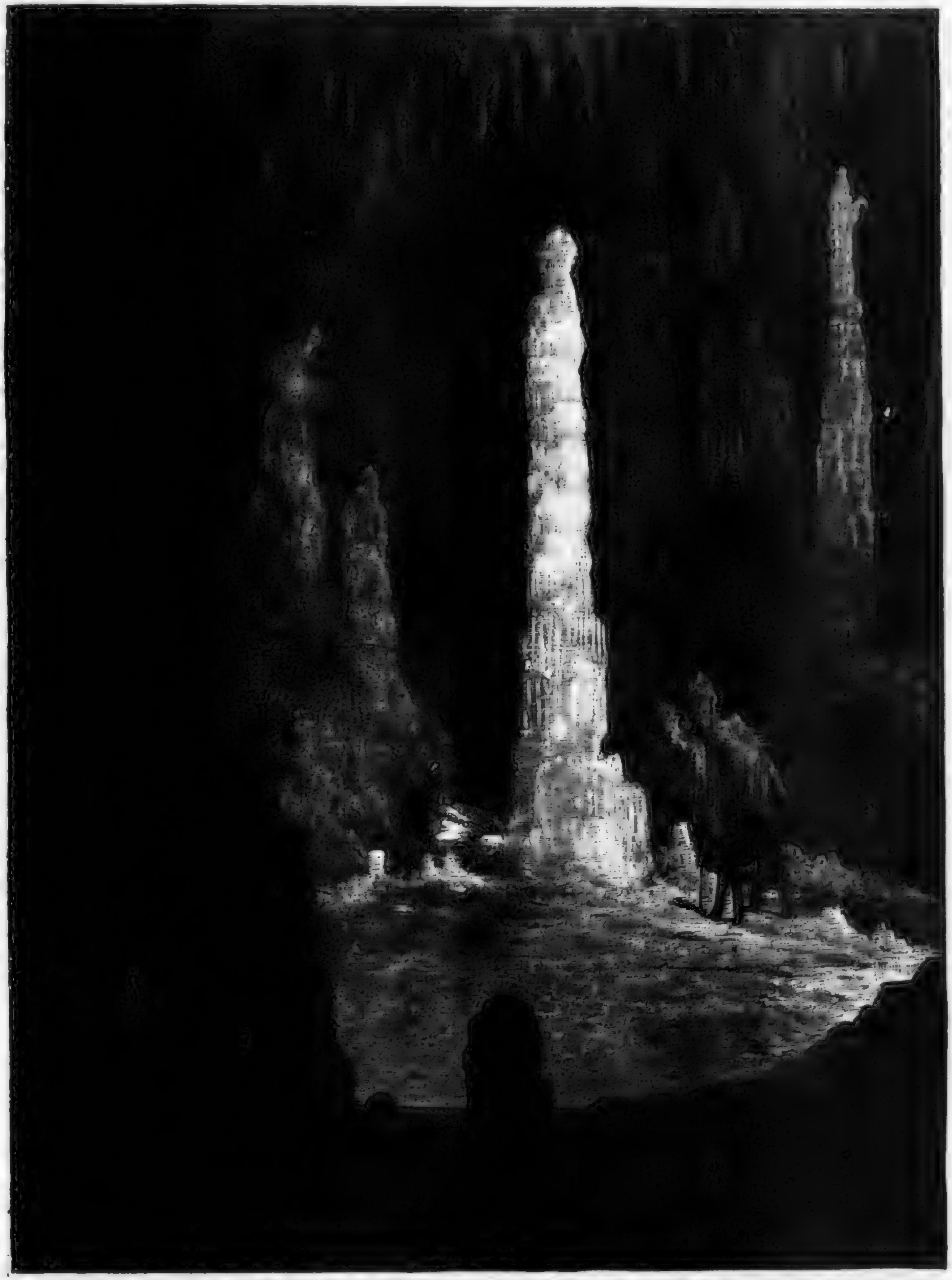
The ever-dropping water collects in small pools, but there is no river or large lake as in the Mammoth. Beautiful crystal springs of clear water polluted by no impurities except the carbonate of lime—the life of the cave. No spring is morebeautiful than the Casket, surrounded by piles of snowy carbonates, interlaced with those of a brownish hue. Here nature has produced a splendid scene, so much like ice that you almost shiver as you look. The snowy mass, hard and clear in places, is for the most part frostlike and feathery. Pendent stalactites hang from overhead, ribbed columns form a background, and on either side the flattened pieces point their ends toward the clear waters beneath. There they lie, one over the other, extending back into the walls behind, no one knows how far. But the dripping water which flows down their surface in silvery streamlets does not cease its work when it drops from the column it has helped to make. In a circular basin it collects, and from this it flows to others. A rim has been built up around the water by the never-ceasing deposition of limy solids, and they have formed a basin in which to hold themselves. By the constant but slow overflow the basin is continually growing in height. There are hundreds of similar basins, varying in diameter from 1 to 50 feet, and in depth from 6 inches to 15 feet.

In all of these nature is at work with all her ingenuity, and is ornamenting the spot to correspond with her other works in this most favored of places. There the gray stony rocks blossom forth into exquisite flowers of crystallization—rose, fawn-colored and white. Seldom will sea-anemones cluster themselves into such exquisite groups in their homes beneath the overlying ledges of a rock-bound coast as do these hard and immovable rock-flowers. Another freak of nature is common in these water-filled cavities, forming what are called cave-pearls. The water, impregnated with carbonate of lime, forms concretions called, according to size, pearls, eggs,



THE CAVE WITHIN THE ENTRANCE.

and snowballs; while a large one is known as the Cannonball. These spherical growths are radiated in structure, and are always formed around a bit of sand by the very slow deposition of atom after atom of carbonate, continued throughout ages of time. Calcite crystals, drusy, feathery, or fernlike, line the sides and bottom of these pools, and indeed constitute the substance of which they are made. A most amusing collection of these quaint devices, called the Toyshop, is the result of the rise and fall of water in the cavities, causing distortions in all the formations.



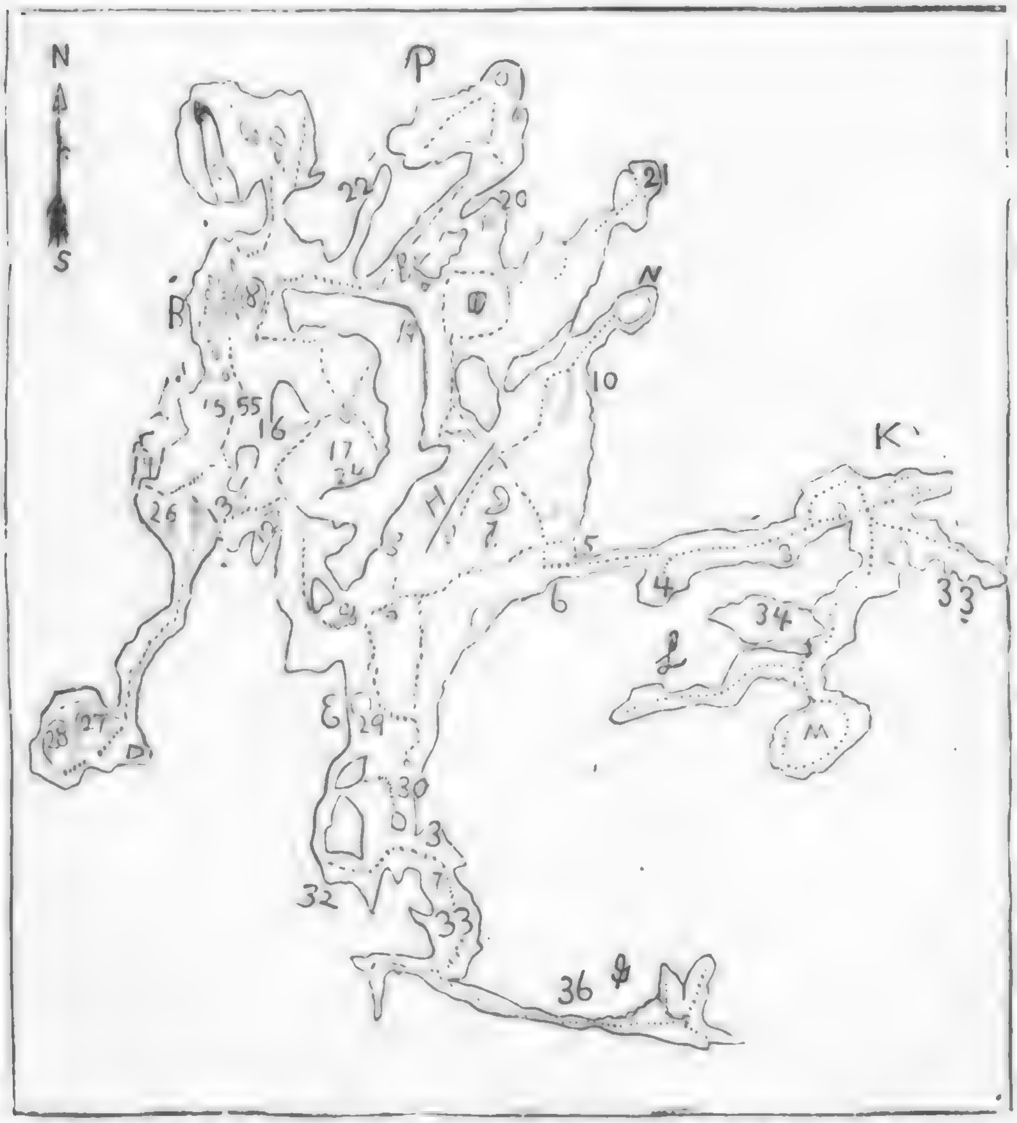
THE CAVERNS OF LURAY.—THE SULTANA COLUMN, IN THE GIANTS' HALL.

Luray is very irregular, branching in many directions, and its exact size is not now known, but there are several tiers of galleries, and the vertical depth from the highest to the lowest is 260 feet. The distance that one travels to see the whole cave is very great, because one must continually retrace one's steps in returning from some very interesting nook stretching far into the earth, away from the main passageways. The way that one passes through huge chambers, then narrow passages, only to find oneself in still larger and more interesting halls, each decorated in a distinctly different style, fills the visitor with wonder.

The decorations of the Cathedral are grotesque and inspiring. There are huge Gothic pillars reaching to the lofty groined roof, and the Angel's Wing is particularly attractive, sculptured from this alabaster rock. Michael Angelo himself could not have made better decorations, with all his excellence in art. We appreciate still better the fitness of the name Cathedral to this sculptured dell when Mr. Campbell walks up to the Organ, a mass of stalactites, and plays a familiar air upon the thin sheets of rock. Each column has a rich, deep, musical resonance of varying pitch, whose tones are more like the breathings of an organ than the metallic qualities of piano or xylophone. The denizens of the cavern not only pose but speak, and our admiration is complete, and the effect of that air will not soon be forgotten.

Leaving the Cathedral by a narrow, jagged passage, where one must continually guard both his shins and his crown from painful bumps, we get an outlook into a sort of devil's pantheon, full of grotesque shapes and colossal caricatures of things animate and inanimate, casting odd and suggestive shadows, and then pass by a stairway to a well-curtained room, called the Bridal Chamber. With an unusual amount of that idiocy with which the best people, perhaps, are tinctured when about to enter matrimony, one or two couples have come into this damp hole to be married ; so the place is put down in guide-books as "consecrated." We go on to Giants' Hall, "the *chef d'œuvre* of this fairy under world." From the verge of a towering cliff we behold this chamber of wonders. Stretching away to the right in a seemingly interminable row of prodigious glittering columns, they rise out of the depths of shade and are lost in the overhanging gloom. The magnesium-light successfully combats these hosts of darkness and drives them into the alcoves and recesses above, beneath, and on either side, revealing forms of giant dimensions, weird outline and infinite variety of ornament. Many feet below are the Chimes, long, sheeted stalactites, which on being struck give forth a deep, tremulous peal of varied tone.

Passing by and admiring the Empress and Sultana Columns, the Frozen and Chalcedony Cascade and the Hanging Rock, we reach the Amphitheatre, a large high-ceiled rotunda, which has been tightly floored and fitted up with seats and chandeliers for a ballroom. Here, beneath the surface of the earth, in nature's wonder-shop, gay parties frequently gather and engage in merry dances. Around the Amphitheatre are the Tombs of the Martyrs, Cinderella, and an endless number of heroes and heroines, as yet unnamed. An ascent of two long flights of stairs leads from this rotunda to Campbell's Hall, an oblong chamber, about 200 feet in the long diameter, and 50 feet high. The chief attraction of this chamber is the rich variety of coloring in the stalactites, including



A. Round Room. *B.* Giants' Hall. *C.* Cathedral. *D.* Hades. *E.* Brand's Cascade. *F.* Stonewall Avenue. *G.* Chaos. *H.* Pluto's Chasm. *I.* Elfin Ramble. *K.* Entrance. *L.* Stebbins's Avenue. *M.* Pisa. *N.* Hovey's Hall. *O.* Ballroom. *P.* Campbell's Hall.

1. The Vestibule. 2. Washington's Pillar. 3. The Flower Garden. 4. The Amphitheatre. 5. Natural Bridge over Muddy Lake. 6. The Fish Market. 7. The Crystal Spring. 8. Proserpine's Pillar. 9. The Spectral Column. 10. Hovey's Balcony and Scarfs. 11. Oberon's Grotto. 12. Titania's Vail. 13. Sarcacen's Tent and Fallen Column. 14. The Organ and Throne. 15. The Tower of Babel. 16. The Empress Column. 17. The Hollow Column. 18. Henry-Baird or Double Column. 19. Chalcedony Cascade. 20. The Coral Spring. 21. The Dragon of Luray. 22. Bootjack Alley. 23. The Mermaid or Scaly Column. 24. The Lost Blanket. 25. Helen's Scarf. 26. Chapman's Lake. 27. Broaddus Lake. 28. The Castles on the Rhine. 29. The Imperial Spring. 30. The Skeleton. 31. The Twin Lake. 32. The Engine-room. 33. Miller's Room. 34. Hawes Cabinet. 35. Specimen Avenue. 36. Proposed Exit Avenue.

MAP OF LURAY CAVE.

red, yellow, black, white, blue, gray, and brown, with an infinite variety of intermediate shades.

Returning, we again pass the Hollow Column, a huge shaft, which, rising from the floor, disappears through the ceiling like a stovepipe. As its name implies, the column is hollow, a stream of water having worn away its centre, through which, by means of a rope, an ascent can be made to a chamber nearly sixty feet above. Passing onward, we stop for a few moments to admire what seems to be the retreating form of a lady, in full party toilet. Her head is just hid in the jamb of the distant doorway, but rounded shoulders, delicate arms, shapely waist, and long, flowing skirt and train, profusely ornamented, all are there. This is Cinderella Leaving the Ball. The path leads hence across Pluto's Chasm, by the Bridge of Sighs. The Chasm is a huge rent in the rocks, 500 feet long, 70 feet deep, and 10 to 50 feet across.

Thus we pass along, ever seeing something new, and our wonder, instead of decreasing as the novelty wears away, on the contrary continually increasing because of the constant change in kind and variety of decoration. Each place had its special point of interest, and we would never have tired had we not been warned of the lateness of the hour.

The cave is inhabited only by a few spiders and flies. No stream or pool has yet been found in which an aqueous fauna might exist. The vegetable growth is far more limited in extent. The proprietors have been compelled to form the walks and balustrades through the caves of green planks. In several places the white mold hangs from the under side of these planks in long, graceful festoons, not unlike the moss upon the cypress-trees of the South. Aside from this there is no plant life.

In former times, however, when the mouth of the cave was open, it seems that a variety of mammals occasionally found their way into the chamber situated near the entrance.

In Skeleton Gulch, near Pluto's Chasm, buried beneath the calcareous floor, are the bones of a human skeleton. Some unhappy aborigine, wandering by accident into the cavern, became lost in its labyrinthic halls, and in his vain endeavor to escape from the damp underground prison, unable to see in the darkness, fell into Pluto's Chasm to be buried in the limestone rock, and to be gazed upon as a curiosity by future generations. I shuddered when I gazed upon him, and thought how different was his journey in the caves from mine. Perhaps the unfortunate person was some Indian boy, who, three or four hundred years ago, by accident or design, entered these catacombs, and falling over the high precipice and unable to move, starved to death. But the cave has guarded its trust well, for while Cæsar's bones have "turned to clay," these are durable as iron.

When we again reach the Vestibule and see the glimmer of light proceeding from the entrance, how strange it seems! How much stranger yet are our feelings when, once more out of the catacombs, we feel and breathe the pure warm air, and again see the bright sunlight as it illumes the grassy slopes on all sides! Yet, how commonplace does this all seem after what we have just witnessed! How insignificant do the trees and even the mountains seem when compared to the Cathedral, or to the columns of Giants' Hall! These are almost our first thoughts, then we come back to our true senses and remember that the wonders are wonderful simply because they are new, and that the commonplace things about us, while really just as wonderful, seem more simple because of their very commonness, and we feel thankful that we are able to live in a world that becomes only commonplace, not disagreeable. Out into the warm, sweet air again, all the world looks fairer for one's temporary occultation. Surely the Troglodytes had a hard lot. Even the Naiads under water, and the Nereids indissoluble from the growing trees, were better off.

"SEVRES FULKES."

By Isabella Valancy Crawford.

The new physician at the Rockby Asylum for the Insane found his attention particularly arrested by two cases on the books of the establishment:

"George Arleigh, age, 27; unmarried; birth, American. Admitted June 5th, 188-. Acute paroxysmal dementia. Sane between attacks. No hereditary taint. Case impossible to diagnose thoroughly, or classify correctly, owing to unfamiliar symptoms. Patient wealthy. Here of his own accord. Small, if any, probability of cure."

"John Fulkes, admitted June 8th, 188-; age, 30; unmarried; birth, American. Harmless monomaniac. Considers himself a Sèvres vase. Hereditary taint on paternal side. Placed here by relatives. Small probability of cure. Perfectly harmless."

The bell at the new doctor's elbow jingled; he lifted the telephone-tube to his ear:

"No. 100 violent. Please come."

The physician met one of his medical staff in the corridor, and, guided by him, went rapidly to a private suite of rooms in the second story, whence poured horrible outcries like nothing human, and continued in one sheet of awful sound. A warder opened the door, and Dr. Warring quietly took in the scene from the threshold.

A cheerful sitting-room, with books and papers in rich confusion; a wood fire on the ample hearth, and a breakfast-equipage on the table before it. In the windows yellow and lilac banks of Japanese primroses; a golden-haired setter, with his muzzle on, howled in a corner; and in mid-floor Case 100, a young man in a tweed shooting-jacket struggling furiously in the grasp of four keepers — shrieking, foaming, convulsed; horrible and terrible, and none the less frightful because of the delicacy of his face and the extreme attenuation of an originally fine frame.

Dr. Warring looked to his subordinate for information.

"The paroxysm will last twenty-four hours, and leave him exhausted," said the younger man. "It is an odd case; his mind never loses its balance for a second. Ask him a question, and he'll answer lucidly in the middle of his worst convulsion. His case puzzles us all, and he's dying fast from mere exhaustion ensuing on these attacks. Pity, isn't it? such a fine fellow, too. Hullo! what are you doing here, Mr. Fulkes?"

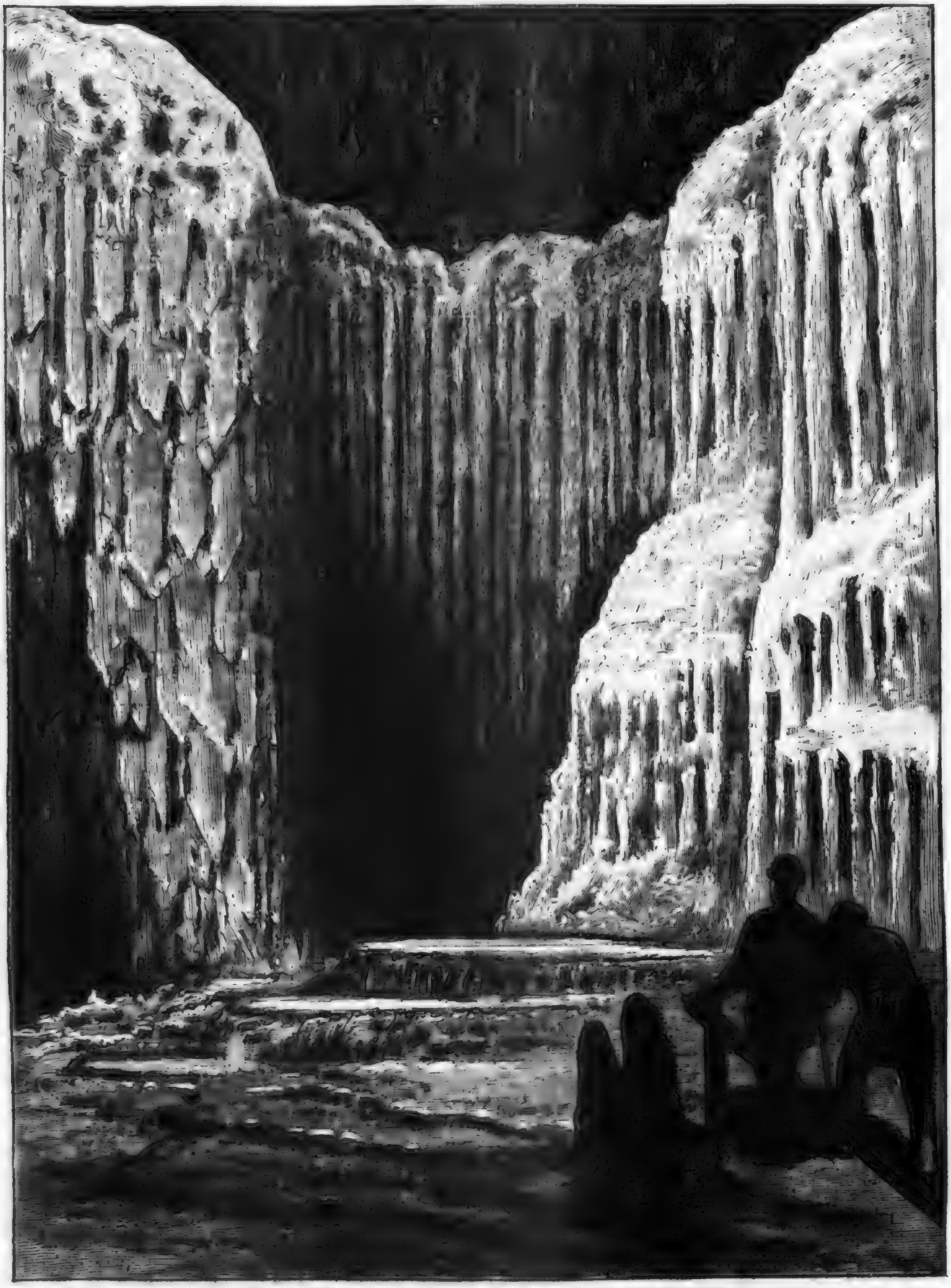
"Don't touch me, I'll retire—don't touch me, for pity's sake!" screamed Mr. Fulkes; "the least jar might crush me in a billion of pieces. I was reading the cablegrams to our poor friend Arleigh when he began to jerk. Our new medical Doge, I presume?"

Dr. Warring bowed. Mr. Fulkes sighed.

"I am debarred from the privilege of shaking hands with you, doctor, but you see for yourself my very delicate position. I am a very rare quality of Sèvres, and though cognoscente I could be exquisitely patched in New York if broken, I don't risk to break anything. You see how careful I am, don't you?"

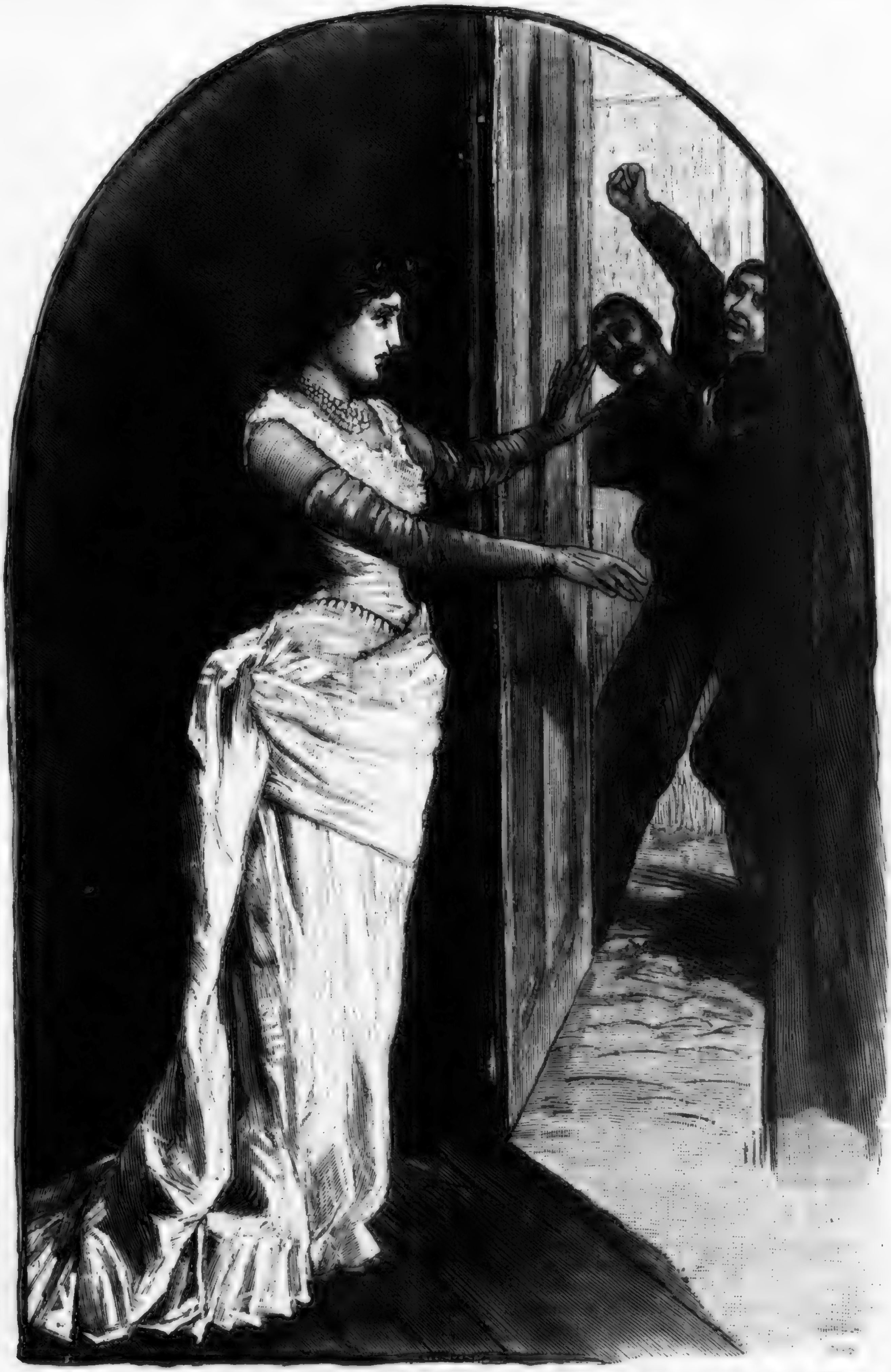
The doctor preserved polite gravity. From head to heels Mr. Fulkes was wound with snowy cotton-wool, secured round legs, arms, body and fingers by pack-thread. A thinner layer, with holes for sight and breath, covered his face. And he rose in the Spring sunshine, bulky and unearthly, like a statue just looming rudely from the block under the first chisel-blows of the sculptor. His feet were carefully packed in the same material, and he withdrew, soundlessly, shuffling rigidly for fear of breakage, and calling back, sorrowfully:

"Great pity about poor Arleigh, doctor; fine fellow, but mad as a March hare. Such a pity—such an awful pity."



THE CAVERNS OF LURAY.—CASKET SPRING.—SEE PAGE 343.

The attack lasted twenty-four hours; and during this period Dr. Warring studied the case intently. At last came quiet, and the shadow of Death, only to be driven



"SEVRES FULKES."—"ALL AT ONCE SHE FOUND THE THRESHOLD, AND STOOD SWAYING, HER HANDS MOVING BEFORE HER, PLUCKING AT THE AIR, WHILE HE STRUGGLED FURIOUSLY."—SEE PAGE 351.

back by strenuous efforts for a little way. On the seventh day, George Arleigh was able to sit on the lawn, while Mr. Fulkes bore him company behind a barricade of two lawn-rollers and a lawn-sprinkler erected by him to preserve his Sèvres frame from any sudden shock. He was very fond of the invalid, a singularly attractive man, who was meeting death with a very fine and gentle courage.

"You don't think you can do much for me?" George Arleigh, and Dr. Warring answered:

"I am powerless. I don't understand your case any more than did my predecessor. Where were you when first attacked?"

"In New York, at my hotel. I did not await a second attack, but came here at once to be cured, I hoped. That hope is dead now; all I long for is a speedy *coup de grace.* Imagine to yourself seven devils entering into you, and expressing their diabolism through your physical being, while your mind is clear enough to take accurate note of every throe and convulsion. There you have my state. Why should I dread death? Fulkes here dreads a crack in his delicate enamel far more than I do the immortal arrow for ever launching through the universe. I know I can't survive more than two attacks more; and I shall be glad enough to vanish into the mists, believe me."

Poor Sèvres Fulkes groaned behind his cotton-wool.

"Don't give in, Arleigh," he said; "your state is nothing so critical as mine. And I am so *very* valuable that I couldn't be replaced were any accident to occur. Watteau painted me himself, and I belonged to Cleopatra or Josephine, I forget which. My case strikes you as curious, doctor? Most interesting, isn't it? I think I'll go in—there's thunder coming up, and I quite dread the vibration, and the damp might injure my enamel."

Sèvres Fulkes shuffled rigidly away in his ghastly armor of cotton-wool, and George Arleigh turned his sad and sparkling hazel eyes on Dr. Warring, with his faint and melancholy smile.

"That man is the best of good-natured fellows. Have you seen behind his odd mask yet? No! his face is terribly disfigured by some accident, and they say it was this misfortune developed the hereditary taint in him—he hid his face at first from morbid shame, now he conceals it to preserve its enamel beauty from mishap, poor fellow."

"Arleigh looks much stronger to-day," pondered Dr. Warring, as he sauntered into the house; "and, according to precedent, he won't have another attack for three weeks. I'll telegraph Brainpan to run down and take a look at him to-morrow, though he's as sane as I am. I can't make his case out; but he's a fine fellow, poor lad—a fine fellow."

An hour later Dr. Warring was studying his case-book with reference to George Arleigh, when the telephone signal struck, and he listened, dismayed.

"Arleigh violent—please come."

"The fit may carry him off, coming before he had recovered stamina to meet it," said his assistant; "and he is more outrageous than ever—consequently the after exhaustion will be greater."

"I am afraid the shock has injured my enamel," said Sèvres Fulkes, piteously, meeting them in the corridor. "I felt a fearful jar when he began to writhe and jump. I'll have to give up his acquaintance. A work of art like me cannot be too careful. I'll write to mother and beg her to take me home. I could stand in the alcove opposite her 'Venus de Gabii.' And she can have a stout gilt railing erected to keep her pugs from running against me. I'm beginning to find the society of lunatics like poor dear Arleigh very trying. Do send me word, doctor, when he is safely out of his fit—will you? For a madman he's a most lovable young fellow."

Mr. Fulkes shuffled painfully away, faster than usual, to escape the piercing shrieks issuing from his friend's room.

The attack was many degrees more violent than ever before, and Arleigh had to be conveyed to a padded room so that his outcries might not reach the ears of the other patients. He was sane through it all, and in a second's pause in the frightful tetanic convulsions he caught Dr. Warring's hand, and managed to gasp three parted and tremulous words: "Tolla—send—forgive." He could control speech no further; his demons seized him triumphantly and almost dashed the life out of his frail body, even as his eloquent and appealing eyes remained fixed on Dr. Warring.

The latter recorded that evening in his private book: "Arleigh's case is not mental—shall telegraph for Dr. Nervepecker, instead of Brainpan, but look on the case as hopeless."

At about nine o'clock the same evening Dr. Warring paused at the door of the padded cell, a lady clinging to his arm—a slight, girlish, dusky-eyed creature, in a primrose satin down to her slender ankles, a string of pearls round her beautiful bare throat, with a bunch of yellow Japanese primroses in her dark hair. A delicate and dainty dusky creature. Her eyes, large and lustrous, were widely opened and fixed in a peculiar stare, and she had a trick of putting one small hand out in a groping fashion very pitiful to see.

This was Miss Grey, a professional singer, whom the calamity of sudden blindness, attendant on a nervous fever, had driven from the operatic stage to the concert-room. She had come, in all sweet charity and pity, with others of her profession, to sing this evening for the patients in the asylum. And Dr. Warring had said to her, "Come, be a David to a poor Saul of mine—try if you can sing the fiends out of him; your voice has a spell in it—you will try? That's a brave girl—come."

She cringed timidly against the wall of the corridor as the padded door opened and let out those hoarse, inhuman cries. Dr. Warring entered, and came back hurriedly.

"Sing, my child," he said. "Don't mind the uproar."

And she began, her great sightless eyes looking unseeingly at a terrible silhouette on the white wall of the corridor—three black shadows projected sharply on it from the cell, one writhing furiously, two others restraining it. Mechanically plaiting the yellow folds of her dress, or twining the rope of rare old pearls round her neck, she sang. Her voice had an odd, piercing, pleading *timbre*—an outcry that suited best the sorrowful old ballads she was famous for rendering; and it rose on delicate wings, climbing and clamorous, sinking to indescribable pathos—murmuring like a spirit in deep waters, clinging shrilly like a lark to the very gates of heaven.

"Tolla!"

This cry rose suddenly above all past cries, and struck into her heart like an arrow. She put her hands to her breast with the physical feeling that it was pierced. She ceased singing. She beat the air for a second with her palms. She dashed herself bird-like against the wall, seeking the door. She groped furiously and began to utter low cries. All at once she found the threshold, and stood swaying, her hands moving before her, plucking at the air.

"Where is he?" she said, shrilly; "bring me to him!"

Then she stood dumb on the threshold, her hands fallen at her sides, her eyes fixed—a dusky, golden, glimmering form on which George Arleigh's eloquent and terrible gaze was fixed while he still struggled furiously. He made a wild effort—a second time he managed to cry out to her, "Tolla!" and at this call she came to him straight and swift as an arrow.

She seemed to dash the warders aside, but in reality they fell back before her as before a spirit. She wound her bare arms round Arleigh, who was suddenly quiet, as he felt the soft, wild clasp about his neck; and on her part she gave a great and awful cry

"I am come to you. I can see you. I knew I had but to touch you to see again. Oh, my love, my love! why are you here? What has done this?"

He tried to wind his arms about her, but the convulsions were returning.

"Take her away; keep her—she is——"

He looked imploringly at Dr. Warring, and his aspect was so terrible, that the doctor placed his hand on Miss Grey's burning eyes, and carried her out of the cell and into his own library. He placed her in an armchair.

"Can you still see?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes," she answered, trembling. "When I touched him I *saw*—it is a miracle!"

"It is a nervous shock. Who are you, my child?"

"I am his wife, Tolla Arleigh," she said. "We were married privately two years ago. His father wished him to marry another woman. We quarreled about some trifle, and—he left me. Then I had a fever, and went blind. I never heard of him since, but I loved him, nevertheless; and he called me when he heard my voice, so you see he loves *me*. What is the matter with him, Dr. Warring?"

"We are quite at sea about his case. I scarcely think, Mrs. Arleigh, that he meant to desert you. He has been here since June the 15th, 188-."

"He left me May the 30th of the same year," she said. "Doctor, he will recover, now that *I* have found him."

She rose quite majestically, for such a slim, small creature, and looked at him intrepidly.

"I *will* find out what you sages cannot," she said. "Come, describe his state minutely, and we shall see—we shall see."

He obeyed, and she listened, bewildered, but resolute.

"I will find out—I will save him," she repeated. "Oh, thank God, I have my sight again to serve him with. I *will* find out. I will save him!"

George Arleigh's exhaustion was so like death that he lay for days only able to follow his wife's little form with those eloquent eyes as she moved about his room. He would certainly have died but for the joyful stimulus of her presence, but it became evident that it would require another attack to give him his *coup de grace*. Still he suffered extreme mental agony, for, the shock being spent, Tolla's sight faded into darkness, and she once more groped her way with those timid, appealing hands. She bore her loss bravely, full of joy to be near him, and reproaching him tenderly when her fingers touched the tears of agony for her on his face. She sung to him, she sat by his pillow, her cheek to his, whispering to him all tender words of love and hope, until he began to brighten and revive miraculously. Mr. Fulkes reappeared in the cheerful parlor, swathed from top to toe in new cotton-wool in honor of the occasion, and Tolla received him blithely. He found it cheering to drop in about five o'clock, day after day, drink the tea Mrs. Arleigh's pretty, groping hands poured out for him, and listen to her plaintive singing.

"This reminds me of *dulce domum*," he said, delightedly. "And how well Arleigh looks! What vitality you possess, my dear fellow!"

"Tolla has pulled me through this bout," said George, drawing the blind, sweet eyes to his lips, worshipfully; "and I begin to hope I have passed some crisis, and may recover. Dr. Warring holds out such a hope; and I have grown absurdly anxious to recover and live."

"You shall live!" said Tolla in his ear. "You shall live! you shall live!"

"Sometimes I think I should feel myself happier if I regained the ordinary osseous formation and cellular tissues," said poor Sèvres Fulkes, piteously—"become a mere human being, in fact, instead of a priceless work of art. Mrs. Arleigh, I'll drop in to-morrow for a cup of tea, so I'll only say *au revoir* now."

The next was a sultry afternoon, tawny with belts and stripes of black clouds, quiet and panting like a drowsing tiger.

George Arleigh lay sleeping on a bamboo couch in the parlor, and Tolla sat by his pillow, her tender face on her hand, her great eyes dilated blankly on space, as usual, listening to his every breath, smiling as she heard how full and deep they were. Sèvres Fulkes sat stiffly on a *priedieu* sipping tea from a cup with a butterfly handle, and staring admiringly through his cotton-wool at the charming picture made by the blind girl and her sleeping husband.

At last George stirred, and Tolla groped her way to the table, poured out a cup of tea and carried it softly to the invalid, who was waking slowly and luxuriously. He smiled at her gratefully,

"I am wonderfully thirsty. Hullo, Fulkes! glad to see you, old fellow. Tolla, I shall drink your china thimbleful in one mouthful."

"No," said Mrs. Arleigh, ringingly, "you shall do nothing so very foolish, my darling. We will first get Dr. Warring to ascertain what black powder Mr. Fulkes dropped into it over my shoulder."

"A lie, woman—a lie!" hissed Mr. Fulkes.

"*I saw you do it*," she said, laughing, and flaming her eyes round on him in triumph. "I did not go blind a second time. I wanted to watch my treasure, and I dissembled. How confidently you stole behind me just now! How securely you dropped your poison over the blind girl's shoulder! Ah, Harley Ferrers, was there ever a more cunning plot than to follow the cousin who had quarreled with his wife and made *you* his heir, into the asylum, to finish your work, unsuspected, and secure his wealth. I knew your voice; you could not always disguise it. I watched you day and night; I waited, and you have been delivered into my hand. O God, the joy of such a triumph!"

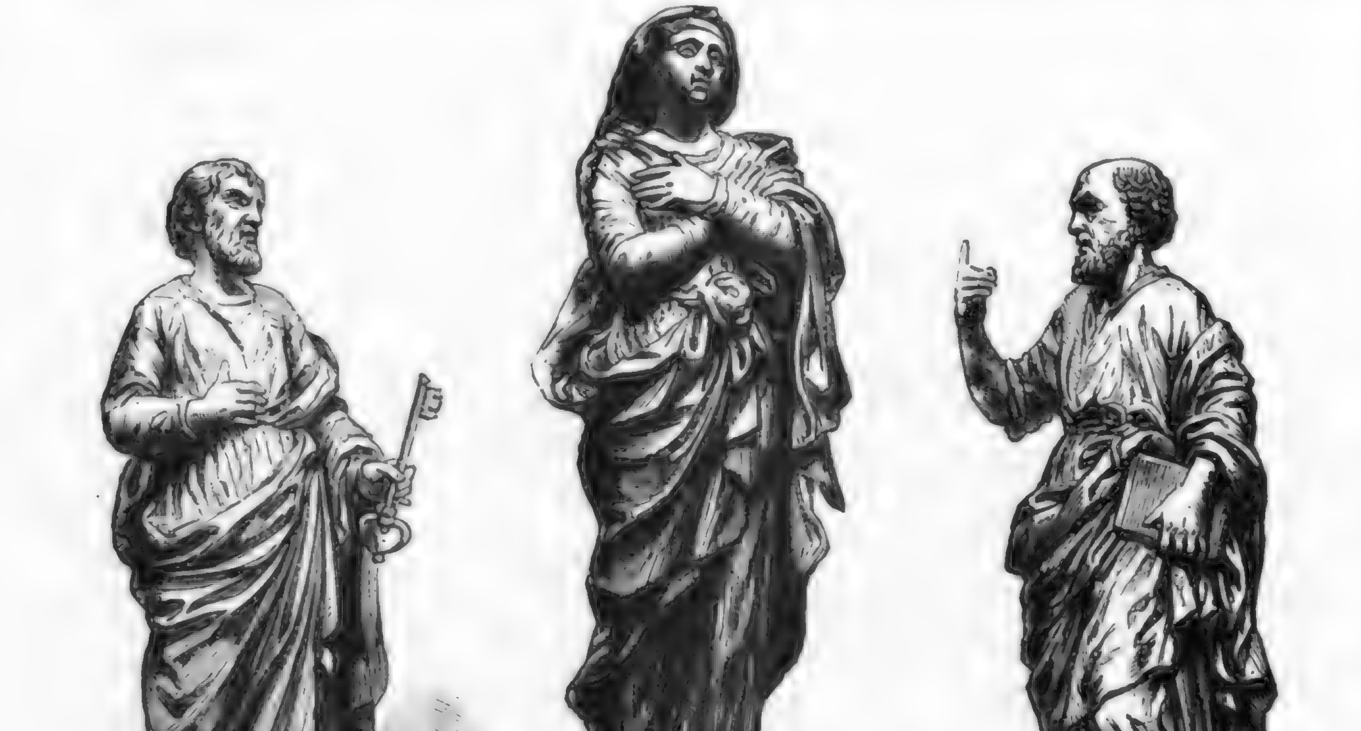
Silently he sprang at her as she faced him, to dash the cup from her hand, but paused midway. A red quiver of light licked over him like a flame, a horrible thunderclap shook the great building. He gave a hideous outcry.

Wreaths of smoke puffed from him in yellow rings, a hundred tongues of flame made a horrible aureole round him. The lightning had fired his disguise of cotton-wool, and for a second he stood a pillar of flame, then rushed furiously through the open French window, blind in his savage agony.

A charred outline of a man was all they could collect from the scorched turf, and this they buried, and placed above it the name, Harley Ferrers.

The contents of the teacup occupied the attention of the leading toxicologists of the day, and they decided the black powder to be a poison outside their knowledge, and probably obtained by the dead man in the course of long wanderings in India.

From jottings found in his note-book, it appeared that he had induced his cousin, George Arleigh, in his first foolish rage against his wife, to make a will in his favor; then began his deliberate task of slow poisoning. He had followed his victim to the asylum, and carried on his work unsuspected until Tolla's love-sharp eyes and ears penetrated his disguise, and enabled the valiant, tender creature to wrest his deadly secret from him.



IVORY STATUES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, ST. PETER, AND ST. PAUL, BY THE SCULPTOR DUQUESNOY (IL FIAMMINGO).

George Arleigh never had another of his mysterious attacks, and at once regained complete and vigorous health; and Tolla's lovely eyes beam unclouded and serene upon the world.

Envy no man's talent, but improve thy own.

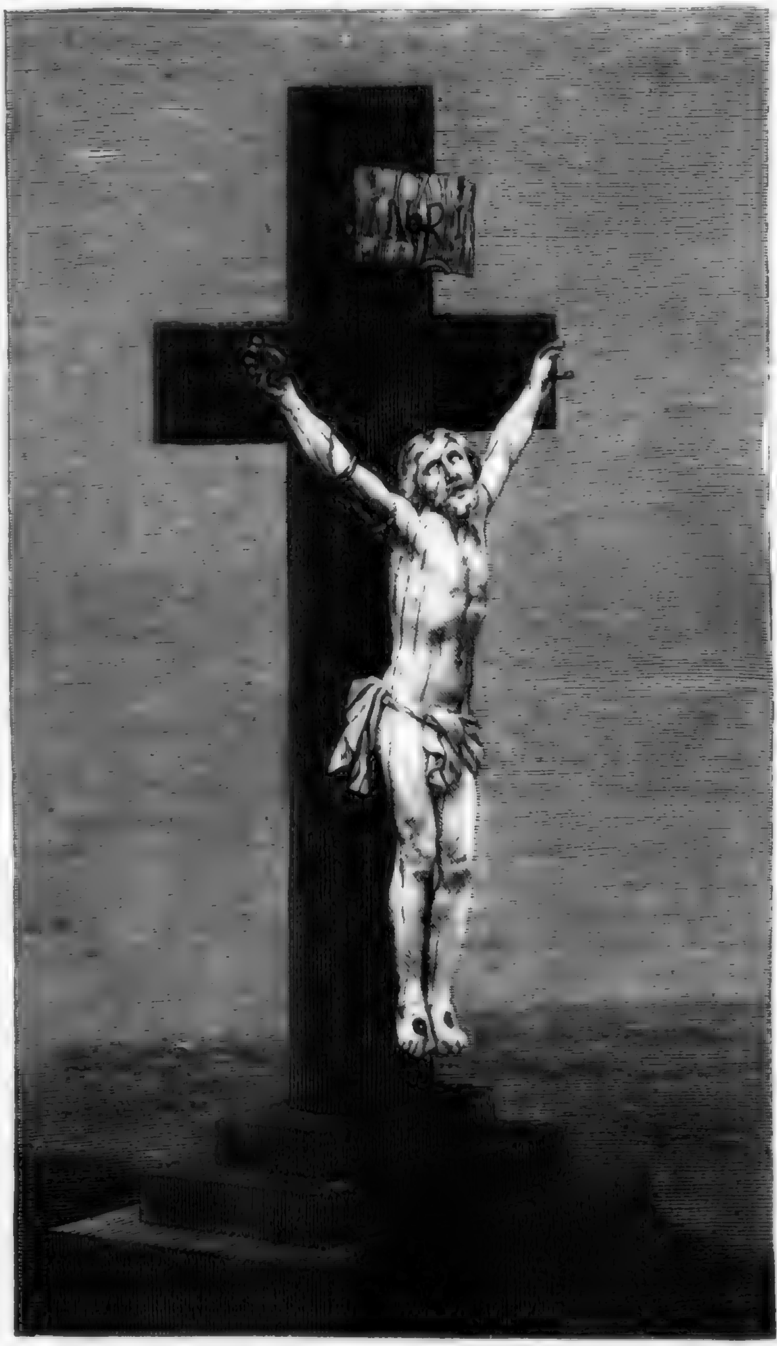
IVORY CARVINGS OF THE FLEMISH SCULPTOR DUQUESNOY.

Ivory-carving does not often rise to be regarded as genuine art, and the work of Chinese hands generally takes its place among the multitudinous objects which constitute the collections of *bric-à-brac*. Few pieces of ivory-carving can be ascribed to any artist of known merit. Most of them are anonymous or pseudonymous, and seem to accept their fate with resignation.

Occasionally, however, a real sculptor chose this material and attained high eminence. Such was notably Francis Duquesnoy, the son of a sculptor, born in Brussels in 1594. His ability attracted the attention of the Archduke Albert, when Governor of the Low Countries, who sent him to Rome, where he studied for several years. The death of his protector left him without re-sources at Rome at the age of twenty-five, with no friend but Poussin, then a struggling young painter. Duquesnoy had acquired delicate grace and a nobility of style. Great commissions were not easily obtained, so he carved small works in ivory, which at once won admiration, and *Il Fiammingo*, or The Fleming, became widely known. He was remarkably successful in childish figures, and the groups of children at the base of the columns of the high altars of St. Peter's at Rome are the work of this sculptor. A marble child by him, now in Marseilles, is cited as a marvel of simplicity, grace and suppleness. His "St. Susanna" at Our Lady of Loretto, and his "St. Andrew" in St. Peter's, are regarded as master-pieces. The latter is one of the colossal statues, and stands on the same pier as Raphael's "Transfiguration." When the commission was given to the Flemish sculptor for this statue, which is fifteen feet high, Bernini was greatly annoyed, and said: "You will see that Duquesnoy's 'St. Andrew' will be only an overgrown child!" But the result silenced all cavil, and the statue has stood the critical test of centuries. We give three statuettes on ivory by him, a "Blessed Virgin," a "St. Peter" and a "St. Paul," which belong to Mr. Dugat, of Lille. They are full of grace, and in figure and drapery, as well as in feature and expression, show the work of an able and gifted sculptor.

A very fine crucifix by this sculptor is preserved in the Cathedral at Green Bay, Wisconsin. Bishop Krautbauer found it, neglected and injured, on the top of an old press, and struck by its remarkable merit, set to work to learn its history. The records of the church put the matter beyond all doubt. It was the work of Francis Duquesnoy, and was presented to the Redemptorist Father Sanderl and his companions by Francis I., Emperor of Austria, when they came to America in 1832, and revived the old French mission at Green Bay, which had been without resident pastors for more than a century.

After their departure from Green Bay its origin was forgotten, and it was thrust aside with little regard for its history or artistic merit.



IVORY CRUCIFIX BY DUQESNOY, PRESERVED AT GREEN BAY.

The crucifix, placed beyond fear of further injury, can now be studied with the interest it merits as the work of a sculptor who was deemed worthy to contribute to the adornment of St. Peter's in Rome.

CREMATION IN JAPAN.

The crematory stands a little apart from the main road—a building of a single story, with an innocent-looking, tall chimney that might be connected with a pottery or a small iron foundry. The business is always conducted privately, and there are few in Tokio, except those who are professionally engaged, who have witnessed the process. But arrangements made by the omnipotent Foreign Minister opened the doors and secured a very respectful welcome.

We were first received in the house of the manager, where tea was served in priceless porcelain cups of Kutani ware. The furnace, if so imposing a name may be used for a process so simple, stood a few paces from the house. On entering it there was nothing to be seen but what appeared to be two butter-tubs resting upon a few fagots of wood. There were several cavities about two inches deep and one foot long in the stone floor, and these were filled with shavings.

According to municipal law, no burning is to be done before half-past six o'clock in the evening. It still wanted ten minutes to that time; but under the circumstances the manager thought it would be safe to anticipate the hour, and the shavings were fired. One of the men, kneeling before the growing flame, fanned it with a piece of wood. It caught the dry fagots, greedily licked the sides of the tubs, rose high in the air, and then, with a horrible thud, the head burst outward. Quick as thought, the man seized a large piece of wood lying by in readiness, and hid from sight whatever may have protruded. It is the boast of the skillful cremator that under his supervision the contents of the barrel are never exposed to view. A heavy matting of wet straw is laid over the length of the barrel before the fire is ignited. As the barrel is burned away, this falls in and covers the body. In three hours the work is done. Every particle of flesh is burned away, and there remains only the skeleton. The bones and the teeth the relatives collect and give them sepulture.

FAMOUS SONGS OF PRAISE.

The Roman Catholic Church has ever been the friend of the arts of painting, sculpture and music, and without her cherishing care much that we now have as glorious relics of early art would have been destroyed and lost. This is especially true of music. The highest and grandest contributions to the musical art have been inspired by the Catholic Church, and are the work of her votaries. In the music that was sung in the churches recently some of the hymns are 800 years old, coming to us out of what we are pleased to term the darkness of the Middle Ages.

The Gregorian chant, or tones, a name given to certain choral melodies, gets its name from Pope Gregory the Great, who was himself a musician and taught at the Lateran Palace, so that this form of music comes to us from about 590-600. This ecclesiastical chant is the chant of the Catholic Church all over the world. In it we have all that the priest sings at the Mass, and it is in general use by choirs of ecclesiastics. In the course of time abuses of one kind or another crept into church music, for the reason that there was no established form, until the time of Pope Marcellus II., about 1555. In his time music had so degenerated that he thought to throw it out of the Church altogether. Before proceeding to this extreme step, however, a consultation was held with Palestrini, a great musician. He promised the Pope to introduce music that would not be chargeable with the grossness and uncouthness of that which it was to supersede.

He composed the work known as the "Messi di Papa Marcello"—the Mass of Pope Marcellus—which was so thoroughly a success that the Pope accepted him, and gave him full powers to go on and recast and remodel as he chose.

The Mass of Pope Marcellus is a magnificent work. It was given at the recent Plenary Council at Baltimore. This style of music is that which forms the basis of that made known by the Cecilian Society, which is now widely spread over the United States with the intent of encouraging good classical church music.

This Palestrina music is the style used in the Sistine Chapel, where the Pope celebrates Easter. The celebrated Misereres for which the Sistine Chapel is famous in Holy Week, composed by Baini, Mustapha, and others, are sung in that music, and to hear them during the last Holy Week people flocked to the chapel from all parts of the world.

The grandest musical achievements of the masters of the past one hundred years have been in church music, and the names of Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and later, Rossini and Gounod, are attached to numerous so-called themes. Gounod, who is still living, has composed a beautiful Ave Maria. Mercadante has composed a number of beautiful Masses. The Masses most popular in Rome to-day are those of Mercadante, Tirziana, and De Pietro, a Jesuit.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" is always a favorite in Rome. Of Palestrina's music it should be understood that it was never written by him, but taught, and is traditional.

No less a person than the illustrious Charlemagne himself is the reputed author of the "Veni Creator Spiritus," who died at Aix-la-Chapelle, his crown upon his head, and his copy of the gospels upon his knees, January 28th, 814, so that it is now at least 1,074 years old.

The "O Salutaris Hostia" is a hymn sung during the office called Benediction, at the moment when the tabernacle is opened in order that the consecrated host may be removed and placed in the monstrance prepared for its solemn exposition. The custom of introducing this hymn at High Mass is at least as old as the fifteenth century, while the hymn itself is probably much older. This theme has been treated by many musical composers The "Magnificat" has been used as the vesper canticle of the Church from time immemorial, and the evening office has also been constructed as to lead up to it as its chief point of interest. The text of the "Magnificat" has been grandly illustrated by Bach, Mendelssohn, and active composers of the modern school in the oratorio style, with full orchestral accompaniment.

King Robert II. of France, who succeeded to the throne of his father, Hugh Capet, in 997, is credited with the authorship of the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" hymn, a hymn which is regarded as "the loveliest of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry. The King was a saint, a poet, and a musician, and his ability to compose this great hymn is not improbable.

The "Stabat Mater" is a Good Friday hymn. Its author, Jacobus de Benedictus, was born at Todi, of the noble Italian house of Benedette, and rose to distinction as a jurist. About 1268 he lost his wife, and, brokenhearted, renounced the world to join the Order of St. Francis. There are several English translations of this great hymn. The following is the opening stanza of a recent translation by no less celebrated a person than our countryman, the late General John A. Dix, while Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris:

> "Near the cross the Saviour bearing,
> Stood the mother lone despairing,
> Bitter tears down-falling fast,
> Wearied was her heart with grieving,
> Worn her breast with sorrow heaving;
> Through her soul the sword had passed."

ROOMING WITH A COBRA

By an Indian Planter.

One evening, while seated with my wife under our musquito-room, I had occasion to go outside its shelter into the room which we were occupying, and having also taken the lamp in my hand, I could easily discern any objects round the chamber. I had scarcely got outside the curtains when my eye was attracted almost instinctively to an object moving or gliding along the edge of the room, and I at once concluded it was a snake of some sort—such being a not unfrequent sight in our bungalow.

Had I reflected a little before acting, I certainly would have accepted discretion as the better part of valor. Contiguous to the room we were then in was a bath room, as also a storeroom, the former having a small door leading from the room into it, and I at once saw that the reptile was making as hard as it could for that door.

It was evident that, if it could only evade me and get into the bathroom, it would escape from thence into the storeroom, and all chances of assassinating it would be gone. The only available weapon at hand was a small piece of stick, scarcely a foot in length, which had once formed part of a chair, and was, in fact, similar to a common office-ruler.

Seizing this, I made a run at the snake, at the same moment striking at its rapidly retreating form. The floor of the bathroom was of brick, and upon this down came my stick with full force.

To my utter amazement I found that I had hit my mark only too well, but in my intense energetic attempt to catch the snake at all hazards before it entered the bathroom, I also overbalanced myself and ran past it.

To my horror I now discovered what a fix I was in, as upon facing toward the reptile I found that it was erect, and had its "hood" distended at full stretch, showing most clearly the "spectacles" peculiar to this deadly species.

I calculated roughly that it had its head nearly on a level with my waist, and could see that I had hit it very hard, as its vertebræ was evidently damaged about two feet from the tip of its tail, and from this point it had risen, the remaining portion appearing powerless and paralyzed.

I had frequently seen in Bombay and Madras the cobras exhibited by jugglers, and watched their gyrations and performances, but I had never seen a cobra, as I now did, in full anger, and unpleasant as my feelings were at my dangerous position, I could not help admiring the object before me.

The small room was barely ten feet square, and, as I had disabled my opponent very nearly in the middle of the room, I had to stand with my back against the wall to keep out of its reach, but as it surged to and fro, striking and writhing with anger and pain, it was, at times, unpleasantly close to me.

I knew that there were two doors, if I could only get out of either; but to attempt this was impossible, as to do so I must have gone within reach of its stroke, and I therefore remained stationary, meanwhile calling loudly to my wife for a stick of any kind.

As luck would have it, nothing long enough could be found, and she was running from room to room in search of a suitable weapon, while I was enjoying an earthly purgatory.

All this time the cobra kept up a fearful hissing, which I could only compare to the noise a goose makes when annoyed, only it was so sufficiently loud as to be heard in every room in the house.

At length a stick was found, and my wife passed it in at the door by which I had so hastily and incautiously entered, and this was in itself a feat requiring nerve, as she had to hand it in to me across my defiant antagonist.

Having obtained possession of the stick, matters were soon brought to a conclusion, as I at once attacked the cobra, and after a few strokes had pretty well knocked the senses out of him.

On measuring it, I found it was an average full-grown cobra de capello—his length being four feet nine inches over all—and then I fully realized what an escape I had so miraculously experienced, as, had I only touched him when I first struck at him, instead of disabling him at once, the chances are it would have turned like lightning and have struck at me, and had it done so, the consequences would have been fatal.

On first seeing it gliding round the room, I only conjectured it was a common snake, and had I known that it was a deadly cobra, I should certainly have thought twice before striking with so short a weapon. I had frequently, on previous occasions, met snakes of this species under more advantageous circumstances, but had never in my life had so fine and unsought-for an opportunity of studying natural history as I had in the present case, face-to-face with a cobra, and I never have experienced a desire to again seek such a rencontre.

THE DANISH TOWN OF AARHUUS AND ITS CHURCHES.

A NASTY, dirty, pestiferous town is Aarhuus, more beautifully situated though, perhaps, than any city of Jutland; badly drained, or not drained at all; always the first to be attacked by cholera or typhus, and never learning wisdom, when the plague is staid, from her previous visitation. We are lodged in a dirty hotel on the Grande Place, opposite the cathedral: from my window I can descry on a shield the anchor of her patron St. Clement, slung, *en pignon*, to the rosace on the tower's side.

St. Clement, Bishop of Rome, and martyr, was tied to an anchor and cast into the sea in the days of Trajan. The massive iron anchor floated, but the bishop himself sank and was drowned. He was specially the patron saint of sailors. Aarhuus Cathedral in earlier days boasted a spire 600 feet in height, the loftiest far in all Denmark; blown down by a storm many years since. At the entrance, on the left, lies the chapel of the Marselis family, with some fine white marble monuments of the seventeenth century in the style of Roubilliac. The nave, the choir, the whole church throughout, appears crowded with epitaphia, and monuments of alabaster, stone, and marble, from 1500 downward.

The large folding altarpiece of Aarhuus Cathedral, with its life-size figure of the Virgin and St. Anne, and its inscription of "Santa Anna, ora pro nobis"; and again, St. Clement, in triple papal crown, with "Sancte Papa Clemens, ora pro nobis," would scandalize many; but you must bear in mind that in these Northern lands the Reformation was accepted by the people as a political measure, not as an act of conscience.

Frederick I. himself was Lutheran or Baptist as suited his own convenience, and when the fiat went forth there was no "opror"; the people, after years of war and bloodshed, accepted anything for a quiet life, with the greatest apathy and indifference. The saying ran: "It won't make the herrings dear." Christian III., his successor, let down the Catholic clergy gently, providing for the deposed bishops, some of whom adopted the Reformed faith, and even married. The nuns were allowed calmly to die ont; and very ill in some places they behaved when no longer under surveillance. Many of the aged monks were provided for. In the churches matters remained much as they were;* but the conventual buildings, being confiscated and becoming property of the crown, were mostly destroyed, or at any rate despoiled of their numerous ornaments. I myself have seen, in the remote villages of the islands, ancient censers of the Valdemerian period preserved in the same vestry cupboard with the sacramental plate, and, on inquiring why they were still retained, have received as answer, "They have always been there."

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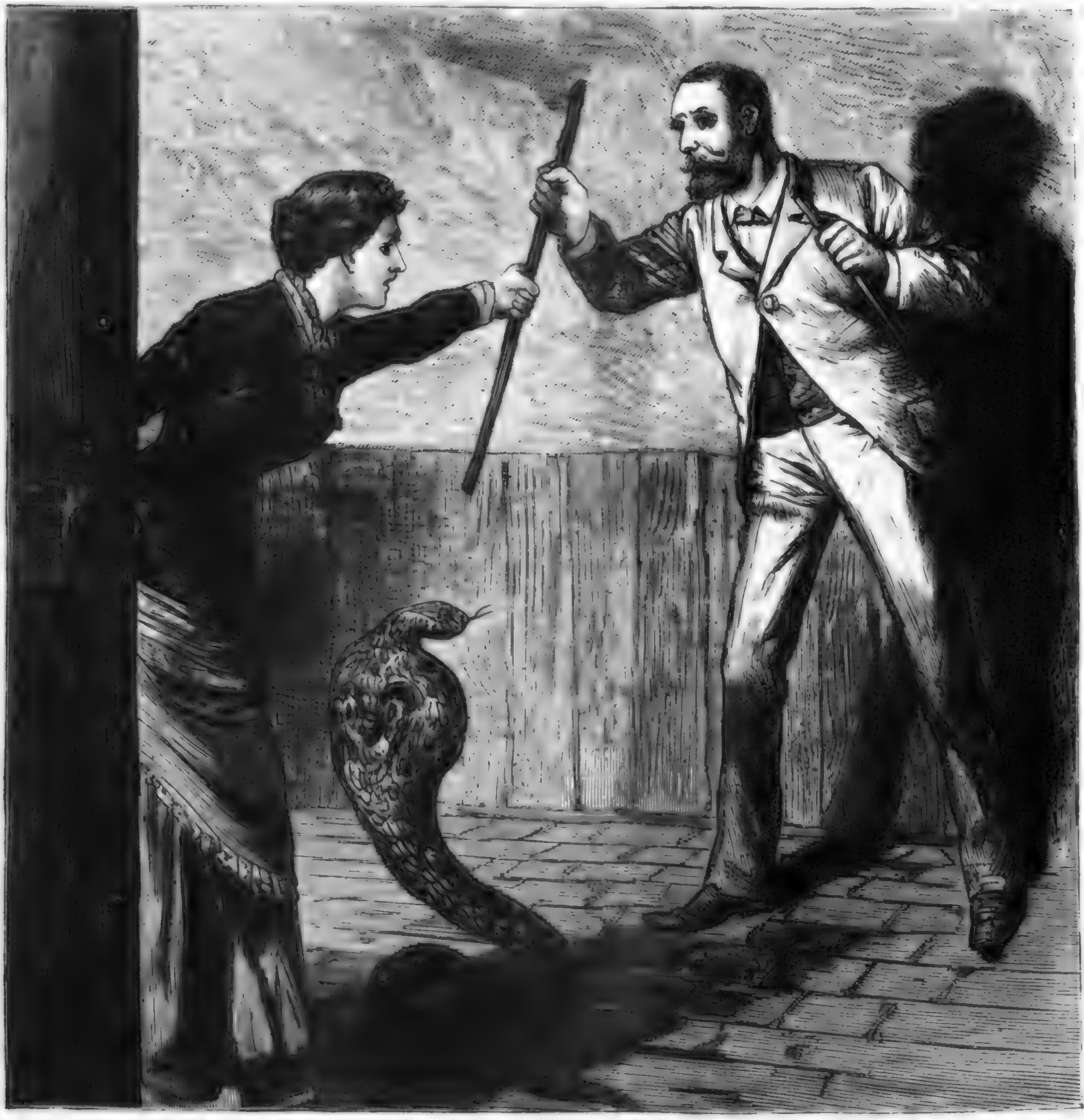
* Superstition in Denmark, until a very late day, became more rife than ever, not only among the people, but equally with the clergy themselves, who were looked upon as practicers of the black art, wizards and necromancers. "A parson who knew more than the Lord's Prayer"—as the term was to designate one who dealt in the black art—was supposed to have gained his knowledge from the Evil One, on the stipulation that he never used the word "Amen," in the course of the service. The historian of the Province of Aarhuus declares that a priest of Osterhaab, near Horsens, was never heard to pronounce it in the course of his life. By this means he gained a knowledge of all that passed in his house. He had in his service a girl who was betrothed to the farmer's servant, and who sometimes stole down into the cellar to draw strong beer for her intended. One evening this girl was missing; everybody wondered, except the parson, who paced up and down the room, laughing in his sleeve. At bedtime he said, "Poor Maren! she has got out the tap, but cannot put it in again." The next morning he took the farmer's servant with him into the cellar; and there the girl was sitting on the ground, her finger in the tap-hole, and could not get it out until her master gave her leave. A strong case of mesmerism!



ROOMING WITH A COBRA.—"AT LENGTH A STICK WAS FOUND, AND MY WIFE PASSED IT IN THROUGH THE DOOR BY WHICH HE HAD SO HASTILY AND INCAUTIOUSLY ENTERED."—SEE PAGE 358.

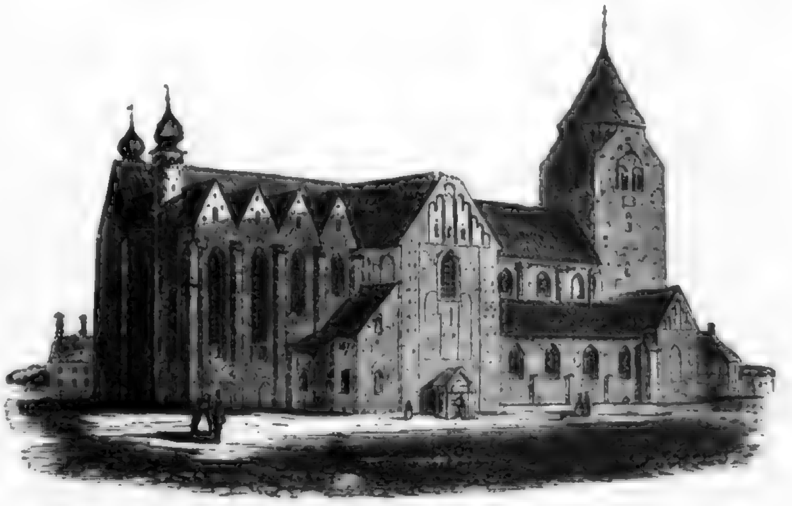
Frederick II. would allow of no dissent, no Calvinistic tendencies; the Lutheran was the recognized religion of the land, and that people must hold to, or nothing. Christian IV., his son, though he was kind to and fought for the fortunes of the "Winter Queen," the daughter of his sister Anne, never forgave his nephew for breaking the crucifixes and images at Prague. One day, on entering a room, in a corner of which he observed hanging a crucifix of the earlier faith, he apostrophized it—"Thank your stars you are safe in Denmark, and not in a church of Prague." So when you are told to look upon the stoles, copes and mitres previous to the Reformation hanging cheek by jowl with those of the present day, as here in the Cathedral Church of Aarhuus, you must not be surprised or shocked, but merely look upon it as a proof of the apathy of the nation you are dwelling among, with a quiet surmise to yourself whether their easy way of taking matters for better for worse is not, to say the least of it, less reprehensible than the fanatic passions which stirred the whirlwind, causing destruction, persecution, and misery, in so many countries.

If you be a draughtsman, you will do well to sketch the Church of our Lady—Frue Kirke—with its adjoining almshouse—Fattighuus—a quaint original specimen of old Danish begabled brickwork; within, like the cathedral, a very Westminster Abbey of old antiquated tombs.

What families people had in those early days! I may add, what a number of wives! If you closely examine the epitaphia, you may take as an average—three to a family of sixteen children; sons ranged on one side behind the father, the girls behind the mother, and the babes, who died in infancy, spread out upon cushions in front, done up in swaddling-clothes, like the atoms you find in the centre of the stork sugar-tongs; then sometimes, if perchance one of the children be called away at a more advanced age, you will find him represented standing among his sisters and brothers clad in his grave-clothes, while they (not their father and mother, who are always dressed with the greatest decorum) are rigged out in all sorts of feathers and finery.

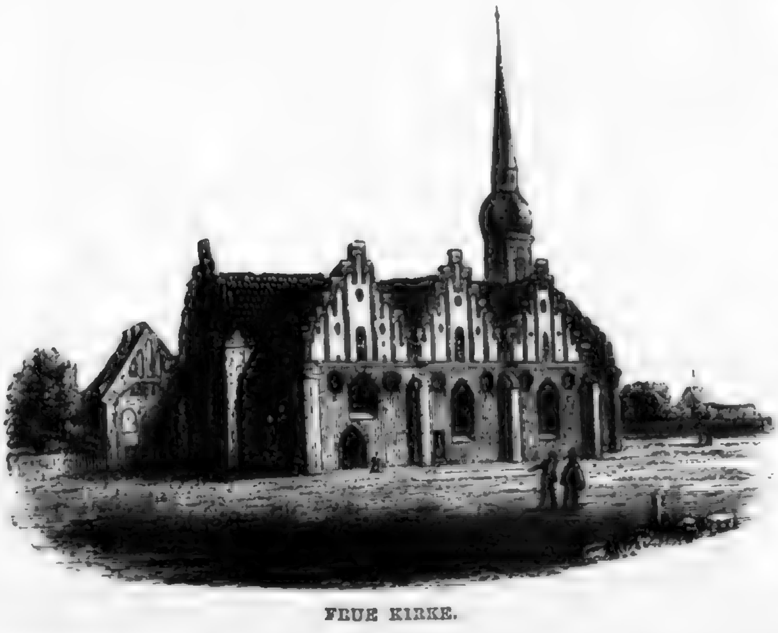
But though St. Clement be patron saint of Aarhuus Domkirke, the city itself stands under the protection of another saint, and he of Danish origin, who, after a lapse of time, has become almost forgotten. I allude to St. Niels—Niels the holy and the sainted—canonized too by the Church of Rome, which Erik never was, nor were one-half those in the Northern calendar.

It was once, writes an early monkish chronicler, when the Danish King, Knud V., sojourned in the town of Haderslev, he was called upon by a renowned soothsayer, who pretended to have read in the stars that on that very night should be conceived a boy who would attain great renown, and be honored both by God and man. Hearing this, the King was seized with a most ardent desire to become himself the father of that wondrous child; so, passing over a few details unnecessary to relate, the boy Niels was born, but at the cost of his mother's life. He was brought up and educated by the King's sister; and when, at an early age, it was told to him how his mother had died in giving him birth, he was greatly distressed, and from that hour avoided the companions of his age, renounced the exercise of arms, in which he excelled, and was never again seen to smile—passing his time in lonely places, engaged in fasting and prayer; in fact, he became a regular anchorite, and retired to a monastery he had founded, holding intercourse with no one but his friend Hugo, who became a monk like himself. His death, in 1180, was preceded by a revelation. Hugo, who slept in the same room with Prince Niels, beheld at midnight a troop of young priests enter the bedroom, arrayed in festive garb and purple cloaks, bearing lighted tapers in their hands. At this splendid sight Hugo rose from his bed, kneeled before the couch of his young master, and related the apparition, asking him what it signified. Then the prince explained to him that the priests were the messengers of Heaven, who had come to announce that he, the prince, was to die the following night. And early the next day he sent for all the monks, and took leave of them, distributed alms to the poor, and died that very night, as he himself had predicted. He had desired to be buried in the Church of St. Olaf, near the shore—a church he had greatly enriched. But, when he was dead, it appeared to Svend, Bishop of Aarhuus, that the place he had chosen was too poor for so great a lord, and, therefore, he proposed to convey his corpse to the Convent Church of St. Nicholas. But a star was seen falling down from Heaven to the east of the Church of St. Olaf, which was interpreted to be a fresh command that Prince Niels's last wishes should be carried out; so the bishop was obliged to yield. And when he had been buried in the Churchyard of St. Olaf, there happened, in the course of a few years, several tokens which clearly proved his holiness.


THE CATHEDRAL OF AARHUUS.

There had been erected a wooden cross over his grave, and, when it was in a state of decay, a voice was heard repeating: "Cut a new cross out of an oak in the forest of Skielby, and place it upon the grave of St. Niels"; and they did as they had been ordered; but the trunk which they felled in the forest was so heavy that scarce five team of oxen could drag it to Aarhuus.

Near the grave was placed a chest, always open to receive the gifts of those whom he had restored to sight (his *spécialité*), hearing, or any other bodily defect. Once a thief took away two curiously-wrought silver eyes deposited by a blind man who had recovered his sight. The thief had come from Horsens, and intended to return immediately; but he wandered all night, and at dawn he met a priest, who told him he was still in the Churchyard of St. Olaf, never having left the same spot. But when he had confessed his sin, and given back the silver eyes, he found easily his way back to Horsens. Numerous and marvelous are the miracles related to have been worked in the name of this holy man — the only, I may say, respectable, well-conducted saint of the Danish calendar, and great were the


FRUE KIRKE.

riches deposited by the grateful pilgrims in his coffers. Valdemar II., not over-particular, coolly emptied this coffer from time to time, taking possession of all that was valuable, money, silver eyes and ears, etc., leaving those of wax and baser metal to the saint as his portion. The King declared to the priests who remonstrated, that, as St. Niels was of his own blood, he became by law his rightful heir, and that they should share and share alike.

Well, matters, went on prosperously: the shrine became richly endowed, notwithstanding his cousin's peculations, when, in the reign of Erik Glipping, the clergy fearing that the perfume from his tomb, as well as the riches of his shrine, might attract the cupidity of Marsk Stig and his robber band from the Isle of Hjelm, which lies not far from Aarhuus, determined to remove his shrine to the cathedral church. But the saint was greatly incensed at this conduct, and from that time he has wrought no more miracles; all the sweet odor from his bones vanished, and never returned, notwithstanding, to appease his wrath, the Bishop wrote to Rome to request the Pope to canonize him, which prayer was granted. Such is the legend of St. Niels, patron saint of Aarhuus.

OUR MARTHA.

"Here, Martha, hurry! You'll be late as sure as you don't, and 'twill be too bad to keep them waiting," said Mrs. Blakely, the minister's wife.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm hurrying all I can," answered the girl, who stood before the mirror, arranging the lace at her neck.

"Here, Martha," cried Nellie, Mrs. Blakely's little daughter, "do put my rosebud in your hair, won't you? I've saved it all week for you."

"Thank you, darling," said Martha, and she stooped and kissed the sweet lips of the generous little giver.

Then she took her dress—a pretty garnet cashmere—from her bed, where it had been spread in state all the afternoon, and hastily put it on.

Now whom do you suppose Martha was? Mrs. Blakely's daughter, or cousin, or sister, think you? Then you are wrong, every time, for Martha was simply "our Martha," our "servant-girl," as I suppose some folks would say, and she was getting ready to go to a sleighing party, and Mrs. Blakely was my mother.

For weeks we children had talked only of the party, for it was the grand event of the season in our town, and the very cream of the society of Pointers was to go, and, best of all, Tom Prince, or "The Prince," as we children called him, was going, too.

This wonderful creature was Sue Prince's cousin from New York, and was very rich, and very handsome, and all the girls in Pointers were crazy after him.

Oh, how we did long for a big brother or sister who might become acquainted with this wonderful Prince, who took the small children of his acquaintance to the store and fairly deluged them with candy, and peanuts, and raisins, and figs, and all the delicacies he could buy.

But it was no use wishing for impossibilities, for Jack was only ten years old and I nine, and our careful parents would not allow us to go to any of the festivities, and so, just when we had given up all hope of even hearing anything about the sleigh-ride from some member of our family who would go, and of recounting the same to our schoolmates the next day, in walked Dan Flitters, a great awkward, stammering young farmer, and asked for "our Martha."

I was glad for her sake as well as ours, for we children thought there was no one in the county so altogether lovely as "our Martha," and I guess between Jack and me and the children the poor girl was wellnigh distracted before she was ready to go. For we all, from mother down to tiny Dot, went with her when she went to dress—mother to help her, and we children out of curiosity, but she bore with us bravely.

"Isn't our Marfa a very pwetty dirl?" asked little three-year-old Rob.

"Beautiful!" cried Jack and I, in concert, while Martha's cheeks glowed faintly at the honest praise.

I glanced at the face that looked from the mirror out into the room upon us all—a fair, pure face, lit up by a pair of wondrously dark eyes, with thin, delicately-penciled eyebrows and long curling lashes, cheeks glowing with excitement, and her sweet mouth smiling out upon Rob, while above all was a wealth of dusky hair, brushed smoothly back from her forehead, except for some little tendrils of curls that clustered about her temples as though they were where they belonged and meant to stay there.

"There, ma'am," said Martha, putting the last pin in the ribbon at her neck, and bending her tall, young figure for my mother's circumspection—"will I do?"

"You look very nice, my dear," said mother, proudly, for this fair young person had been touched by her beauty-loving fingers and helpful hands, and from an awkward country girl had blossomed into as charming a young lady as could be found in my father's charge.

"And now, children, we must wrap our Martha up warmly. Here, put on my coat, it is thicker than yours, and I think it will fit you well enough to ride in. Jack, my boy, your scarf will be needed, and here are my mittens and my muff. And now come down-stairs and get warm before you start."

"Hoa!" shouted Jack, from the window. "Here they come! My eye! Eight horses! Ain't that prime, and here comes clumsy Dan in at the gate. Now mind, Martha," he added, as he seated himself on the banisters preparatory to sliding down-stairs, you must be introduced to the Prince."

"Yes; and ask him to call here, so we can see him," I added.

And then she broke from my grasp and followed Jack down-stairs, while we all followed after.

"I won't go out before he comes in," said Martha.

For answer there came a violent peal at the front-door bell, and Jack sprang to open the door.

"Is Marthy in?" said Dan's unmistakable voice.

"Yes, she's back in the kitchen; but Ill call her," answered Jack, obligingly.

"No, I'm comin' back myself," said Dan, following Jack through the hall to the kitchen, where Martha stood all ready to go, while in her confusion she accepted the last shawl which mother brought her, though she had already taken two others, which she had upon her arm.

"Here's your young man, Martha!" shouted Jack, ushering in Mr. Flitters.

"I've just come in," stammered Mr. Flitters, his fingers feebly clawing the air, as if looking for a stimulus—"I've come—come—come in——"

Here he gave an odd, gurgling noise, and turned so red that mother, even unmindful of her duties as hostess, told Jack to get him some water.

I ran for a chair and poked it at him, for I thought he was probably getting some kind of a fit, and might need some support; but I kept at a respectable distance from him.

Mr. Flitters took a sip of the water, sat down in the chair, raised his hand to his brow deprecatingly, found his new silk hat still covered his ambrosial locks, hastily took it off, rose from the chair, grew red in the face once more, and with a still more violent gurgle, called out:

"Marthy's ready, ain't she?"

"All ready, Daniel," said mother, the anxious expression on her face giving place to one of relief as he made his first intelligent remark.

"You ready, Marthy?" he asked again.

"Yes," answered Martha, faintly.

I could see she was almost choking with laughter.

"Well—well—well! Oh, by George! you ain't a-comin! You can't go—they won't let yer! They said I'd no right to ask yer, and I'd hev to tell yer to stay at home; and don't blame me, for I think yer the puttiest girl in Pointers. But don't blame me, for you can't come—you can't—you can't—you can't!" he roared, his oration ending with a sort of a howl.

I gave one look at our Martha. She was as white as a ghost, and the expression on her face was so piteous that I could have cried for her; then I looked at mother.

Never had I seen my gentle mother so angry before.

"Mr. Flitters, you are insulting this lady," she said. "If my husband were at home, I think he would turn you out of the house."

"Oh, don't blame me! It's them! I wanted her to come, but they wouldn't let her. They said they didn't mix with servant-girls, and if I fetched her, they'd chuck us both out in a snow-drift, and I didn't want to be chucked out," he ended, sadly.

"Say," shouted Jack, coming forward, "say, you sneak, get out o' here, will you, and let our Martha alone. Clear, with your ugly old face, or I'll let this dipper of water fly all over you, and snowball you from here to Jericho. Go, do you hear!"

The valiant Daniel, casting one agonized look of dismay at Jack and his dipper, seized his hat and ignominiously departed.

"Jack!" cried mother, aghast.

"I'll—I'll snowball that fellow!" cried Jack, making a wild plunge for the door, but Martha caught him.

"No, no, Jacky dear, let them go, and we'll make some molasses taffy to-night."

"The sneak!" said Jack, hotly. "My eye, I wish I'd a let that dipper fly!"

"We sha'n't ever know the Prince now," I said, mournfully.

"And he won't see my rosebud, and I saved it on purpose," said Nellie, sadly.

"Our Marfa's crying," added Robbie, solemnly.

"It's the children, Mrs. Blakeley. I know I'm foolish to mind what has happened, but I can't help it," sobbed the poor girl. Then, with a sudden impulse, she burst into one of her merry laughs. "But didn't he look funny! Oh, you don't need to groan so, Jennie, about the Prince, as you call him, for I know him quite well, and have had many a pleasant chat with him since he has been staying in Pointers, and I know that is the reason why they didn't want me to go to-night. So, if your mother will allow it, I'll ask him to call and see you some night, and then I suppose you'll be satisfied."

A violent peal at the doorbell ended Martha's words, and, gathering up her wraps, she retreated up-stairs, while Jack, picking up the lamp, started for the door.

"Is Miss Preston in?" asked a voice.

"She don't live here!" answered Jack.

"I think she does, my boy. Miss Martha Preston, I mean," said the stranger.

There was a faint ring of laughter in his voice that made Jack, ever quick to notice any ridicule, rejoin in a most grandly sarcastic way:

"I suppose you mean 'our Martha,' do you? Yes, she's in."

And he led the way back into the kitchen in his blundering boy-fashion to where we all stood as Martha had left us, and when the light fell upon the stranger's face, I exclaimed:

"Why, mother, it's the Prince!"

And then, abashed beyond measure, I crept into the furthest corner to be out of sight.

Mother looked horror-stricken for a moment, but a glance into the stranger's merry brown eyes reassured her, and they laughed together.

"You have a very interesting family, Mrs. Blakeley," he said. "I have never been received with such effusion anywhere before, and to carry out the character that your little daughter has given me, I'll tell you what I mean to do, with your permission. Jack, my boy, what do you think I've come for?"

"To see our Martha, I suppose. That's who you asked for," growled Jack, for he had not lost his fear that he was being laughed at.

"Well, I own up, Jack. I did come for that partly. But my sleigh is so large, and Martha, if she'll go, will only take a fraction of the room, and so, if your mother will let you, I want to take as many of you as can be tucked in for a sleigh-ride."

"Ah!" exclaimed Jack, in a very ecstasy of delight, and then he and I rushed up-stairs to tell Martha.

Rob and Nellie wanted to go, too, but mother wouldn't allow them to go out so late at night.

When, in a few moments, we heard the jingling of bells at the door, we were quite ready, and Jack and I were tucked snugly on the back seat, with a huge bag of doughnuts and apples between us.

Martha and the Prince were on the front seat, and we were whirled over the beautiful, glistening snow.

I don't know how Jack felt, but I don't believe Cinderella was any happier with her fairy coach than I in the Prince's sleigh.

"Jack!" said I, giving him a poke, and speaking in the faintest kind of a whisper.

"What?" growled Jack, in the same hushed way.

"We've been asleep."

"I know it. Shut up, will you, and keep still, when other people are talking."

And I, frightened by his fierce, though almost unheard, whisper, was cowed into the most abject silence, while the steady tones of the Prince went quietly on.

"Won't you tell me, Martha?" he said, oh! in such a pleading way, that I came near giving her a poke to make her tell him what he wanted to know, only Jack gripped my hand so hard.

But Martha only looked off over the white fields past which we were gliding, and answered never a word,

And then the Prince did just as I did when she teased me—he put his arm around her waist and held her fast, and made her look at him.

"Martha Preston," he cried, "do you love me?"

Even in the moonlight I could see how very pretty she looked, though she was extremely pale.

"I am only a servant-girl," she replied, faintly.

"Do you love me?" he went on, never heeding what she said.

"I'm too poor," she said again.

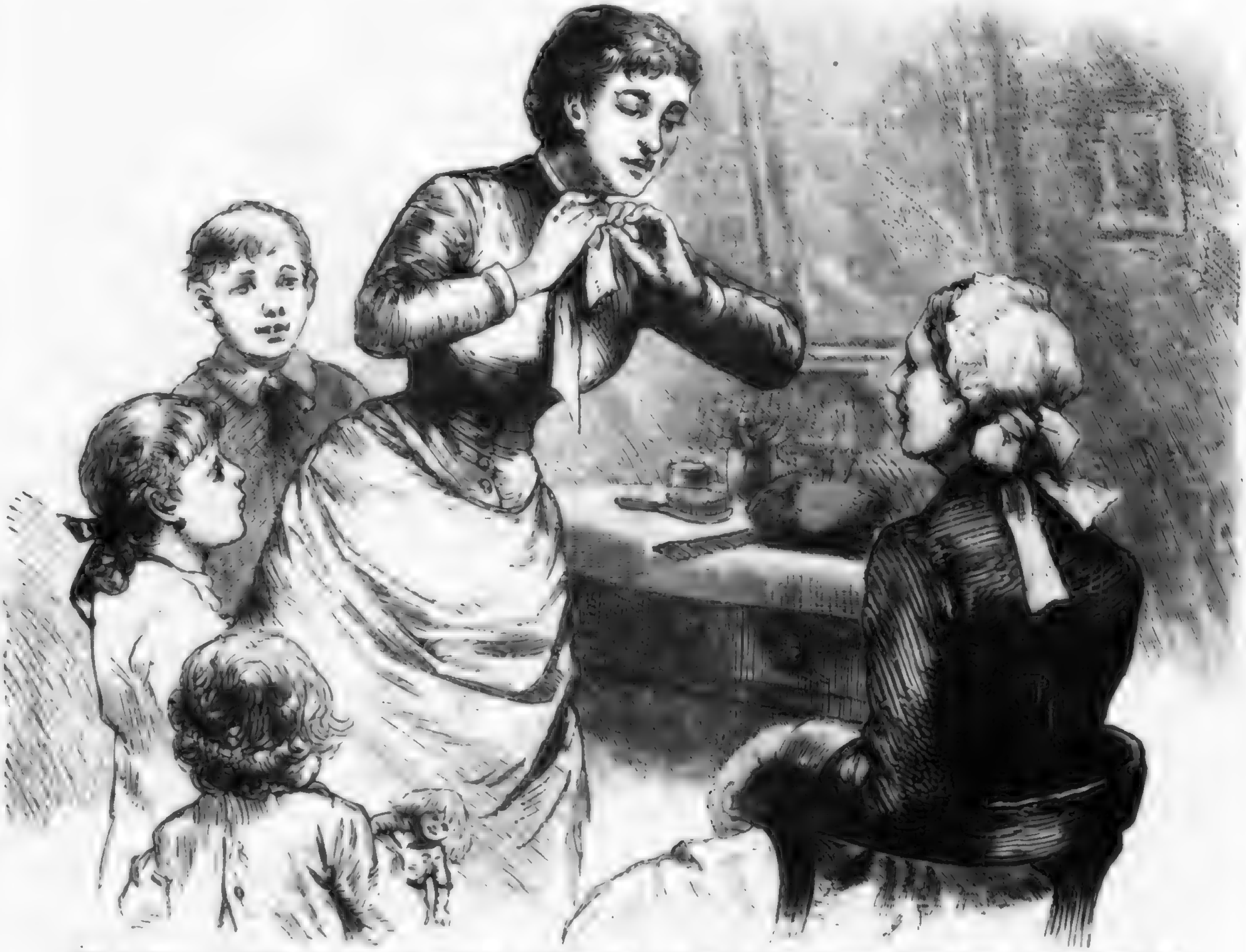
Then he did just what I was aching to do—he gave her a shake as he held her, though Jack says she shivered.

"I want you to answer me, poor or rich, servant or heiress. Do you love me, and will you be my wife?"

And at last she said "Yes!" in such a very miserable, squeaky way; but the Prince appeared quite satisfied, for he kissed her, he was so glad.

"Hooray for the Prince!" shouted Jack. "Bully for our Martha! Hip, hip and a tiger for the future Princess of Pointers!"

I declare I don't know which of us jumped most, I, or the Prince, or Martha, or the horses, but at any rate the Prince had to let go of Martha and tug for dear life at the reins, and we had a nice run down the hills and over the road, until at last the horses broke into a steady pace, and then the Prince looked back at us with a merry twinkle in his brown eyes.



OUR MARTHA.—"'THERE, MA'AM,' SAID MARTHA, PUTTING THE LAST PIN IN THE RIBBON AT HER NECK, AND BENDING HER TALL, YOUNG FIGURE FOR MY MOTHER'S CIRCUMSPECTION—'WILL I DO?'"—SEE PAGE 352.

"Thank you, Jack," he said; "we thought you were asleep; but if you were listening to what Martha and I were saying, you know how to get yourself a wife some day; but I know you'll never get one half so sweet as 'our Martha,' for I don't believe there are any more like her," he added, fervently.

"Let's eat the doughnuts," said Jack, yawning.

I do believe that boy was awake all the time, but he won't own it, nor will he tell me anything else they said. It makes him sick, he says.

So this is the story of "our Martha," as it happened five years ago.

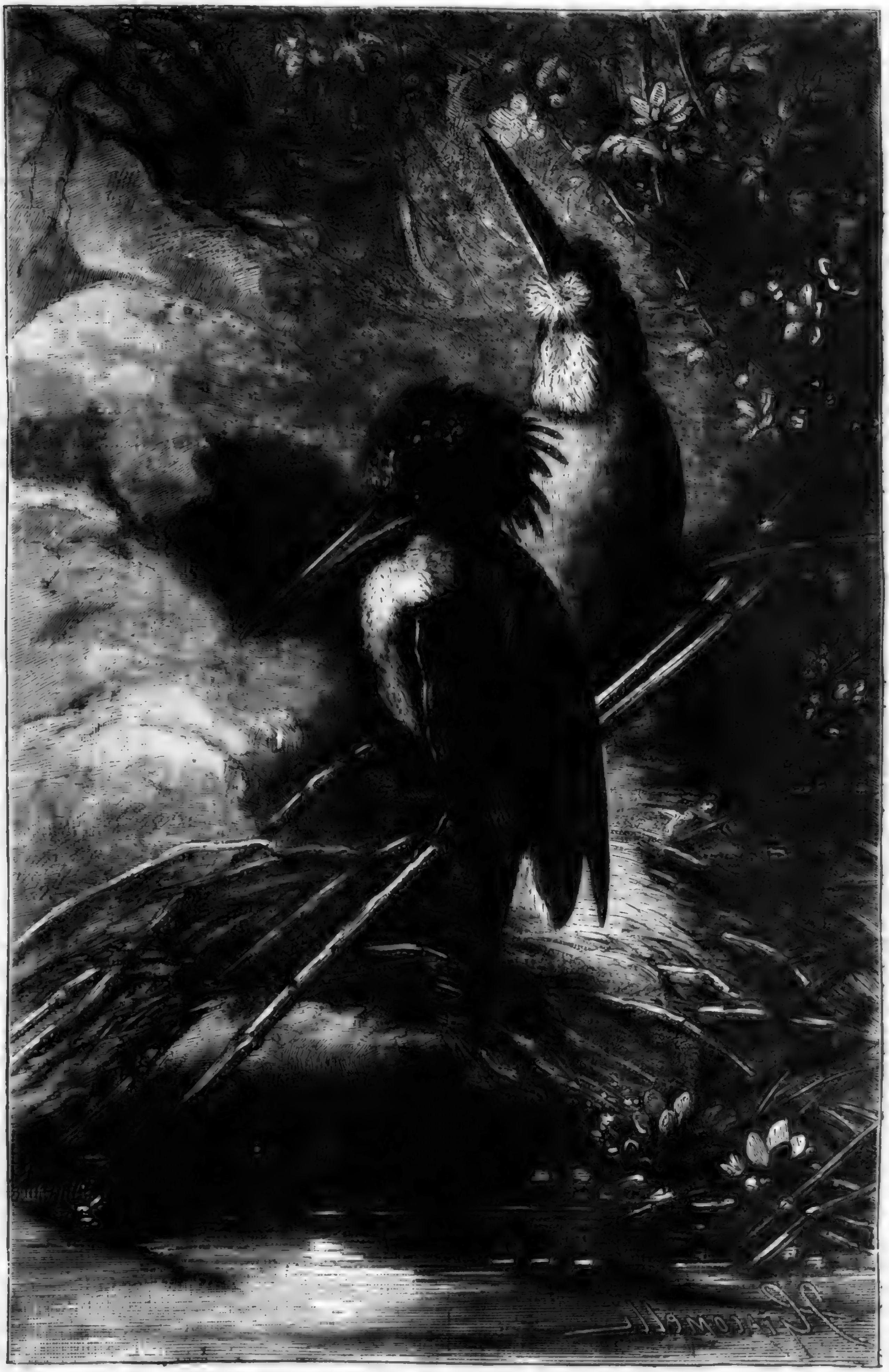
She is just like a real Princess now, and lives in the city in a lovely house, and has all the money she wants, and the Prince is as kind to her as he could possibly be, and like all good people in fairy stories, "They have lived happy ever afterward."

Jack's postscript: "A girl never can tell a thing right. They talk enough, but they don't tell what is important. Now here is what Jennie didn't say. The Prince and Martha had known each other, and were a mutual admiration society weeks before the sleigh-ride. He had called at the house, but we were in bed when he came. Mother knew and approved of him as a 'very good young man.' Martha and Tom had had a quarrel, and out of spite Martha had accepted clumsy Dan's offer of escort, but the girls in town, who were jealous of Martha, and snubbed her because she was poor, whenever they got a chance, put Dan up to acting as he did. Tom came with his sleigh and invited us, because he knew Martha wouldn't go a step with him alone, because she was 'mad' you know; but he coaxed her around all right. Asleep? Not much! This boy don't sleep when there's anything going on, and there's lots more I could tell, only it's mean, and it's too much trouble, and it's so soft it makes me sick to repeat it.

"But Tom's a jolly good fellow, and I don't blame Martha for giving in when she did. But Jen, the goose, she said:

'Change your name,
But not your letter,
Will change for worse
Instead of better.'

But I said: 'Pshaw when you change it to a Princess, I think it's for the better, and besides he "pressed-on" so



THE KINGFISHER.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

that he had to stop being "Preston."' But Jen can never see a pun.

"I forgot to say that I caught Dan Flitters the next night, and snowballed him for a quarter of a mile down the road; so he's settled, too."

THE KINGFISHER.

The common kingfisher can bear comparison with many of the gayly decorated inhabitants of tropical climates.

The straight, glancing flight of the kingfisher as it shoots along the river-bank, its azure back gleaming in the sunlight with meteoric splendor, is a sight familiar to all those who have been accustomed to wander by the side of rivers, whether for the purpose of angling, or merely to study the beauties of nature. So swift is the flight of this bird, and with such wonderful rapidity does it move its short wings, that its shape is scarcely perceptible as it passes through the air, and it leaves upon the eye of the observer the impression of a blue streak of light. This straight, arrow-like course is that which is generally adopted by the bird, but on some occasions the kingfishers will become very playful, and sport with each other in the air, turning and wheeling with much adroitness as they mutually chase or avoid each other in their game.

The food of this bird consists chiefly, though not exclusively, of fish, which it takes, kills, and eats in the following manner:

Seated upon a convenient bough or rail overhanging a stream where the smaller fish love to pass, the kingfisher waits very patiently until he sees an unsuspecting minnow or stickleback pass below his perch, and then, with a rapid movement, drops into the water like a stone and secures his prey. Should it be a small fish, he swallows it at once; but if it should be of large dimensions, he carries it to a stone or stump, beats it two or three times against the hard substance, and then swallows it without any trouble.

The kingfisher is sometimes given to hoarding, and having caught more fish than he can eat, will take them to his secret storehouse, and there hide them until he is able to eat them. In one such case the bird seemed to employ its storehouse for the reception of fish which it had caught, and which were too large for it to swallow. The treasury chosen by this individual was a crevice formed by the roots of a willow-tree that grew close to the water's edge, and it usually contained one or two fish. Sometimes there would be five or six fishes lying in the hole, and some of them so large that they have been removed and cooked. The bird must sometimes have found a great difficulty in getting its prey fairly ashore, as the tracks were evident on the soft mud of the bank where the fish had been dragged, and the bird's feet had trodden. Young trout were the general occupants of the storehouse, and in every case the fish had been killed by a bite across the back of the head or neck.

Sometimes the bird has been known to meet with a deadly retribution on the part of his prey, and to fall a victim to his voracity. A kingfisher caught a common bullhead, a large-headed fish, and on attempting to swallow it had been baffled by the large head, which refused to pass through the gullet, and accordingly choked the bird. The kingfisher must have been extremely hungry when it attempted to eat so large a morsel, as the fish was evidently of a size that could not possibly have been accommodated in the bird's interior.

The most complete instance of poetical justice befalling a kingfisher is one which occurred in England. The narrator was sitting on the bank of a favorite river and watching the birds, fish and insects that disport themselves upon and in its waters, when some strange blue object was seen floating down the stream and splashing the water with great vehemence. On a nearer approach it was seen to be a kingfisher, from whose mouth protruded the tail and part of the body of a fish. The struggles of the choking bird became more and more faint, and had wellnigh ceased, when a pike protruded his broad nose from the water, seized both kingfisher and fish, and disappeared with them into the regions below.

The nest of the kingfisher is always made in some convenient bank, at the extremity of a hole which has previously been occupied and deserted by the water-rat or other mining quadrupeds, and been enlarged and adapted for use by the kingfisher. Now and then the nest of this bird has been found built in the deserted hole of a rabbit-warren. It is always found that the tunnel slopes gently upward, and that the bird has shaped the extremity into a globular form in order to contain the parent bird, the nest, and eggs. Sometimes the nest is placed in the natural crevices formed by the roots of trees growing on the water's edge. It many cases it is easily detected, for the birds are very careless about the concealment of their nest even before the eggs are hatched, and after the young have made their appearance in the world, they are so clamorous for food and so insatiable in their appetite that their noisy voices can be heard for some distance, and indicate with great precision the direction of their home.

The eggs are from six to eight in number, rather globular in form, and of an exquisitely delicate pink in color while fresh, changing to a pearly white when the contents are removed. As soon as the young are able to exert themselves, they perch on a neighboring twig or other convenient resting-place, and squall incessantly for food. In a very short time they assume their yearling plumage, which is very nearly the same as that of the adult bird, and soon learn to fish on their own account.

The kingfisher is a very solitary bird, never assembling in flocks, and seldom being seen except when single. Sometimes it has been observed to engage in aërial sports with a companion, and it frequently happens that the two parent birds are seen in company, or that the whole family sits amicably upon the same branch. With these exceptions, however, the kingfisher is remarkably eremitical in its habits, and appears to suffer no rival establishment near the spot where it has fixed its home.

The color of this bird is very gorgeous, and rather complicated in its arrangement. The top of the head and back of the neck are dark-green, flecked with many spots of verditer-blue upon the tips of the feathers. The upper part of the back is also dark-green, and the lower part is light-violet or blue, gleaming vividly under a strong light, and being very conspicuous as the bird is on the wing. The tail is deep indigo, and the quill feathers of the wing are dark blackish-green, lightened by a brighter hue of green on the outer webs, and set off by the verditer-blue spots of the tertiaries. A white patch or streak passes from the eye to the back of the neck, and a dark-green streak is drawn immediately under the white patch. The throat and chin are yellowish-white, and the whole of the under surface is chestnut. The eyes are crimson, and the bill is black, with the exception of the orange-tinted base of the lower mandible. The total length of the bird is about seven inches.

ORPHANHOOD.

THY heart is sad to think upon
Thy mother far away,
Wondering, perchance, now she is gone,
Who best for thee may pray.
In many a waking dream of love
Thou seest her yet upon her knees above:
The vows she breathed beside thee yesternight,
She breathes above thee now, winged with intenser might.

'Tis she to whom thy heart took flight
Of old, in joyous hour,
When first a precious sister spright
Came to thy nursery bower,
And thou with earnest tone didst say,
"Mother, let Mary be her name, I pray,
For dearly do I love to think upon
That gracious Mother-maid, nursing her Holy One."

Then in delight, as now in woe,
Thou to that home didst turn,
Where God, an Infant, dwelt below;
The thoughts that ache and burn
Nightly within thy bosom, find
A home in Nazareth to their own sweet mind.
More than all music are the soothings dear
Which meet thee at that door, and whisper, "Christ is here."

THE STORY OF A PICTURE.

BY LADY DUFFUS HARDY.

WHO is he?—that old man with the gray sombrero pulled over his eyes? Every night as I sit here taking my ice I see him, always alone, walking to and fro there under the shadow of St. Mark's. He looks as though he had got a history."

"Most men have; and sometimes it is well worth the telling."

These remarks were exchanged by two young Englishmen, Hugh Macdonald and Stephen Hurst in the Plaza of St. Mark's, at Venice.

The band was playing in the centre of the great square, which was thronged in the golden Italian moonlight by a great multitude. Some strolled to and fro laughing and chattering; others sat round the little marble table sipping lemonade and eating ices; some lingered by the brilliantly-lighted shops, where gold, silver and jewels held out their glittering lure.

Life seemed to be at full flood-tide here, flinging its golden treasures of youth, hope and joy upon the shores of Time, as if there would be no ebb for evermore. And still that solitary figure, as of one in the world but not of it, paced slowly, with bent head, under the shadow of St. Mark's, doubly dark contrasted with the brilliant scene around.

Hugh Macdonald had just arrived in Venice, and was exactly in the mood to weave a romance from the merest shadow. He scented a mystery on the spot, and where he once smelt a rat he would have it out of its hole, tail and all.

His eyes followed the lonely figure, which moved so wholly apart from the glitter and glare of the joyous life around him, like a shadow from another sphere. It seemed to have a mesmeric attraction for the young Englishman; he could not turn his thoughts nor his eyes from it. At last he rose up, restlessly, and said:

"I *must* speak to that man, Steve."

"Best not," said Stephen Hurst, laying his hand on the other's arm; "he would resent any intrusion upon him here; but if you are really interested in him, I could present you to him to-morrow."

"You know him? Come tell me all about him."

"I know him, but I can tell you nothing except what all the world knows. He is Lorenzo Paoli."

"Lorenzo Paoli! the famous artist who took the world by storm some twenty years back? I thought he was dead."

"He *is* dead to the world—died a score of years ago—stranded in the high tide of his fame, and left upon the shores of life the wreck you see!"

"But surely such a thing could not happen without the world knowing why! What was the storm that wrecked him?"

"My dear boy, the storms that wreck human lives are rarely visible to the naked eye! I am his medical attendant. He has been my patient for the last two years, but is still a psychological puzzle to me. Of the hidden machinery which keeps his nerves continually on the rack, I know nothing."

"Is he mad?"

"Good heavens, no!—a little peculiar, that's all. I'll get leave to present you to him to-morrow, after we have gone the round of the galleries."

"Thanks. I've had enough of ancient art! Hideous Madonnas, pot-bellied babies, fleshless saints, stuck with arrows, or grilled on gridirons. Take me to Lorenzo Paoli! See, he's going—he's gone!"

As he spoke the dark, solitary figure passed like a silent shadow out of sight.

On the third floor of the Casa della Vida was situated the studio of Lorenzo Paoli. It was more like an ancient library than a modern studio, if indeed it could be called a studio, when the painter's hand had been still for twenty years, and the dust lay thick upon the last picture he had painted, which stood padlocked with its face to the wall.

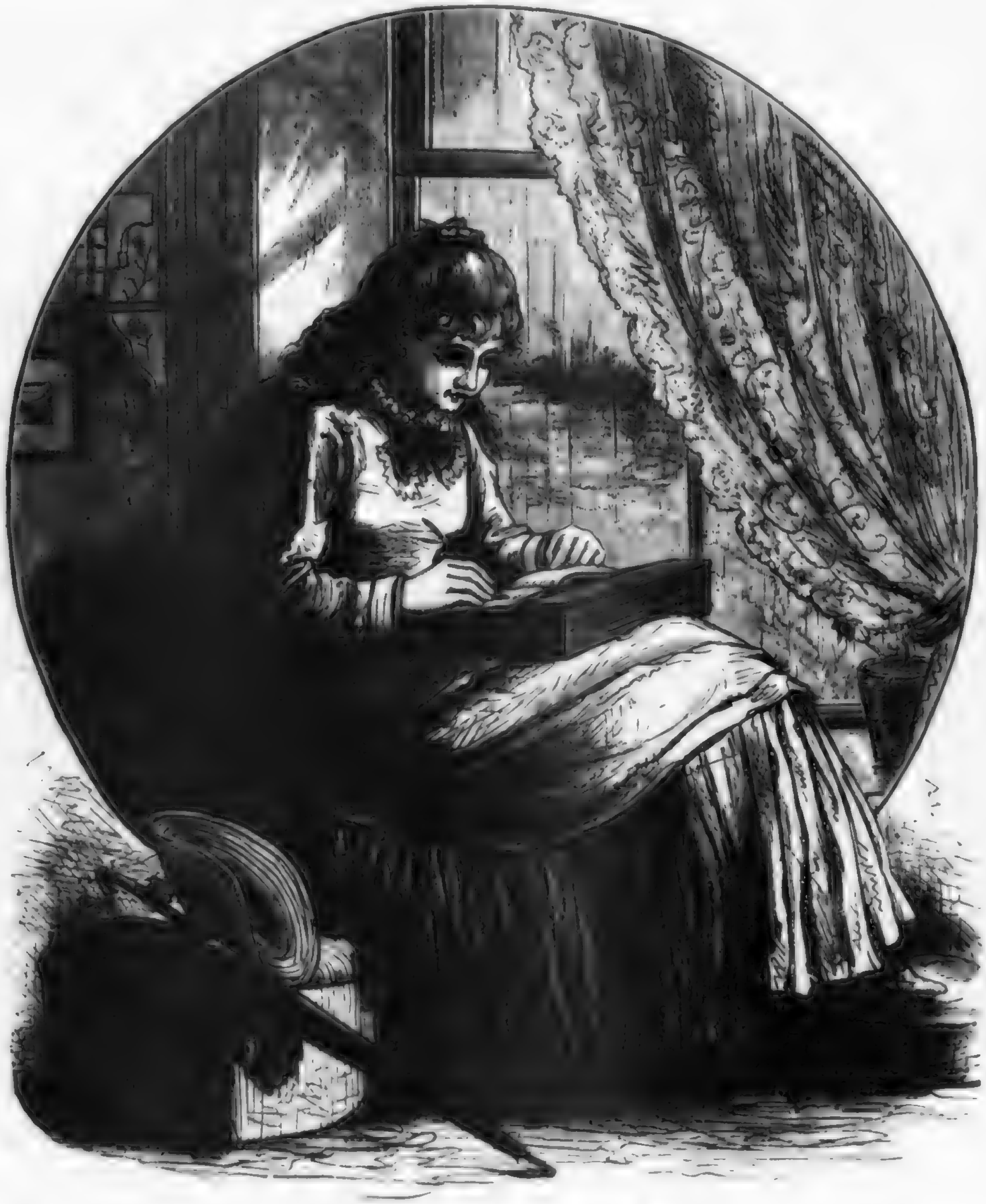
Some very large leather volumes, discolored with age, chronicles of the world's ancient history, were ranged on shelves at one end of the room, and a dark, brass-bound book, in ancient Greek characters, lay open on a desk near the oriel window looking out upon the Grand Canal. A headless statue with a shattered sword, a wingless cherub, and Cupid with a broken bow, lay in the dusty corners. The unused easel held in its skeleton arms a canvas frame with a picture commenced in outline, too thickly covered in dust for a line now to be distinguishable. Palettes, paints and brushes lay here and there, as if the artist had cast them aside and never cared to take them up again. The once bright carpet was faded and worn; even heaven's sunlight seemed too weak to lend a ray of color or lighten the gloom of the dingy apartment.

Lorenzo Paoli stood at the tall desk, his head bent over the black-letter volumes spread thereon. Everything spoke of dead and buried days; and here the solitary man lived through the years alone, his story known only to God and to his own heart.

Twenty years ago a crowd of gondolas gathered about the threshold below, and the gay world passed up and down the marble steps. The artist's then brilliant studio was thrown open for the exhibition of his great work, "Cleopatra," and the fair patricians of Venice filled the gorgeous apartment with their languid grace. Flattery fell sweetly from fashionable lips, while the would-be wise uttered their ignorant criticisms glibly, and the artist—tall, handsome, stately, his chestnut curls clustering about his broad brow, and the fire of genius sleeping in his great dark eyes — moved like a prince among his court.

That evening he was the honored guest of a noble company at the Palazzo Pisani; and at midnight he happened to cross the Rialto alone, to take his gondola from the other side.

Beneath the arch at the bottom of the steps he nearly fell over something—a bundle of rags it seemed at first, but it was something alive. He stooped and looked closer. Was it the face of a child or a woman that he saw lying in a sleep so deep it was like a swoon? There were dark circles round the closed eyes; it seemed as though the girl had sunk down in sheer weariness.



ORPHANHOOD.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 367.

Such a frail little forlorn figure it was! he could not bear to leave it lying there. He lifted it up tenderly and laid it at the bottom of his gondola, saying:

"Poor little creature! We will take it home to thy wife, Jacopo; she will look after it till the morning."

Jacopo, in his white costume, a typical Venetian gondolier, pushed off, and the gondola glided with light plashing of oars along the canal. Once or twice the artist lifted the ragged mantilla and looked upon the sleeper's face.

Which was it? child or woman?—so small, so fragile, with dimpled hands apparently unused to labor, with pale, hollow cheeks, and ragged dress!

The little waif was given into the charge of Jacopo's wife, a crabbed old woman, but who loved her master, and was wont to do his bidding, and for his sake acted kindly by this frail morsel of humanity.

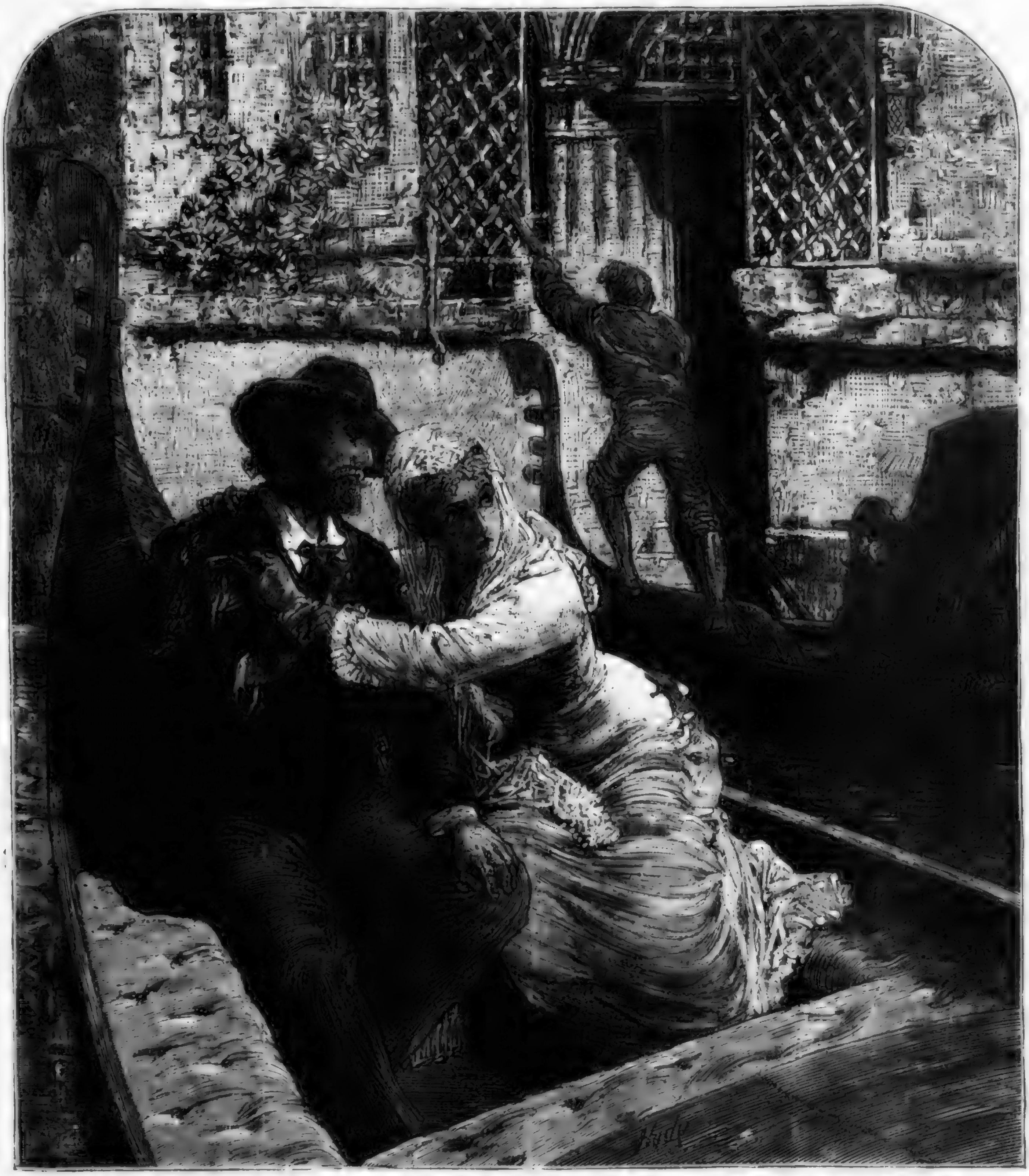
In the morning Lorenzo Paoli rose up unrefreshed and anxious; his rest had been broken by evil dreams, through which the sweet childish face had frowned, darkened and distorted.

When Ursula brought his coffee, his first inquiry was for the poor little stranger.

"Ah, *la poverina*, it's a grateful heart! I told her how the good signor had picked her up out of the dark night and brought her home in his arms, as the holy St. John carried the lost lamb back to the fold——"

"Bah!" exclaimed the "good signor," stirring his coffee vigorously.

"And her eyes filled with tears," continued Ursula. "She swept across the room like a whirlwind, and it was all we could do to prevent her breaking in upon the



THE STORY OF A PICTURE.—"SHE UTTERED A CRY OF HORROR, FLUNG HERSELF INTO HIS ARMS, AND CLUNG TO HIM AS IF FOR PROTECTION."—SEE PAGE 367.

signor, and—— Holy Mother! here she is!" A slight figure had glided silently as a sunbeam into the room, and Paoli felt a kiss, soft as a roseleaf, followed by a burning tear, fall upon his hand.

The little waif sank on her knees beside him, and burst into sobs.

Ursula began to chatter and scold like an angry magpie; but the master bade her begone, and she flounced out of the room with an angry face.

The artist raised the girl kindly, bidding her dry her tears and tell him her trouble. She lifted a pair of April blue eyes, half-smiles, half-tears.

"There's no trouble any more. I was miserable yesterday—I've always been miserable; but I am happy now!"

Lorenzo Paoli looked down with an artist's eye and a poet's appreciation of the lovely face uplifted to his.

Large, lustrous blue eyes, the tears still beading like dew the long, dark lashes; a Cupid's bow of a mouth, with half-parted lips revealing the little pearly teeth; the cream-white complexion of the *fair* Italian—loveliest of tints!—the rich russet-golden hair curling round her brow.

She might have been a girl of fifteen, she might have been many years older; for, in spite of the round baby face and fairy figure, now that he saw her features awake and expressive, there was a look upon them, a shadow, an indefinable something, which told of a heart that had suffered, perhaps even of a soul that had sinned.

The artist almost unconsciously echoed the last word that had fallen from her lips:

"Happy! Why, my child?"

"Because you will keep me here, good signor," she answered. "You will let me stay with you. I shall be able to say my prayers in peace, and the good God will forgive me—I know He will."

Paoli smiled at this startling proposal.

"My poor child," he said, laying his hand kindly on her curly head, "that cannot be; but you must tell me about yourself, and how you came to be in this sad plight."

He paused for a reply.

None came. Her lips closed tightly. Her brows knitted. A cloud lowered over all the fair young face.

"You must tell me, child," he added, more gravely, "who are your friends and where you have come from. I must restore you to your home. No matter what has gone wrong, I dare say we shall be able to set things right again."

"No!" she answered, passionately, "Wrong things are never set right. I have no friends—I have no home. I came from nowhere—I'm nobody—and I don't live anywhere. If you turn me out, when the night comes you will find me there under your window, dead, at the bottom of the canal; and I shall stare at you for ever and ever with my eyes wide open, for it will be you who killed me."

It was vain to ask her questions—she would tell him nothing.

In the face of her desolation, her distress, her youth—and perhaps last, not least, her beauty—what could he do but let her stay and help Ursula in her work, as she pleaded to be allowed to do?

Besides, there was a spice of mystery in the situation which pleased Lorenzo Paoli's romantic nature.

He had picked up this waif from the wayside, and wondered what would come of it. Her name was Anita; this was all they knew of her.

She made herself useful in a hundred different ways. She lightened Ursula's daily labors; sometimes she sat as a model for the artist, and kept his palettes and brushes in perfect order.

Gradually this beautiful face, this bright presence, became a necessity to his daily life. Not that she was always bright. She was a creature of moods, and at times seemed lost—heart and soul and brain—in the depths of profound gloom, from which all attempts to recover her failed.

From the artist's touch at these seasons she shrank most of all, and most despairingly. On her first adoption into the household—and, indeed, for many months afterward—she would not go out, or make her appearance anywhere beyond the studio-walls; and when visitors came there she quietly vanished.

One evening the artist persuaded her to go with him for a gondola drive on the canal. She was nervous at first, and would glance furtively around, as though she suspected they might be followed.

By degrees, as these evening drives were repeated and enjoyed, she grew bolder, and even lifted her voice in snatches of strange, sweet melody that floated far over the silent waters of the Lagune, and drew strangers passing in their swift gondolas to turn and listen.

One moonlit night, as they returned homeward from one of these excursions, a halo of romance encircling them both, looking each only in the other's eyes, while Jacopo propelled the gondola with sturdy strokes, Lorenzo Paoli said, softly:

"*Cara mia*, thou cam'st to me like the 'Lost Pleiad' from another world, and sometimes I am not quite sure that thou belongest to this. Tell me something of the life that has been——"

"No, no!" she answered, shivering beneath his tender touch. "I never lived. My soul was only born the day you found me, and it will die the day I leave you."

"That will be never," he answered, clasping her to his heart.

He knew now that he loved this waif and stray that the waters had washed up like a weed at his feet, and before the gondola stopped at the Casa della Vida steps he had pressed the first warm love-kiss on the lips of his promised bride.

His love might be madness—is love ever aught else? He knew nothing of her past life. What did he care to know? She was Anita—that was enough.

For a few weeks they wandered hand-in-hand through that well-traveled fool's paradise, where youth, hope and love have been so often lost before them.

This one fair face had taken possession of Lorenzo Paoli, heart and soul, and even pervaded the spirit of his art.

He no longer imagined visionary beauty. He could only idealize and glorify Anita's face. No matter what he desired to portray, her lips, her smile, her eyes looked out of the canvas, and every woman was Anita.

One most perfect portrait he painted of her as "The Lost Pleiad" wandering through space, searching through all the spheres for the the world she had lost.

It was a triumph of art, his *chef d'œuvre*, and was to be exhibited in the coming season.

Time passed on, and their marriage-day was fixed.

One glorious moonlit night they started for their usual water drive, and were returning from the Lido, her voice uprising pure and sweet as she warbled birdlike out of the fullness of her heart, when suddenly a huge black gondola, like a coffin, shot alongside of them, and a swarthy face turned and peered close into Anita's.

She uttered a cry of horror, flung herself in the artist's arms, and clung to him as if for protection.

Amazed, he tried to soothe her, and would at once have returned homeward, but she urged, breathlessly:

"No, no! let us go on!—out to sea!—under the sea! anywhere!—some place where he cannot follow—cannot find me!"

"Anita, who is that man? What terrifies you so?" he exclaimed, somewhat irritably. "Come, tell me. You are willing to trust me with all your future, yet shut me out from all your past. I will know something of your life. Anita, where have you come from? What have you done that every shadow seems to frighten you?"

She answered nothing, but, trembling, clung to him and hid her face upon his breast.

He tried in vain to win her confidence. Finding it impossible to unseal her lips, he said:

"Well, since you will not speak, I will scour the city till I find this man. When he and I stand face to face, I will force from *his* lips what *you* deny!"

"No, no! not that!—you must never seek him!—never see him! Ah, you don't know what these people are! They would kill *you* rather than let *me* escape! No, take me away somewhere and hide me where they may never find me!"

"*They*, whoever *they* may be, would have hard work to take you away from *me*," he answered, with a dark frown on his face. He was mystified and angered—yes, for the first time angered even with Anita.

They wandered up and down the Lido, no longer the happy lovers of an hour ago—she, tearful and agitated; he, taciturn and gloomy—till past midnight.

When at last they returned to the Casa della Vida, as they alighted at the steps and the gondola passed on, another, like a black shadow, glided into its place.

A man sprang out—the same who had crossed their path on the Grand Canal—and seized Anita's arm as she ascended the steps.

The girl uttered no shriek now. It was rather as if a blow she had long been watching for fell at last. She only looked up trembling, with something of the pathetic and terrified appeal of the hunted fawn, and remained passive in his grasp.

"*Cara mia,*" he said, and though there was a touch of music in his voice, his face had the cruel expression of the tiger when he wants his prey, "at last I have found you, and I'll take such good care of thee, pretty one, now, thou shalt never be lost again—oh, no, never!"

Paoli, with enforced calmness, desired him to set the girl free, and show by what right he interfered with her.

"Right?" the stranger echoed. "Ay, true! *Bella mia,* tell him the right I have—don't be afraid! I'll not punish thee overmuch; only tell the signor that thou must return with me to thy dear friends—to thy old life——"

"Never!—never!" she exclaimed, clinching her hands distractedly, shuddering away from the stranger's grasp, yet now appealing to her lover no more, nay—even as he drew closer to her side, seeming to shrink from him, too.

"Who is this man?" Paoli demanded. "Is he indeed your father?"

"My father? No, no?"

"Anita, not—thy *husband?*"

"No," she moaned.

"Then," and Lorenzo Paoli drew a step aside as he put this last stern question, "*what* is he to thee?"

"Ay, tell him what!" said the ruffian, jeeringly.

"He is one of them," she said, wildly. "I lived with them always. I was their victim, body and soul. They made me lie and steal; they beat me—sold me!"

"All things are sold at a price, pretty one," said the man, "and our own fair Anita is too valuable for us to lose. Thou wilt come, and come now, with me."

Anita turned her despairing eyes on the artist, who stood in horror, as if turned to stone.

"You see—you see it all!" she cried. "God meant me to be pure and good, but in *their* hands I was unclean and evil. I ran away—I tried to escape. You found me—you lifted me near to heaven! Can I—can I go back to perdition? Oh, my beloved, in one week I should have been thy wife—thine and God's for evermore!"

"And now thou'rt ours again," said the brigand. "Waste no time on sentiment; thou sayest good-by to thy grand lover now and here. He will none of thee now. We claim thee again."

Anita tore herself from his grasp, and flung her arms up in the air wildly.

Something flashed cold in the moonlight—flashed and fell.

"Yes, take me now—take me now!" she cried, and staggered and sank into Lorenzo Paoli's arms, self-slain, a dagger buried to the hilt in her breast.

Thus tragically ended the tragic life of the poor little waif, more sinned against than sinning.

In that hour also ended the art-life, the world-life, of Lorenzo Paoli.

His genius was paralyzed; his hand idle for ever after. His picture of "The Lost Pleiad"—his pride, his last, best work—he padlocked with its face to the wall, and let the dust gather on palette, brushes and canvas.

This had happened twenty years ago. The story of Anita's suicide—a nine days' wonder—had been told and forgotten, and he was to-day a gray-haired, silent man of mystery—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

* * * * * *

Dr. Hurst kept his promise to his friend, and, having gained Signor Paoli's permission, presented himself with Hugh Macdonald at the studio the following morning.

They found the old artist helpless and insensible in his bed. He had been stricken down during the night, and now lay in a state of coma, attended by his faithful old servant Jacopo.

Dr. Hurst at once devoted himself to the service of the dying man, for dying Hurst perceived he was.

"He *may* recover consciousness," he said, in answer to Jocopo's voluble inquiries; "but it will be only a 'lightening before death.'"

Late in the day, when the sun was sinking, that lightening came. Lorenzo Paoli opened his eyes, felt with feeble fingers for a key, which he wore hidden in his breast. His lips moved—the watchers bent to catch the faintly whispered words.

"The picture—the padlock—unlock—turn it round—let me see her face."

Jacopo obeyed; he turned the long-hidden "Lost Pleiad" to the light, and tenderly brushed away the dust which had gathered on the canvas. The two young Englishmen gazed with interest and curiosity on the beautiful figure.

The artist struggled to raise himself on his pillow, and Dr. Hurst and Jacopo hastened to lift and support him in their arms.

Lorenzo Paoli gazed on the unvailed face of his lost love—the face unseen of mortal eye for twenty years. Never in the days of youth and love had his eyes drank in her beauty more eagerly than now, that, with a strange, wild fixity, his gaze grew to the picture his hand had painted. He tried to speak; but they could scarcely catch his failing accents.

"A lost soul!" he murmured. "Is she—is she lost? That face—is it not fair?—can she be——"

His voice died away; the dews of death gathered on his brow—its shadow over his craving eyes—while his faint lips still framed the syllable "Lost!"

"He is going," whispered Stephen Hurst, solemnly.

Suddenly the artist raised himself and stretched his arms wildly toward the picture.

"Not lost!" he cried, with sudden strength; "not lost! Anita, saved! saved! See, she smiles!"

A smile of rapture was on Lorenzo Paoli's lips as he died; and, was it a dream? was it only the rays of the setting sun? or, did Anita smile?

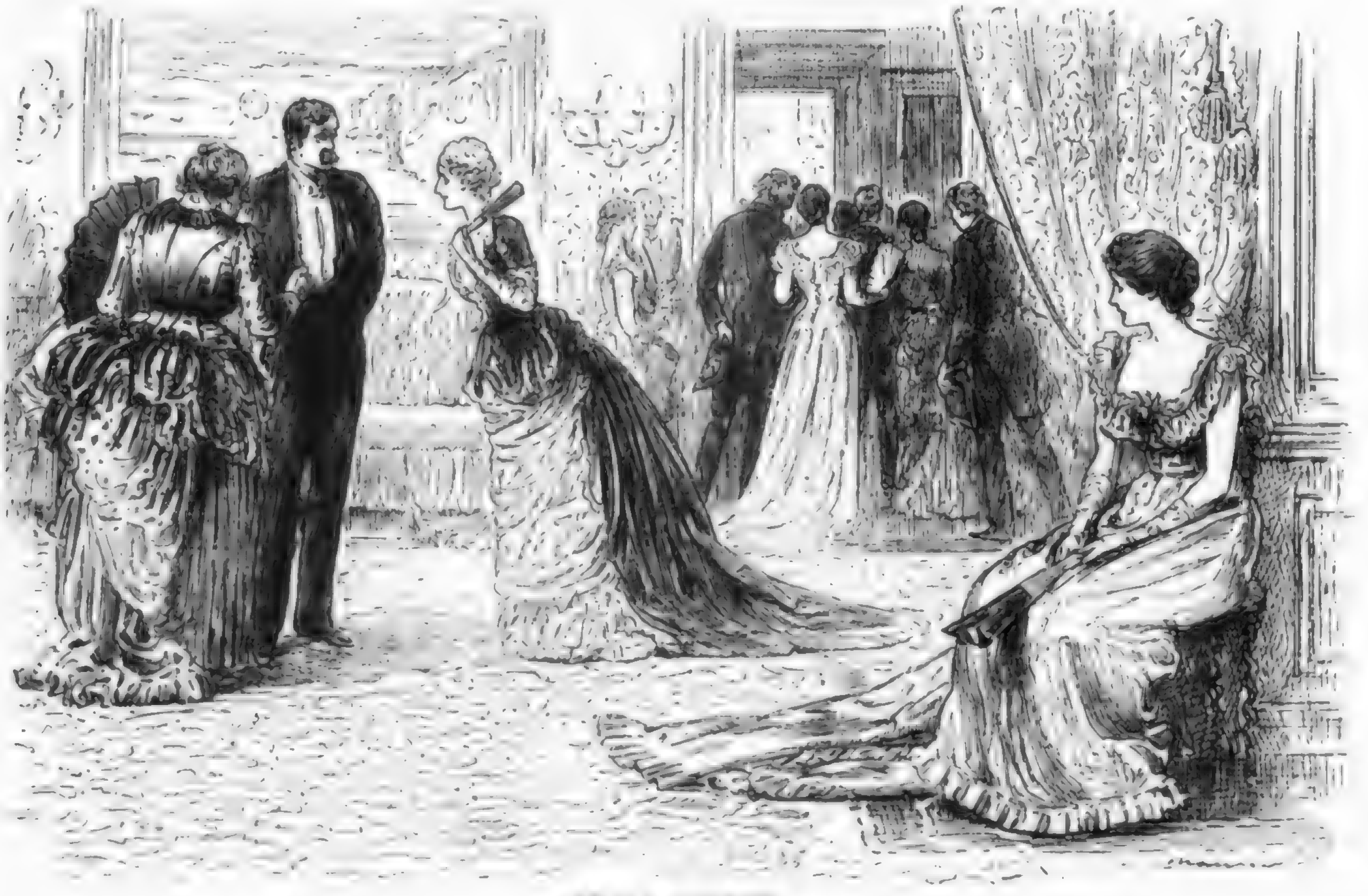
"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy," and all the three watchers fell back from the picture in supernatural awe, for all saw a light that was not of the sunset upon Anita's pictured face—all saw the glory of an angelic smile play over the lips and beam in the uplifted eyes of the "Lost Pleiad."

We blindly follow Providence and ask no questions so long as we are led toward wealth and prosperity; but when we find ourselves drifting toward poverty and trouble, our theology too often gives way, and we suddenly begin to doubt.

SOME REPARTEES.

One of the sages of antiquity, on a friend's expressing his surprise that, whereas the practice of erecting statues in honor of comparatively obscure individuals was of common occurrence, so renowned a philosopher should not have been considered worthy of a similar distinction, replied that he preferred to hear it asked why he had no statue rather than why he had one.

The Abbé de Dangeau, happening to relate a somewhat incredible anecdote to a circle of courtiers, the Count d'Armagnac, who was present, quietly remarked that he had never heard it before. Imagining, or choosing to imagine, that this implied a doubt of his veracity, the abbé indignantly exclaimed that if everything unknown to the count were written in a book, the volume would be prodigiously thick. "Very likely," retorted M. d'Armagnac; "but if a book were filled up with all the knowledge you possess, and nothing more, it would not be worth reading."



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Fair Hostess (to Brown, who has been suddenly tackled about Woman's Suffrage by old Miss Boreham, just as he was on his way across the room to Mary Morrison): "WILL YOU TAKE A LADY INTO SUPPER, IF YOU PLEASE?"

"You are the silliest man at court," said Mlle. d'Entragues to Bassompierre, on his refusal to marry her. "Excuse me," replied the marshal; "I think I have just proved the contrary."

The rapacity of the Abbé Terray, while Minister of Finance under Louis XV., was proverbial. One of his schemes for enriching the treasury was so notoriously unpopular that a more conscientious colleague felt bound to remonstrate with him on the subject. "It looks," he said, "exactly like taking money out of people's pockets." "Where else should I take it from?" coolly replied Abbé Terray.

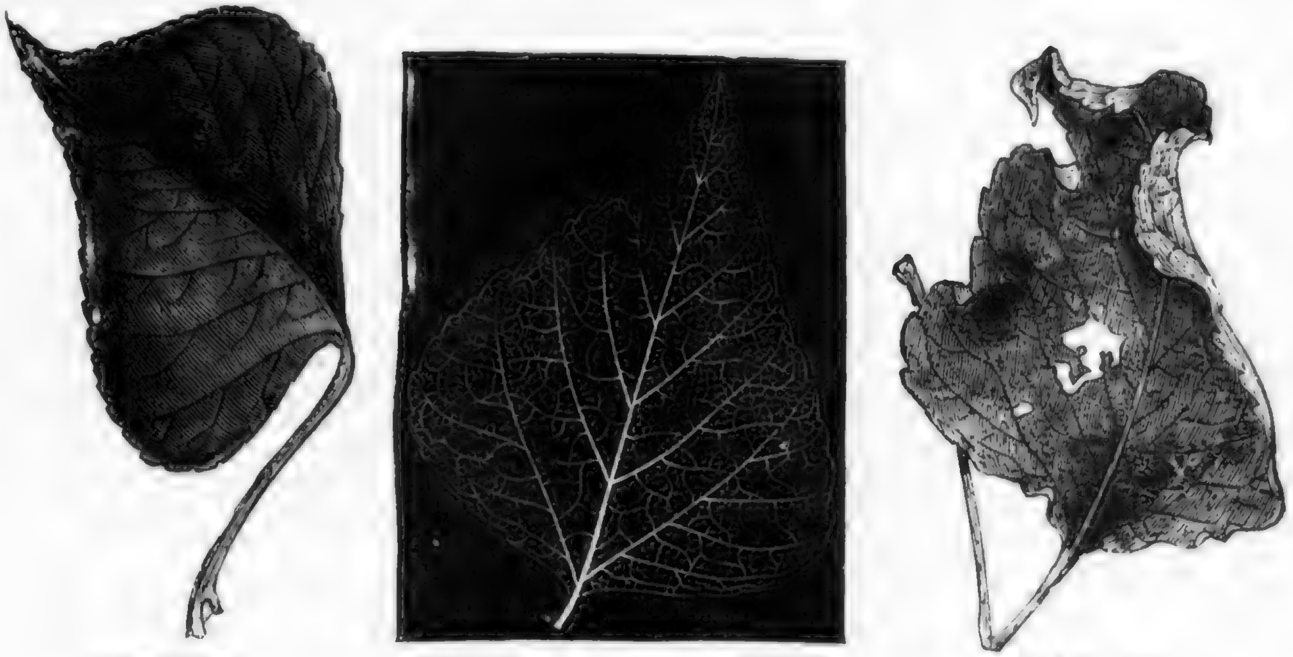
During a campaign of the Marshal de Luxembourg, it was reported to him that a general of the opposing army had declared he should not be happy until he had gained a victory over the terrible hunchback. "Hunchback!" said the marshal; "what does he know about my back? He never saw it."

Gaston d'Orleans, Louis XIII.'s brother, and implicated in the conspiracy of Cinq-Mars, had a red beard. One day remarking that a member of his household was clean shaved, he asked him why he did not let his beard grow. "The reason is this," replied the individual addressed. "When it came to my turn to receive the beard reserved for me by Providence, finding that there were none left but red ones, I preferred going without."

At one of the sittings of the French Academy, shortly after its foundation, the poet Benserade installed himself in the seat belonging to his colleague, the Abbé Furetière, for whom he had conceived a particular dislike. "Ah," he said, "in this chair I am certain to make a fool of myself." "If you go on as you have begun," coolly observed the abbé, "you undoubtedly will."

A dispute arising between two women, the one young and handsome, and the other exactly the reverse, they gradually abandoned parliamentary language for personal invective. "The truth of the matter is," said the elder of the pair, "you are neither more nor less than a fright." "If it comes to that," replied her adversary, "you are an old witch." "That is as much as to say I have guessed right," triumphantly retorted the other.

Among the many financiers who had acquired large fortunes during the reign of Louis XIV. were two rival magnates, who, as might be expected, bore no especial goodwill to each other. At a meeting of their colleagues, where both were present, sharp words arose between them. "I recommend you not to forget," said one, "that you were once my lackey." "Granted," was the reply; "but I am so no longer; whereas, if you had been in my place, you would be my lackey still!"



(A) Poplar-leaf. (C) Skeletonized Leaf. (B) Fallen Leaf.

A FALLEN LEAF.—FIG. 1.—SEE PAGE 376.

The learned Mézeray, on the completion of his "History of France," inquired of the Jesuit Pétau, then considered a marvel of erudition, what he thought of the work. "I have found a thousand mistakes in it," was the ungracious answer. "Indeed!" replied the historian; "in that case I have singularly overrated your capacity; for, on examining the book myself, I have discovered twice as many."

After the Battle of Denain, in which he had lost an arm, one of Marshal Villars's bravest officers presented a petition to Louis XIV., soliciting a pension by way of recompense for his services. The king took the paper, and, according to his wont, replied that he would see about it. "Sire," objected the officer, "if, instead of attacking your majesty's enemies at the head of my company, I had contented myself with 'seeing about it,' I should still have my arm."

Among many other peculiarities, the celebrated Rigaud disliked painting the portraits of ladies of the court. "If," he said, "I represent them as they really are, they immediately accuse me of not making them sufficiently good-looking; if, on the contrary, I flatter them, the resemblance inevitably suffers." On one occasion he had consented, much against his will, to break through his rule in favor of a certain countess, who persisted in disfiguring her otherwise handsome features by an immoderate application of *rouge*. In the course of the second or third sitting his model complained that the colors used by the painter were not brilliant enough for a complexion like hers, and asked where he bought them. "Madame," replied Rigaud, "if I do not mistake, they come from the same shop where you are in the habit of purchasing your own."

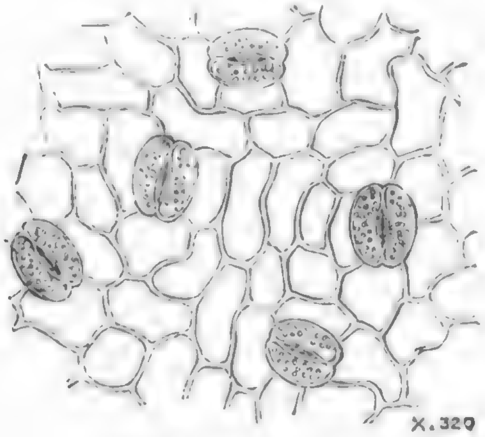


FIG. 2. LEAF-COVERING.

A young poet, after putting the finishing-stroke to two sonnets, brought them to Piron, and solicited permission to read them to him. When he had finished the first, he inquired of his auditor what he thought of it. "Decidedly," said the author of "La Métromanie," I prefer the other."

On witnessing the performance of Voltaire's "Œdipe," the Regent Duc d'Orleans was so delighted with the piece that its author, than a prisoner in the Bastille for libel, was, by his orders, immediately set at liberty. As a matter of course, the youthful Arouet presented himself at court, and expressed his gratitude for the favor. "Be more circumspect in future," said the regent, "and I will take care of you." "I thank your royal highness," replied Voltaire, "and shall feel doubly obliged if henceforth I may be graciously allowed to choose my own lodging."

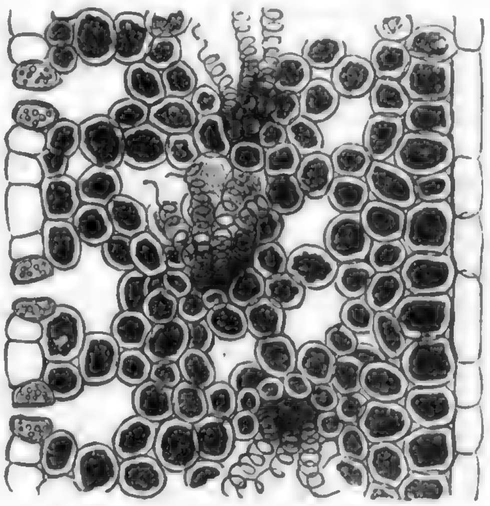


FIG. 3. LEAF-CELLS UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

A would-be wit, more remarkable for assurance than for brains, having offered to introduce a young provincial nobleman to a lady of high rank, did so in these terms.

"Allow me, madame, to present to you the Marquis de Tierceville, who is not such a fool as he looks." "Madame," quietly observed Tierceville, "that is precisely the difference between my friend and me."

A countryman, passing through a street in Paris, inhabited chiefly by money-changers, was surprised at the absence of merchandise in the different shop-windows; and, wishing to satisfy his curiosity, asked the proprietor of one of the establishments what he sold. "Asses' heads," was the answer. "*Ma foi!*" said the peasant, grinning from ear to ear; "you must be doing a roaring trade, for I see that you have only one left."

The dramatist Fiévée, who had once been a confidential agent of the Bourbons, was subsequently employed in the same capacity, and very moderately recompensed by Napoleon, who occasionally amused himself by playfully alluding to the writer's former patrons. "Fiévée," he said one day, "you must be a rich man." "I, sire; why so?" "Certainly; the Count de Lille (Louis XVIII.) no doubt behaved generously to you." "Your majesty," replied Fiévée, "may judge of that by what I get now."

During the brilliant days of the last Empire, a well-known dignitary of the Church was present at a court ball at St. Cloud. On entering a narrow passage connecting one *salon* with another, he found it blocked up by two ladies dressed in the extreme of the prevailing fashion, the immense circumference of *tulle* and gauze completely absorbing every available inch of room. One of them, perceiving the prelate's embarrassment, endeavored to make way for him, alleging as an excuse that the dressmakers employed so much superfluous materials for the skirts that—"There is none left for the rest," smilingly and appropriately remarked monseigneur.

That very witty spendthrift Montrond, being asked by a banker to define the meaning of the word "business," unhesitatingly replied, "other people's money."

The eccentric "Father Prout," when paying a visit to a literary lady of his acquaintance, found her engaged in conversation with a stranger of agreeable aspect, and evidently accustomed to good society, but whose outward attire, somewhat resembling that of Lord Brougham, betokened little care or attention on the part of the wearer. When the latter had left the room, the hostess, turning to Mahony, spoke in enthusiastic terms of the gentleman in question, particularly dwelling on his well-bred ease and courtly tone. "Ah," growled the cynical humorist, "your friend, whoever he may be, can well afford to put some polish in his manner, for he certainly keeps none for his boots!"

Seldom has a sharper repartee been uttered than that addressed by Lady Blessington to Louis Napoleon when President of the Republic, and recorded by Planché in his "Recollections." Driving one day in the Champs-Elysées, she was overtaken by the President on horseback. After the first salutations and the exchange of a few sentences, the Prince unfortunately asked: "*Comptez-vous rester longtemps ici?*" "*Et vous?*" was the bitter retort.

One more specimen, perfectly authentic, and noted some years ago. A certain novelist, who had disposed of his bantling to a publisher on the unpromising terms of "half-profits," finding that the long-expected check did not appear, betook himself to the establishment presided over by his Mæcenas, and inquired how it was that, although the work had been well reviewed, and had reached a second edition, he had not yet received anything. "My dear sir," blandly replied the publisher, "you are perhaps not aware that the expenses of advertising and bringing out a book are enormous, and absorb a great deal of money; there may be a trifle coming to you, but you must really have patience, for we cannot afford to pay sharp." "Suit me just as well," coolly retorted the creditor, "if you pay *blunt*."

DOUBTFUL LOYALTY.

THE newspapers of Paris submitted to the censorship of the press in 1815, announced in the following terms Bonaparte's departure from the Isle of Elba, his march across France, and his entry into the French capital:

"*March 9th.*—The Cannibal has escaped from his den.

"*March 10th.*—The Corsican Ogre has just landed at Cape Juan.

"*March 11th.*—The Tiger has arrived at Gap.

"*March 12th.*—The Monster has passed the night at Grenoble.

"*March 13th.*—The Tyrant has crossed Lyons.

"*March 14th.*—The Usurper is directing his course toward Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen in a body, and they surround him on all sides.

"*March 18th.*—Bonaparte is sixty leagues from the capital; he has had skill enough to escape from the hands of his pursuers.

"*March 19th.*—Bonaparte advances rapidly, but he will never enter Paris.

"*March 20th.*—To-morrow Napoleon will be under our ramparts.

"*March 21st.*—The Emperor is at Fontainebleau.

"*March 22d.*—His Imperial and Royal Majesty last evening made his entrance into his Palace of the Tuileries, amidst the joyous acclamations of an adoring and faithful people."

POWER OF ENDURANCE AND LENGTH OF LIFE OF THE HORSE.

THE following anecdotes will give some idea of the hardships our four-footed friends can undergo, and also a notion of the duration of life in the horse: "A horse's life with moderate care and ordinary good usage is protracted to twenty-five, thirty-five or forty years. A gentleman at Dulwich, near London, had three monuments of three horses who severally died in his possession at the ages of thirty-five, thirty-seven and thirty-nine years. The oldest, it is to be remarked, was in a carriage the very day he died, strong and vigorous, but he was carried off in a few hours, by spasmodic colic, to which he was subject.

"At Chesham, in Buckinghamshire, there was a horse thirty-six years old, which exhibited no symptoms of debility, nor any external signs of age except being nearly covered with warts. It was remarkable with regard to this four-footed Nestor, that when an unusually hard day's work was required he was chosen as never failing in what was expected of him. A horse named Wonder, formerly belonging to the Riding School at Woolwich, may be quoted as living to forty years. Mr. Culley, in his 'Observations on Live Stock' mentions one he knew which lived to forty-seven years, having during all that time a ball in his neck received in the battle of Preston Pans, in the Rebellion of 1745, which was extracted at his death in 1788; thus, judging him to be four years old at the time he received the wound (and it was probable he was more), he must at his death have been forty-seven. But even these venerables were mere babies to the barge-horse of the Mersey and Irwell Navigation.

which was well known to have been in his sixty-second year when he died."

The hardships the horse is capable of enduring would scarcely be credited by those who have not actually witnessed his power of endurance.

According to Major Butler, the horses of North America rival those of the Tartar steppes in their powers of endurance. The following is from his "Great Lone Land": "It was the last day of October, almost the last day of the Indian summer. My five horses were beginning to show the effect of their incessant work, but it was only in appearance, and we increased instead of diminished the distance traveled each day. We had neither hay nor oats to give them; there was nothing but the dry grass of the prairie, and no time to eat but the cold frosty night. We seldom traveled less than fifty miles a day, stopping one hour at midday, and going on again until dark.

"My horse was a wonderful animal; day by day I feared that his game little limbs were growing weary, and that he must soon give out. But not a bit of it; his black coat roughened, his flanks grew thinner, but he still went gamely on. When I dismounted to save him, and let his companions go on before, he never rested till I mounted again, and then he trotted briskly on until he regained them. At the camping-place my first care was to remove saddle, saddle-cloth and bridle, and hobble him with a bit of soft buffalo leather twisted round his fore legs, and then poor Blackie hobbled away in the darkness to seek his provender.

"After a time we drove all the horses down to some lake, where Daniel (a half-breed servant) would cut little drinking-holes in the ever-thickening ice. Then up would bubble the water and down went the heads of the thirsty horses at the too often bitter springs, for half the lakes and pools between the Assiniboin and South Saskatchewan are harsh with salts and alkali. Sometimes night would come down upon us whilst still in the midst of a great treeless plain, without shelter, water, or grass. Then we pushed on in inky darkness, and Blackie stepped out briskly, as if he would never tire. On the 4th of November we rode over sixty miles, and when we camped in the lee of a little clump of bare willows, Blackie and his comrades went out to shiver through their supper on the cold snow-covered prairie, the bleakest scene my eyes had ever looked upon.

"Poor Blackie, however, came to a violent end in crossing a half-frozen river.

"We went out early, testing it with an ax and sharp-pointed poles. In places it was very thin, but in other parts it rang hard and solid to the blows. The dangerous part was in the very centre of the river. One light horse was passed safely over. Now came Blackie's turn. I was uncomfortable about it, and wanted to have his shoes off, but my experienced companion demurred, and I foolishly gave way. Blackie was led by a long line; I followed close behind him. He took the ice quite readily. We had got to the centre of the river when the surface suddenly bent down, and to my horror my poor horse plunged into the deep, black, quick-running water. The horse, although he plunged suddenly down, never let his head go under water, but kept swimming stoutly round, trying all he could to get upon the ice. All his efforts were useless. A cruel wall of sharp ice cut his knees as he tried to lift them on the surface, and the current repeatedly carried him back underneath. I got almost to the edge of the hole, took hold of the line, but could give him no assistance in his struggles. Never shall I forget how the poor brute looked at me. If ever dumb animal spoke with unutterable eloquence that horse called to me in his agony; he turned to me as to some one from whom he had a right to expect assistance. 'Is there no help for him?' I cried to the other men. 'None,' was the reply; 'the ice is dangerous all round.' I rushed back to the camp where my rifle lay, and back to the place where the poor beast still struggled with his fate. As I raised the rifle he looked so imploringly that my hand trembled; another moment and the ball crashed through his head. With one look, never to be forgotten, poor Blackie went down under the cold ice."

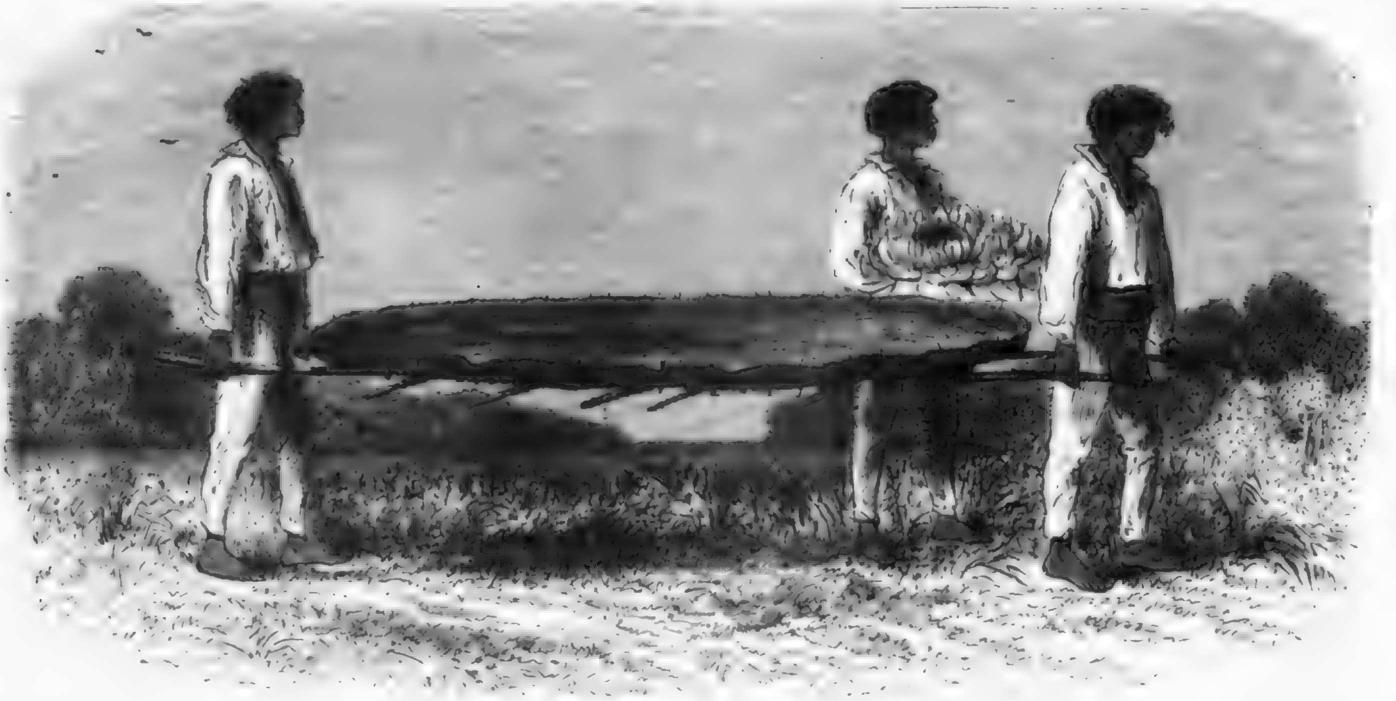
The semi-wild horses of Europe, Asia and America are supposed to be capable of almost anything; but the following is not bad for the British cavalryman and his steed: "It is often said the British cavalry soldier and his horse alike are unable to endure fatigue or travel long distances, but the following is an instance of what was done in the late disastrous and inglorious war in the Transvaal: Starting at midnight on a Friday night, with a hundred hussars, General Sir E. Wood made a reconnoissance. They crossed the Buffalo River by swimming, and by sunrise had penetrated thirty miles into the Transvaal. Continuing their course, they reached within ten miles of Wakkerstroom, where lay one of our beleaguered garrisons. Returning, camp was reached at six o'clock Saturday night; seventy-five miles having been traversed in eighteen hours. Not bad, this, for the much-despised British hussar."

Something has already been said of the speed and endurance of the Arab horses of Northern Africa. They are swift and hardy, no doubt, but the reader is not *obliged* to believe the following: "There existed in ancient times several stallions whose fame has come down to us; among others, El Koura, of the tribe of the Beni-Timin, and Aouadj, 'The Concave,' of the tribe of Beni-Helal. On the subject of this latter the following anecdote is told: His master being asked, 'What canst thou relate of a surprising nature in connection with thy horse?' replied, 'I was wandering one day in the desert, mounted on Aouadj, when I was seized with a violent thirst. By good fortune I fell in with a flock of katâa (partridges) flying toward a spring. I followed them, and though holding in my horse as much as possible, I reached the water as soon as they did, without once pulling up to breathe him.' It is a most extraordinary example of speed, for the flight of the katâa, always rapid, is greatly quickened when, driven by thirst, it makes for water. 'Had I not,' continued the owner of Aouadj, 'checked his speed by pulling at the bridle with all my force, I should have outstripped the partridges.'"

I think America may be challenged to produce a horse that can outstrip the bird in its flight.

CANDLES.

CANDLES, says a writer, denote both a low and a high state of society. The early Greeks and Romans burned candles made of wax and tallow. These consisted of oakum wicks and of the pith of bulrushes, dipped into liquid wax or tallow. But these gave way to the handier lamp, whether of terra cotta or of bronze. In a country abounding in olive and other vegetable oils, this was the easier way. In England the supply was, as indicated, from an animal source. Then a time came, especially in England, when lamps, except for the wealthy, went out of use, and candles were mostly used. Now, far more lamps are used than at the end of the last century. Before the introduction of petroleum into England candles in the country and in the city were used, either



A FALLEN LEAF.—FIG. 4. SPECIMEN OF TROPICAL LEAF—VICTORIA REGIA.

by the very poor or the very rich. The Queen has never given a drawing-room reception where either lamplight or gaslight was used; only waxlights must shine. No British nobleman invites his guests to a ball where the illumination is by anything else than by expensive wax-candles; and by the latter I mean either those made from wax, as we commonly understand it, or from the finest spermaceti. On the altars in churches none but lights made from beeswax and olive oil are ever used.

A FALLEN LEAF.

By Robert Brown, F.L.S., Author of a "Manual of Botany," Etc.

Summer is the harvest-time of the botanist; but Autumn is to him not without its charms. It is the season of seeds, and fruits, and late-flowering plants—last harbingers of the floral crop that Nature reaps before the arrival of the Winter, which in our northern climate reduces active life to a minimum. Above all, the autumnal months are the season of the falling leaf. Forests containing a variety of broad-leafed trees are at this season almost more attractive than during the heyday of midsummer. In June, the unending vistas of green are fresh, but in some degree monotonous. But in September and October, the green leaves not yet passing into the "sere and yellow" are relieved by the endless colors—yellow, red, brown and motley—which the dying foliage takes; the woods seem to have changed their dress. Even in the Winter the stripped trees are not without a certain weird, ghostly beauty all their own. "Foot-bound, uplooking at a lovely tree, beneath a frosty morn," at this season, the botanist can examine the outline of the tree then revealed to him by the absence of its leafy dress, and compare—if he is gifted with the "scientific use of the imagination"—the veining of the skeleton leaves tossed about by the wind among its feet with the branching of the trunk before him. Let us, therefore, before materials for our little study get scarce, try and learn something from an examination of the leaves around us, or whirled about by gusty breezes which sweep through the woods and tree-bordered parks of the great city wherein we write this.

Here are three leaves (Fig. 1)—one (A) bright, fresh and green, whose duration of life is not yet past; we pull it off the black poplar-tree on the lawn. A second (B), getting yellowish and dry, has fallen of its own accord, its life having ended; it is dead. A third (C) we can easily find on the little bank which early in Autumn has accumulated in some by-corner near at hand. It is a leaf of the same tree, but the flesh has long ago rotted off its bones, and only shows what was once green and living, in the form of a mere skeleton outline, bleached white, though still preserving its original shape. The green leaf is more or less rounded in outline, as all leaves are, rather longer than broad, and pointed at the end, giving it roughly the form of a triangle. The blade of the leaf rests on a leaf-stalk, which seems prolonged through the mass of soft green substance which plays the part of flesh to it, in the form of a central backbone, from which are given off on either side ribs, which again branch out in a network of minor sub-divisions. The whole is covered over with a thin skin, which with care can be peeled off in little bits. Last of all, we see that the under-surface of the leaf is, like the under-surface of nearly all the leaves around us—no matter from what species they are derived—lighter colored than the side of the leaf which looks toward the sky, and is also not so glistening or smooth as that is.

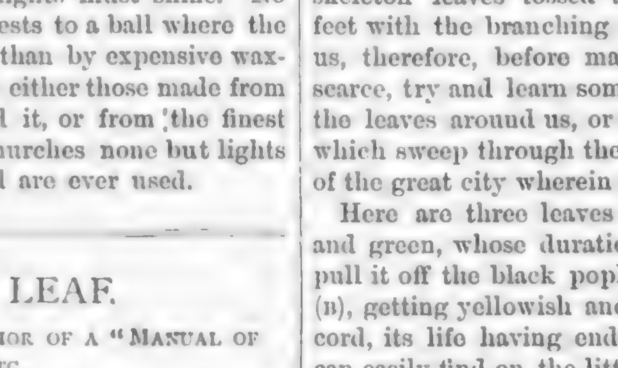
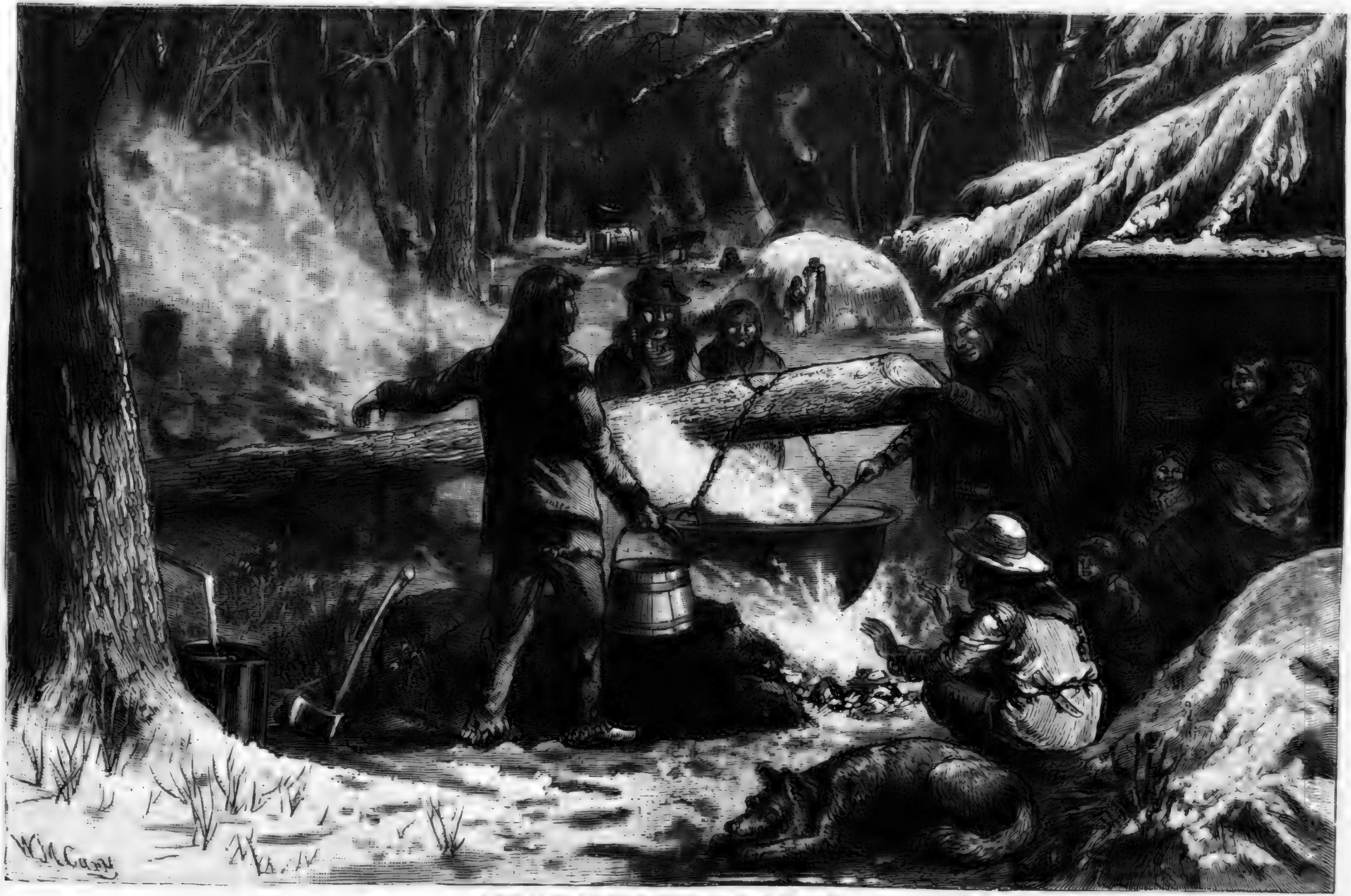


FIG. 6. END OF FALLEN LEAF-STEM, AND PLACE FROM WHICH IT FELL.



A FALLEN LEAF.—FIG. 5, INDIANS BOILING MAPLE-SAP.

We have seen about all that the naked eye has the power of revealing to us; but, as nearly every one has one of those artificial eyes or sets of eyes called microscopes, now to be bought so cheaply, we may for a brief period adjourn our examination from the garden-seat to the study-window. With a needle we can detach from the under-surface of the leaf a tiny bit of the skin or covering of the leaf. Press it gently on a slip of glass, and put under the microscope. Here is what is seen (Fig. 2). We perceive that the whole surface is studded over with little openings, each like the opening in the centre of the letter O. These are the pores or mouths of the leaf-skin. They are found in greater abundance on all green portions of the plant covered with this skin, and even here and there on the flower-leaves, but in infinitely greater abundance on the leaves, and especially their under-surface, than anywhere else on the plant. Beneath, these pores open into little chambers in the soft green substance of the leaf, and generally are in communication with all the air-passages, which, as we shall presently see, interlace through the substance mentioned (Fig. 3). The number of these mouths found on leaves varies from a dozen or two up to about 160,000 on a square inch. On the leaf of a lilac, 708,750 have been counted; while an entire leaf of the lime, or linden tree, has 1,053,000. It is scarcely worth taking the trouble to count them here. To examine the substance of the leaf is not so easy. But if we manage to cut a thin slice across the blade, we shall see under the microscope something like what we have portrayed in the accompanying cut (Fig. 3). It will be observed that between the upper and under skins of the leaf is a green substance, which is made up of roundish bladders—the "cells" of the botanist—each cell containing in its interior a green substance floating about in a watery or glairy fluid. This is known as leaf-green, or—if you wish a longer name—chlorophyll. This leaf-green, seen shining through the transparent walls of the bladders in which it is contained, and the skin of the plant, give the green appearance to leaves; for the skin itself, though also composed of these bladders, flattened out and arranged side by side like the bricks in a wall, contains no green matter—and, indeed, nothing but air. Ramifying through the midst of this bladder structure—and indeed supporting it, and acting as a framework, every little vacant space in which it fills up—is a thin network formed by the branching of the leaf-stalk through the blade. This framework we shall have occasion, by-and-by, to again speak of, when we examine our skeleton leaf. Meantime, this cursory examination may suffice. We may, however, add that the leaf-stalk and its branched and netted prolongation through the blade is composed of bundles of tubes or vessels placed side by side, and bound together. These tubes carry up the nourishment from the stem to the leaves; hence, from a fanciful idea of their resemblance to the blood-vessels of animals, they have been called the *veins*, and we still speak familiarly of their branching throughout the leaf as the *veining* of that organ.

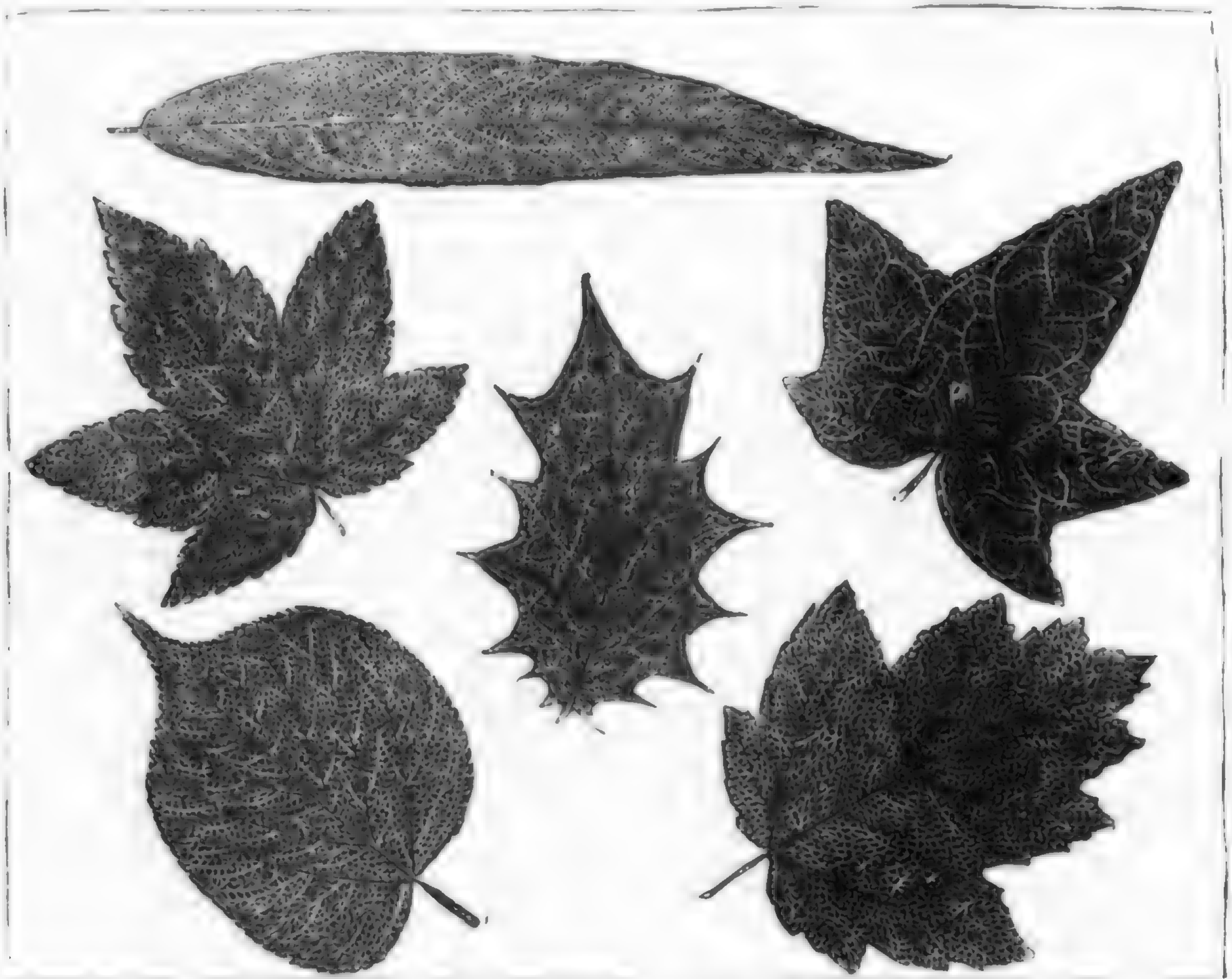
We have thus concluded a cursory examination of the leaf's anatomy; and cursory it must be, considering that volumes have been written regarding what we have been forced to dismiss in a few lines. It is sufficient, however, for our purpose. If, during the time this dissection has been going on, we had placed a poplar-leaf freshly taken from the tree into a wide-mouthed glass bottle, covered it with water, and placed it exposed to the full glare of sun, we should have seen bubbles of air arising from it. If, on the contrary, the bottle is exposed to darkness, we shall also see bubbles given off. But, if we are chemist enough to learn this for ourselves, we shall find that the daylight and the darkness bubbles are composed of different gases. If not, then we must take the statement on the word of others, who assure us that in the first case they are composed of oxygen; in the second, of carbonic-acid gas. Now, both of these gases enter into the composition of the air, the first to the extent of about one-fifth of its whole mass, the other to only a small fraction. The oxygen is to animals the life-giving gas; carbonic acid is breathed out by them, and is fatal to their life. The oxygen will cause the spark in a bit of wood to burst into a blaze; if the same bit of half-ignited wood is put into a vessel containing carbonic-acid gas, it will be extinguished. The latter gas is vomited forth in great quantities from volcanoes, is breathed out by animals, given off by the rotting of dead plants and animals, etc. Small as is the percentage of carbonic acid in the atmosphere—forming, as it does, only one-millionth part of it—there must be in the air 138,616,075,892 tons of carbon, or that component part of carbonic-acid gas which, in the solid form of charcoal, is familiar to us. It is found that plants while exposed to sunlight take this carbonic-acid gas from the air, by aid of the leaves and other green parts.

Now, the chemical composition of this gas is one part of carbon and two parts of oxygen (CO_2 is the chemical "formula"). Once absorbed into the body of the leaf, a change takes place there through the aid of the sunlight and leaf-green in the cells. In other words, the carbonic-acid gas is decomposed into its original elements. The carbon is retained by the leaf, in order to help to build up the body of the plant, while the oxygen is sent out into the surrounding air. It was this exhaled oxygen which we saw ascending in bubbles through the water, and which, if collected in a corked funnel placed over the mouth of the bottle, would have revivified a spark, or even caused a blown-out taper to burst into flame. In the darkness, an experiment conducted in exactly the same manner shows that a directly contrary action takes place. The plant, instead of giving out oxygen to the air, absorbs it and gives out carbonic-acid gas, but in smaller quantities. Where this carbonic acid comes from is not very clear. It is perhaps derived from the combination of the oxygen with the carbon of the plant; or it is perhaps only the carbonic acid drawn from the soil escaping from the sap undecomposed, during the absence of sunlight. Now it may be asked if this is so—and without going into a discussion of moot questions, the reader may take the writer's word for it that it is so—is it not unhealthy to keep plants in bedrooms, or in rooms where people live? Do they not contaminate the air at night, by giving out this poisonous gas, identical with the fumes from burning charcoal, or those which kill the dogs in the pestilent Neapolitan Grotta del Cane? Of course, theoretically they do; but, practically, so little is evolved by a window-sill full of plants, that the reader may sleep even in a conservatory without serious danger from suffocation. In a greenhouse containing 6,000 plants it was found that, after being closed for twelve hours, the carbonic-acid gas only amounted to 1.39 in 10,000 parts. This "inhalation" and "exhalation" goes on chiefly through these mouths or pores which we have described (Fig. 2); and in water-plants exactly the same interchange of gases is hourly in progress. Only, in the latter case, the air is dissolved in the water, and the breathing does not go on through the little mouths—these being wanting on the surface of aquatic plants exposed to water—but through the skin generally. The oxygen absorbed by plants goes through the mouths into the little chamber beneath, and then, by means of little air-passages or canals between the bladder-substance, circulates all through the body of the plant.

Plants are thus the scavengers of the atmosphere, removing the carbonic acid exhaled by putrefying matter, volcanoes, manufactories, etc., and giving out, instead of this gas, so poisonous to animal life, oxygen. Water-plants perform the same office—viz., "oxygenating" it; hence the use of growing plants in an aquarium. It thus appears that leaves are the lungs of plants, and the little bladders serve much the same purpose as the "air-cells" of the lungs of the higher animals. But lower down in the scale of life we find one organ having to perform many functions, just as in a low state of civilization many duties are performed by one individual.

If we examine some plants, particularly in the morning, we will frequently see drops of moisture standing at the points of the leaves, or accumulated in the pits between the teeth, should the leaves have these divisions on their edges. In some cases this is merely the dew, or the insensible perspiration of the leaf condensed. But in most cases it is a true perspiration, in drops. Occasionally this fluid will have an odor resembling that of the plant which gives it off, just as the perspiration of animals will often bear the same smell as that of the animal itself. In some plants, like the so-called Ethiopian lily, considerable quantities of water exude from the points of the leaves; frequently even on dry, dewless nights, when there is no moisture in the air, drops of water may be seen hanging from the tips of the branchlets of the common horse-tail, or *Equisetum umbrosum* of botanists. All plants, however, give off moisture from their leaves, even though this is invisible to the eye, just as our skin is always perspiring, though the sweat may not stand in drops. This can be seen if a plant is grown under a glass shade in such a manner that no evaporation can be given off by the earth or water in which it is grown. Nevertheless, in a few hours the inside of the glass will be dimmed by the moisture given off by the leaves, which has condensed on it. Calculations have been made as to the amount of water thus perspired by plants. A sunflower, only 3½ feet high, with 5,616 square inches of surface exposed to the air, gives off every twelve hours twenty to thirty ounces avoirdupois of water in this form—which is more than a man does. Most of the common agricultural plants, such as wheat, beans, peas, and clover, exhale during the five months of growth more than two hundred times their dry weight of water. The Cornelian cherry is still more remarkable. In the course of twenty-four hours it exhales water equal in weight to twice that of the whole shrub. Naturally, the degree of light, warmth and dryness of the air affects the amount of fluid given off, as well as the age and texture of the leaf. However, a calculation of the amount of fluid perspired by an acre of cabbages may be curious. If the cabbages are planted in rows 18 inches apart and 18 inches from each other, it is estimated that in the course of twelve hours no less than 10 tons, 4 cwt., 3 quarters and 11 lbs. weight of water will have been insensibly perspired by their fleshy leaves. We now see why a plant gets "wilted" on a hot day if it is not watered. More water is given off by the leaves on a hot day than is naturally sucked up out of the soil by the roots. Hence the gardener has to supply the deficiency by "watering," if he wishes the plant to live. This perspiration of the leaves goes on chiefly by means of the minute little mouths which we have mentioned as being scattered over the skin of the leaves. These little mouths open and close so as to regulate the amount of moisture to be given off. If the day is very hot or the plant is absorbing much moisture from the soil, then the mouths close, and give off perspiration very niggardly, and *vice versa*. A good deal of moisture is also given off through the thin skin of the leaves. Accordingly, plants which grow in deserts (Fig. 4) have their skins much thicker than those inhabiting moist countries, so that the life-blood of the plant may be economized to the utmost extent. For the same reason, apparently, the former are also much more fleshy. The different species of cactus are examples. If leaves are smeared with oil, and in this manner perspiration prevented, the plant will die; just as, in a similar case, a human being would if the pores of the skin were all closed. All of these facts cannot be observed on the leaf under examination. But the chief points we have discussed can be seen by a very casual observation of the leaves of the plants in any field, garden or shrubbery. We have thus seen that the leaves also perform for the plant the part of the skin in the higher animals, in addition to that of the lungs. This "transpiration" of moisture through the leaves also explains how plants can be transported from country to country, or kept in a room, in the closed glazed boxes called Wardian cases. A Wardian case is closed on every side, and does not require to be opened, on the passage from one country to another, for the plants in it to be watered, a small amount of moisture sufficing, on account of the water sweated by the leaves being again and again used over, the only water consumed being that absorbed into the substance of the plant. A Wardian case thus demonstrates the economy of vegetable life, on a small scale.

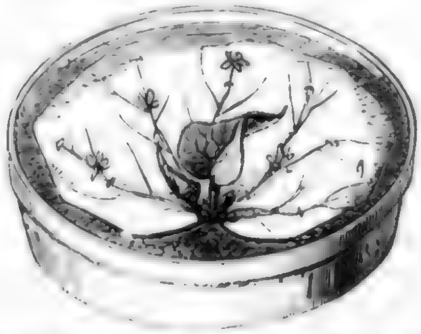
The leaves are, however, even more to the plant than lungs and skin, as a very little observation will suffice to show. Pull off a piece of the bark of a tree in midwinter, and the task will be found rather difficult, owing to the absence of any appreciable amount of moisture between the wood and inner bark. Do the same in the Spring, and it will be found that the bark comes off with the greatest ease, owing to the amount of moisture in the place where only a few weeks before was nothing but dryness. Try again the same operation in Autumn or late Summer, and it will be seen that a slimy, sticky substance intervenes between the bark and the wood. The moisture of early Spring was the sap ascending through the wood to nourish the plant, and the sticky substance we now find is the same sap descending, and in its course forming new layers of wood and bark. The ascent of the sap is not a statement that need be taken on any one's credit—the reader can see it for himself; and if he has ever lived in our American woods, he must be familiar with it, in the form of the sweet sap, which the Indians and settlers collect in Spring from the sugar-maple tree, for the purpose of boiling down to make maple-sugar (Fig. 5). Its descent in the Autumn is proved by tying a cord around a tree. The sap being thus prevented from descending, accumulates above the ligature, and being transformed into wood and bark, forms a large bulge or swelling in the branch or trunk of the tree. When the sap ascends in Spring, it is a crude, sweetish liquid. When it descends in the Autumn, it is a thick and concentrated liquid, containing starch, sugar, and other substances, in addition to those which it originally contained. Some of these it has picked up in its travels up the stem; but many of its changes have taken place in the leaf. Into the leaves the sap has gone, passing from one little bladder to another; there, we have seen, it has been exposed to the air, in these little bladders or cells. It has been subjected to the action of certain gases, and has become thickened by the sweating or evaporation which we have described. Having thus been, as it were, digested, it leaves the leaf by the only outlet by which it could either come or go—viz., by the bundle of vessels which collectively form the leaf-stalk. The leaves also, it would appear, aid in causing the sap to ascend. The roots may pump it out of the soil, but the leaves draw it up, in much the same manner as the flame of a lamp acts as a stimulus to the oil to ascend in the wick. The sap never ascends without the leaves being expanded. This may be easily demonstrated. Observe two shrubs growing outside a conservatory. In both, the leaves are in bud; and, as an incision in the stem will show, in neither has the sap begun to ascend. By putting the budding branches of one inside the warm conservatory, and so causing the leaves to prematurely expand, then in this shrub the sap will begin to ascend; while in the one outside, growing in the same soil, but, owing to its being exposed to a different atmosphere, still in bud, the sap has not yet taken the initiatory steps in its progress heavenward. A leaf thus serves a third and very important object in the economy of the plant; it constitutes the stomach of the plant. In fact, a plant may be said to consist of a series of individuals called leaves, united, as some of the lower animals—plant-like animals, called zoophytes—are, on a common stem, each individual containing many stomachs—the bladders of the leaf-substance.



A FALLEN LEAF.—FIG. 7. SKELETON LEAVES.

Finally, it is not carrying the analogy of plant and animal too far if we also claim for the leaves the functions of hearts. They are lungs, because they are the breathing-organs of the plant. They serve as skin, because through them the plant perspires. They are stomachs, because within their "cells" the nutritive fluid gets fitted for building up the plant. But this nutritive fluid is also, after it leaves the leaf-stomach, the blood of the vegetable. Hence the leaf is a heart which dispatches it on its body-building errand, and of course, if this simile is admittted, then the leaf-stalk is the representation of the aorta or great artery through which the blood from the heart of the higher animals is sent through the body. The leaf-stalk also bears out the analogy; for just as the aorta in very old people becomes bony, and can no longer perform its all-important functions, so in like manner the leaf-stalk in leaves which have finished their course becomes clogged with mineral matter.

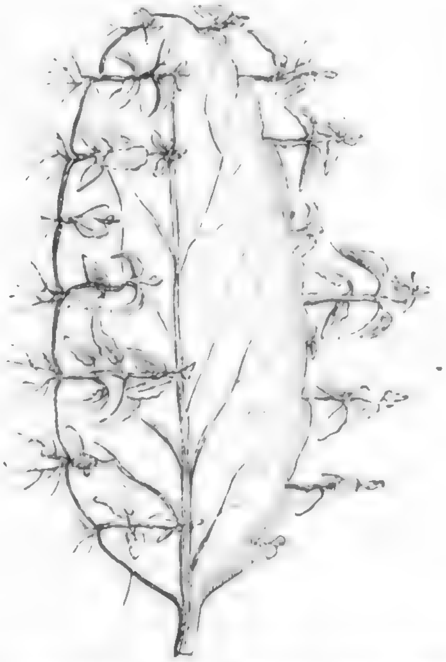
This brings us to examine the second leaf in the specimens we are studying, viz., the one which, yellow and dry, has fallen of its own accord. It is yellowish—how is this? Here, again, we must call in the chemist's aid, and he will tell us that the color is due to a chemical transformation which has been going on in the leaf-green or "chlorophyll." The same is true of the red, brown, and all other colored leaves with which the ground is so plentifully strewn around us. The chlorophyll is there, as it was in the green leaf which we have been examining; but it has no longer the same composition. It is changed in its composition in that mysterious series of little laboratories which are contained within the two walls of the leaf. Some will even declare that the various autumnal colors of leaves are due to the production of new substances in the leaf. The chemist has furnished us with a long—a very long—list of the substances, with names strange to all but himself. However, we need not trouble the reader with them, more especially as the catalogue would in no possible way either instruct or amuse him. But we are not done with the fallen leaf. It is dry; that naturally follows. It has ceased to receive any sap, and has given off all it stored in its bladder-stomachs, and the bladders themselves, having now no longer any work to do, have shriveled up for ever. But the leaf has not been torn off; it has fallen, in the fullness of time. Examine the end of the leaf-stalk; it is not torn, nor are the vessels composing it hanging loose in any way (Fig 6). They are neatly cut off, smooth and unopen, as may be seen if even a magnifying-glass is applied to the end of the stalk. The same is true of the place from which it has fallen. There within the scars can be seen numbers of little "dots" showing where the different bundles of vessels entered the stem. Here let the reader at once understand that, except in familiar parlance, there is no such thing as evergreen trees or shrubs. In the plants so called, the leaves do not remain all the year round. In reality, only the leaves of last season remain attached to the stem and branches until the development of those of the next Spring, when they fall; the result being that the plant is covered with a continuous mass of green leaves, which in popular belief are the same as it was clothed with in the former season. Neither is it true that pine, and other trees of that order, do not shed their leaves. In some species, however, the leaves will remain attached for from two to even ten and twelve years; but fall they do in the end, as an examination of the ground in a forest will abundantly testify. In tropical countries, plants often lose their leaves during the dry season, and develop new ones during the rainy one. All leaves—those of grasses and similar plants excepted—thus fall.



LEAF-PROPAGATION.— BEGONIA-LEAF PEGGED DOWN AND THROWING UP NEW PLANTS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

How, then, is this important physical and physiological act accomplished? Simple as it seems, it is not easy to observe it, and endless have been the theories to account for it. It seems to the writer—and the reader can judge for himself—that the way in which it is accomplished by nature is just that way in which the surgeon divides a vessel or bundles of vessels when he wishes the operation to be performed gradually, and without causing the open ends of the vessels to bleed. If he cut them across, then their open mouths would allow the blood to escape. Accordingly, he ties a ligature or thread around the vessels. Gradually a contraction forms, and little by little the vessels are divided, the ends closing at the same time, and the severance from the body is accomplished without loss of blood. Now this is just the way nature takes to sever the leaf from the branch or stem. As soon as the leaf is developed, the process which is to sever it from the stem commences. A contraction forms near the point where the leaf-stalk is attached to the branch. Slowly it deepens and deepens, until so slight is the joint which connects it with the parent plant, that a slight twist, or even the simple weight of the blade, serves to detach it. The leaves of some trees, like the oak, for instance, though they die and become withered in the Autumn, frequently remain attached until next Spring, when the enlargement of the stem detaches them. It is thus apparent that the death of the leaf and the fall of it are not the same, and that the one does not follow the other. It appears that the death of the leaf is owing to the vessels of the leaf-stalk getting choked up with the earthy matters left behind by the evaporation of the water which held them in solution, until, no more sap being able to enter the leaf, its functions cease, and it dies. Accordingly, if we care to make the experiment, we shall find that in the Autumn leaves contain much more mineral matter than in the Spring, and that their vitality is more or less active in proportion. Thus, when the leaf falls, it returns to the soil, a certain amount of the mineral ingredients which the root extracted from it in the course of the growing season. Hence also one of the reasons why leaves form a valuable manure.

We have now examined the life, death and fall of the leaf. Let us direct our attention briefly to the skeleton one before us. What the skeleton is we have seen. If we could fancy the bones in an animal acting at once as skeleton and blood-vessels, then they would conjointly be something of the same nature as the skeletons of leaves. The only other point we shall direct the reader's attention to is the curious relation which the shape of many leaves bears to the shape of the trees which bore them. In fact, a tree stripped of its leaves often looks like a huge outline of the skeleton leaf lying under its shade. The angles at which the branches are given off from the stem also bear a close relation to the angle at which the side-ribs in the leaf are given off from the mid-rib. This is seen in the poplar-leaf before us. The shape of the leaf is really the shape of the tree, which is again determined by the angle at which the branches are given off from the trunk. The curve of the branches and the curve of the ribs in the leaf also correspond. In some leaves there is no leaf-stalk. In such a case we find—as in the beech—that the trunk is naturally branched from the ground. On the other hand, a leaf with a leaf-stalk—as in the case before us—implies that the species of tree on which it



LEAF-PROPAGATION.— A LEAF OF BRYOPHYLLUM PRODUCING NEW PLANTS AROUND ITS EDGE.

grows has naturally a bare trunk. In the poplar and beech also may be observed a correspondence between the disposition and distribution of the branches, and the disposition and distribution of the leaf-veins. This can be readily seen by the reader in the figures of skeleton leaves (Fig. 7).

We have now finished our study of a fallen leaf. The reader will have seen that there is enough to observe in it; and yet we have not touched on many subjects of interest. We might have spoken of the beautiful hairs and scales which are frequently found on leaves of plants like the sundew, pitcher-plant, and others, which not only catch flies, but absolutely eat them, and prosper on the diet. Neither have we allowed ourselves space to describe the beautiful regularity with which leaves are attached to the branches; the study of these mathematics of plants forming a fitting subject for another lesson. Last of all, we need scarcely inform those in the slighest degree acquainted with vegetable physiology, that on all the points we have discussed there are many and rival opinions. Hence we have been forced to be eclectic, but believe that we have been, so far as our space will admit, accurate in describing the anatomy and history of a fallen leaf.

LEAF-PROPAGATION.

THIS method of increasing plants is available in many cases when seeds are unobtainable and when ordinary stem-cuttings are either useless or not to be had. Quite recently we hear that Hyacinths may be readily increased by leaf-cuttings, and the same practice has also been successful in the case of Hippeastrums and other Amaryllids, Begonias, many Melastomads, Gloxinias, and other Gesnerads; Hoyas, Bryophyllums, and other succulent plants are best multiplied in this manner, and this is especially the case with some Echeverias, Pachyphytums, and Sempervivums of various kinds. Leaf propagation has also proved very successful in the case of Cephælis Ipecacuanha in the Indian plantations, where it is now extensively grown, and this method of increase is a valuable auxiliary to the root or rhizome propagation devised so successfully by Mr. James M'Nab in the Edinburgh Botanic Garden a few years ago. Apart from the plants which are known to be easily multiplied by leaf-cuttings, there are doubtless many others which might be increased in quantity by this simple method if experiments were made with them. Leaf-cuttings of Fuchsias, for example, root very readily, as do also Hoya and Æschymanthus leaves, and when we go a step further and include the petiole with the axillary bud at its base, and a slice of the bark of the old stem, then we find that Roses, Zonal and Show Pelargoniums, Ficus elastica, and its allies, and very many other Exogenous plants, may be readily increased in this manner. Even the modified petiole or leaf-stalk has, in many Exogenous plants, the power to multiply the plant from which it is taken, as in the scales of Lily and other similar bulbs, or the pseudo-bulbs of many Orchids. Among the Cycads, again, the scale-like bases of the petioles which clothe the stem will develop their latent buds, and thus form plants if removed and placed in a gentle bottom heat. The illustration shows a Begonia-leaf pegged down on a pan of light sandy oil, before which the principal veins have been nicked or slit with a sharp knife, and it is at these slits and at the base of the leaf where it was severed from the plant that a conglomeration of thickened or descending sap is formed, and from whence the young plants have their origin. Perhaps the best example of spontaneous leaf propagation is that afforded by the leaves of Bryophyllum, which, on falling to the ground, take root around the edge, at every indentation, and send up a number of new plants.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE watershed of the Croton River and Lake, which furnish water for the City of New York, now covers 338.80 square miles, and is estimated to yield, in the driest years, 250,000,000 gallons daily, but a very large part of this now goes to waste because the reservoirs are not large enough to hold it, nor the Aqueduct to carry it to the city. To provide the additional supply needed for the growing metropolis, new reservoirs are to be constructed, the chief of which will have a capacity of 3¼ billions of gallons, or water enough to cover 9,400 acres ten feet in depth. "The dam which is to form this reservoir (the Quaker-bridge dam)," writes Mr. A. Fletey, one of the engineers, "is 178 feet high above the bed of the river, is to be built of solid masonry, and the water behind it is to be 171 feet deep. As the foundations of the dam (200 feet in width) must be extended to the bed-rock, a distance of nearly 100 feet below the bed of the stream, the total height of the masonry structure will consequently be not far from 300 feet for a length of 400 feet in the deeper portion of the valley. On both sides of this deeper portion the rock-bottom rises gradually, and the total length of the dam is to be about 1,300 feet." The height of this masonry-dam is unprecedented, and extraordinary means will have to be taken in its lower portion to meet the strain both of the water and of its own weight. The new Aqueduct will be for nearly its whole length tunneled through solid rock.

THE closing of Little Inlet, Brigantine Beach, N. J., proves a success, and a large area has been redeemed. This had been thought impossible, owing to its width (831 feet), the depth and swiftness of the tides, and the fact that no material was available except fine sand. Mr. R. B. Osborne, however, devised a plan, the success of which was predicated upon the expectation that if the inlet could be closed for a short time the sea would construct a natural bar there which would remain effectual. To bring this about, Mr. Osborne packed salt-bags with sand (12 bags equaling a cubic yard), and had them laid in the form of a breakwater across the inlet, at the times of half-low water, working from each shore toward the middle. This embankment was further protected, as it grew, by a framework and shield of timbers and planking. In forty-two days the 80,000 bags had been laid, the embankment raised above high-water mark, and the sea was shut out. As fast as this artificial barrier arose, the winds and tidal currents heaped the sand against it, and though subsequently several breaches were made by storms, these were gradually filled up, and now the whole has been so covered and enlarged by the sea as to be thought entirely safe for ever.

CONSIDERING the scheme for utilizing the power of Niagara Falls, Professor John Trowbridge, of Harvard University, writes in *Science* as follows: "The true reason that large sources of water-power have not been utilized for electric lighting on a large scale is due to the fact that the small details, and what are called small items, assume great proportions, and bid fair to consume all profits which come from a saving of coal. Thus the City of Buffalo could have been lighted by the utilization of the water-power along Niagara River; and we cannot believe that the failure to do so has been due either to the opposition of the gas companies or to the lack of imagination of capitalists. In short, the facility with which energy in the shape of coal can be transported from place to place counterbalances at present the cheapness of a very remote source of energy in the shape of a waterfall. The reason for and against the utilization of the energy of Niagara Falls as a source of light apply also to the question of the electrical transmission of power, with this exception, that the electrical transmission of power has not yet reached even the perfection which systems of electric lighting have attained.

TAKING as a basis the surplus of money remaining from the Fisheries Exhibition in London in 1883, funds have been raised for the establishment in England of a marine laboratory. This is to be under the charge of Professor E. Ray Lankester, who made it the subject of a late lecture in London. In this lecture he pointed out that while agriculture had become a matter of science and precaution, everybody recklessly seized the produce of the sea, regardless of the consequences of the method, the time, or the extent of the depredations. "In point of fact, we know exceedingly little about the minute details of the life of marine animals; and he submitted that a laboratory on the seashore, provided with boats and fishermen, and having within its walls tanks for hatching eggs and watching seafish, and conveniences for the work of naturalists trained in making such observations, was the only way to meet the deficiency in our knowledge of the subject."

THE measures of the ancient Mexicans formed the subject of a recent essay by the learned Dr. Swinton, before the Philadelphia Philosophical Society. He says that the lineal standard was widely recognized, very exact and officially defined. In the great prehistoric market-place of the Aztec City of Mexico there were officers regularly on duty to examine the measures used by merchants, and severe penalties followed any variation from the standard. Roads were measured by the stages from resting-place to resting-place of the carriers—a seemingly vague statement to which long usage had given a pretty definite meaning. Stones were set by the side of the most frequented highways, marked with the number of stages to the next town. Similar estimates of distances prevailed in Central America. Areas were estimated by a square measure, and the word used means literally "to count land," that is, count how many squares it contained. The Aztecs seem to have known nothing of weight-measures, and had no scales or balances, nor did they possess the plummet. In the line-measures, that derived from the length of the human foot seems to have been the unit.

Two scientists in Scotland have been experimenting as to the effect of extreme cold upon animal organisms, beginning with microbes. The experiments consisted in exposing for several hours, to temperatures 100 degrees or more below zero, putrescible substances in hermetically sealed flasks or bottles. The flasks were then allowed to thaw, and kept for some time in a warm room. When opened, and the contents microscopically examined, it was seen that the microbes, though frozen solid, had survived. Hence any hope of preserving meat from decay through exposing it temporarily to extreme cold must be abandoned.

Investigations conducted at Germany's Agricultural Experiment Station go to show that European breeds of domestic sheep are derived originally from the wild sheep (*moufflon*) now existing in Corsica and Sardinia. They have crossed well with domestic sheep, and the third or fourth generation of progeny are steadily fertile. Crossings of these and of various domestic breeds with the American wild sheep, or "bighorn," are now being conducted.

Dr. George A. Koenig announces to the Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia that he has recently determined the existence at Franklin, N. J., of a mineral belonging to the spinel group, allied to Franklinite. The zinc in the latter mineral is replaced by iron, so that it is decreased from twenty or thirty to one and a half per cent., the manganese remaining unchanged. He proposed for the new mineral the name Manganoferrite.

The experiments in ostrich-farming made in South Australia have turned out a decided success. Not only do the birds thrive well, and produce feathers of good quality, but they seem to begin feather-bearing at a much earlier age than at the Cape of Good Hope.

Californian trout taken to Tasmania from New Zealand breeding-ponds have been naturalized in the latter as well as the former country with great success.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science held its annual meeting for 1885 at Ann Arbor, Mich., during the last week of August.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

It is a bachelor who always knows how a child should be brought up, but he forgets it after marriage.

The young lady who was accused of breaking a young man's heart has been bound in the bonds of matrimony to keep the piece.

A little girl, noticing the glittering gold filling in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed: "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed an editor, as he inspected the baby of an old newspaper friend, "if he isn't a marked copy of the old gentleman!"

"I never imagined, my boy, that your studies would have cost me so much money." *Student:* "No, father, neither did I; and I don't study much, either."

"I think my profession," said a violinist, "is by far preferable to any other; it is the easiest of all." "How so?" "Because I work when I play, and I play when I work."

A volatile young gentleman, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my dear," said the wife, "I hope you will mend." "Madam," said he, "you may depend on it; this is my last folly."

Foote, dining one day with Lord T., who had recently fought a duel, and finding the wine bad and the dinner vilely cooked, remarked that he was surprised his lordship had called his antagonist out, when he could have disposed of him in a much easier way. "How?" asked Lord T. "Why," replied Foote, "you should have given him a dinner like this, and poisoned him!"

"Not to be Read Aloud.—There is in Mexico a tree, producing flowers the stamens of which bear a remarkable resemblance to the human hand. It was considered sacred by the ancient Mexicans, who showed their reverence by naming it Macpalxochiquakitl. We do not recommend any of our friends to endeavor to read this paragraph aloud; the effort might be injurious to the vocal organs.

Discovery of a Brother to that Prolific Writer Mr. Finis.—An enterprising newspaper reporter, described as "a college graduate," recently visited an art establishment in a Western city, and wrote of one of his "finds" in the following way: "They also have a number of the works of the more prominent authors illustrated for the holiday trade. Something new in this line is the 'Longfellow Portfolio.' The engravings are by the eminent French artist De Luxe."

The editor, in writing his address, said: "We have come to stay." But the printer set it up "starve," and is now looking for another sit.

It is strange that everybody who attends public worship does not sing, as there is no disputing the fact that church-music is easy to a choir (acquire).

"Don't you think my milk is pure?" said the milkman to his customer. "No, sir, it ain't, not by a long chalk," was the reply, and there was no more said.

Another Experience.—*Small Boy:* "Pa, did you know ma long before you married her?" *Pa:* "I didn't. I didn't know her until long after I had married her."

"I am very much attached to you, Charles," said Amy. "Then you are very much like a fog-bell." "A fog-bell? How?" "Why, don't you see, you are attached to a buoy."

"You needn't poke fun at me," said the family physician to an engraver. "There's only a slight difference between us. One makes fac-similes, and the other makes sick families."

Sailors tell us some marvelous stories about the beauty of the seas. Mr. Scupper says he was once in a ship off Cape Horn where not only was the sea green, but the winds blew.

"Yes," replied Brown, "you always find me with a pen in my hand. "I am a regular penholder, my boy." "Let's see," said Fogg, musingly; "a penholder is usually a stick, isn't it?"

"No," said an old maid, "I don't miss a husband very much. I have trained my dog to growl every time I feed him, and I have bought a tailor's dummy that I can scold when I feel like it."

"Well," said Mrs. Spriggins, in response to a remonstrance from her husband, "I got tired sittin' up there all alone in solitaire, so I just went down and percolated through the crowd."

Examiner: "Now, can you tell me which of the planets were known to the ancients?" *Student:* "Ah—there was Venus, and—ah—Jupiter, and—and—I think the Earth, but—but—I'm not quite certain about the latter!"

"What are your views of the Continent, my dear sir?" patronizingly asked the ubiquitous notebook-mauler, as he poised his ready pencil. "Mostly stereoscopic," was the curt reply of the travel-stained Member of Parliament.

Ardent Lover.—"I have called, sir, to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter." *Old Gent* (somewhat deaf): Pay for her dresses? Why, certainly, my dear sir! Here are the bills." He gave one glance at them and fled.

Doctor: "Tell me exactly what your condition is. Do you have night sweats?" *Patient:* "Yes—almost every night." *Doctor:* "My dear sir, this begins to look serious. About how long do they last?" *Patient:* "About as long as I have to carry the baby up and down."

A schoolmistress, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils and of the parents, at the beginning of the term, inquired of one little fellow: "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman!" was the innocent reply.

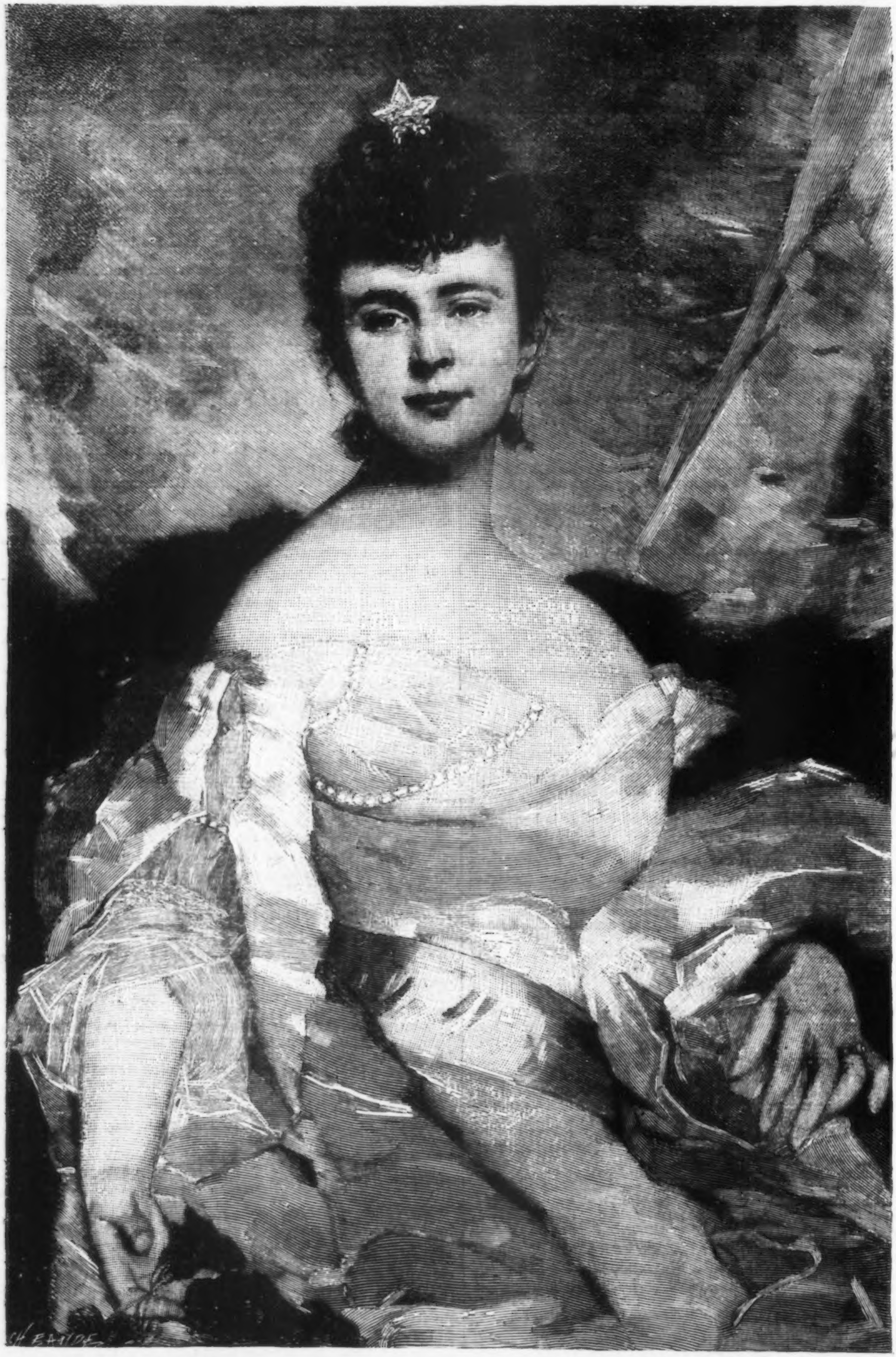
What a Shirtless One Accomplished.—"Little boy, do you understand what is meant by energy and enterprise?" "No, sir, I don't think I do." "Well, I will tell you. One of the richest men came here without a shirt to his back, and now he has got millions." "Millions! How many does he put on at a time?"

The Month to Court.—*Clara* (shyly): "Of all the months of the year, George, dear, which do you think is the happiest one for lovers?" *George* (of a thrifty nature): "May is the happiest, because it is the cheapest." *Clara:* "Cheapest? How?" *George:* "It is too late in the season for oysters, and too early for ice-cream."

A good joke is told of Horne Tooke, whom the Tories in the House of Commons thought to crush by imposing upon him the humiliating task of begging the House's pardon on his knees. Tooke went on his knees and begged pardon for the offensive expression he had used; but in rising up he knocked the dust off his knees and exclaimed, loudly enough to be heard all over the House: "It's a dirty House, after all!" Roars of laughter followed this exclamation, and the Tories saw they had failed in their object.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*



PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS K.—BY CHAPLIN.